The Saturday Evening
POST
February 20, 1960 - 15¢

X-15 TEST PILOT

SCOTT CROSSFIELD

Tells his own story

Thornton Utz

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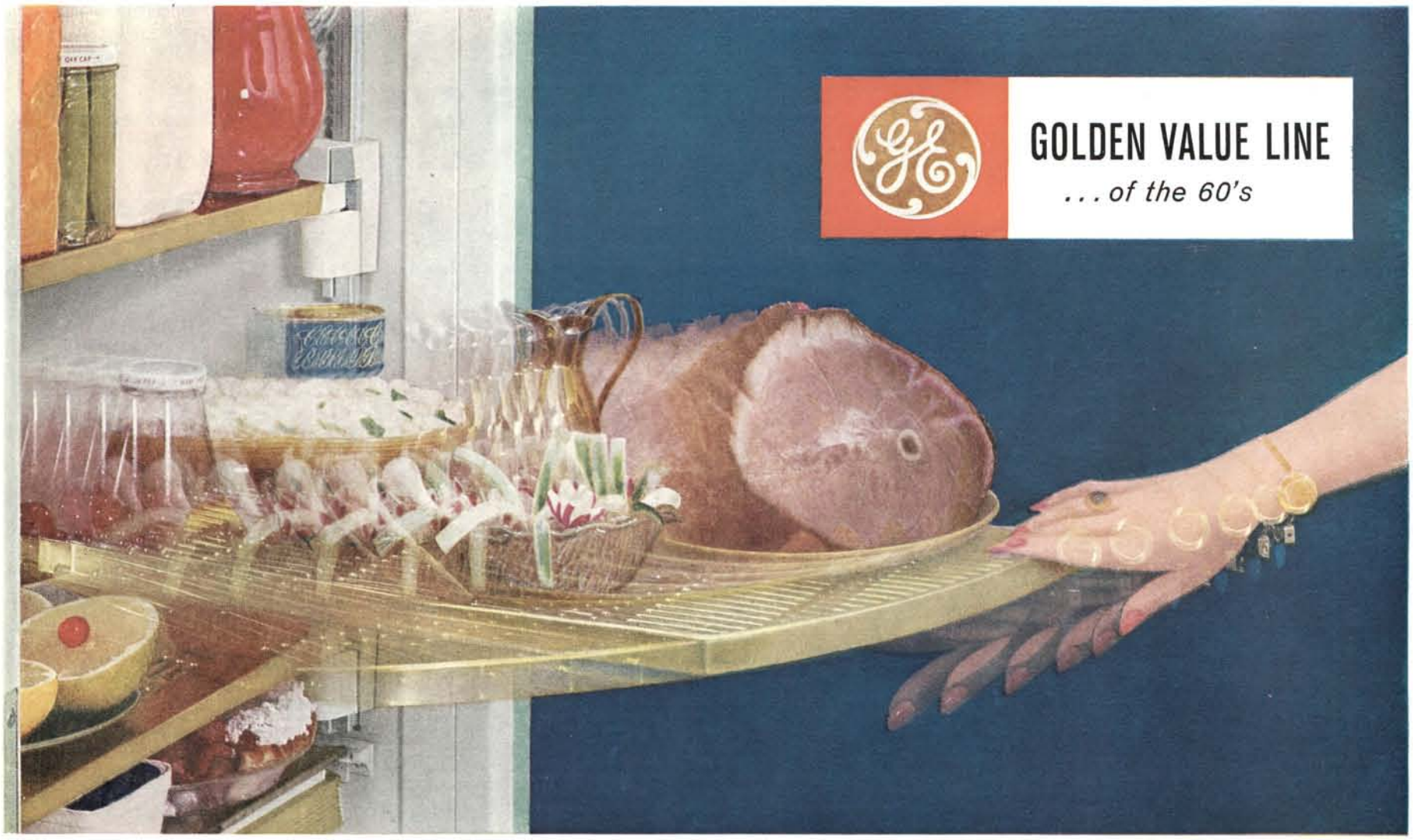

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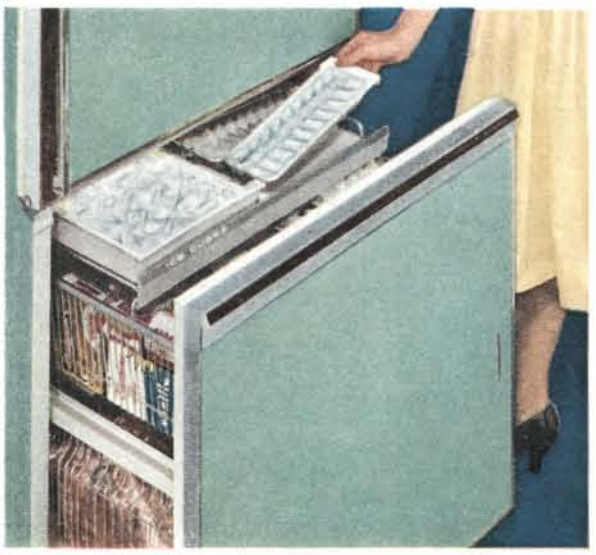

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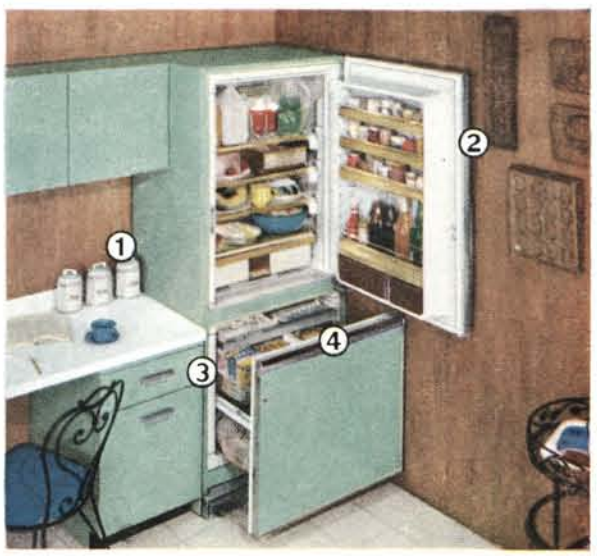

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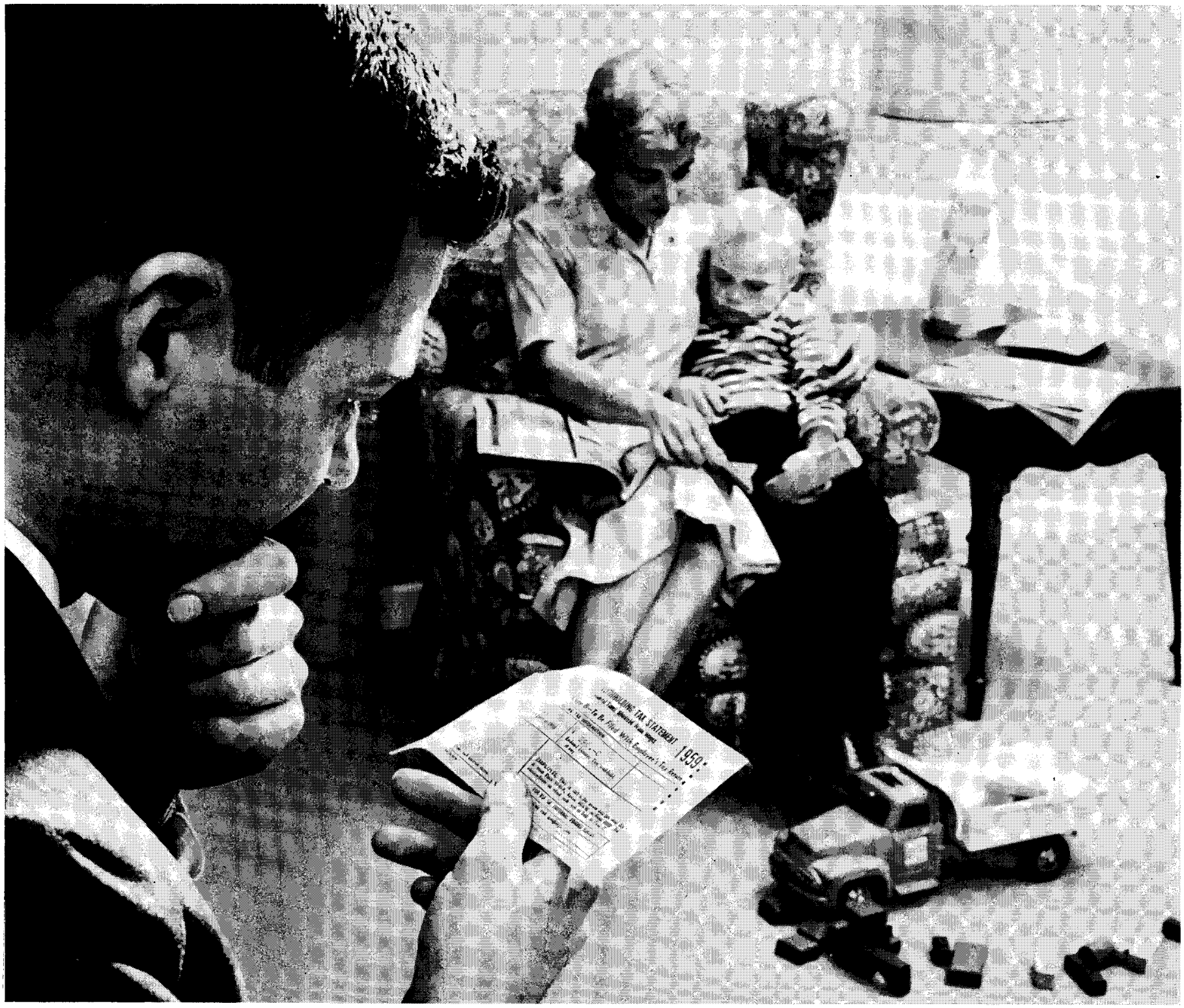

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THE COVER

See that groaning board, observe that moaning blizzard—wasn't it the poet Dryden who almost said, "None but the brave deserves the fare"? According to the window-ledge ash tray, the guests are about ten butts late. If Mr. Waite would while away the clock ticks by shoveling out his driveway, at least the folks down the hill could make the party; if they weren't invited—well, exercise palliates tension. It is a sad comment on married life to reflect that if nobody shows up, Mr. and Mrs. W. can revel for a week in a range of snazzy food that rarely appears in their house just for their two loving selves alone. Artist Thornton Utz painted a Connecticut snowstorm from memory; he now lives in Florida to keep warm, but recently he reported from down there that he was cold, cold, cold.

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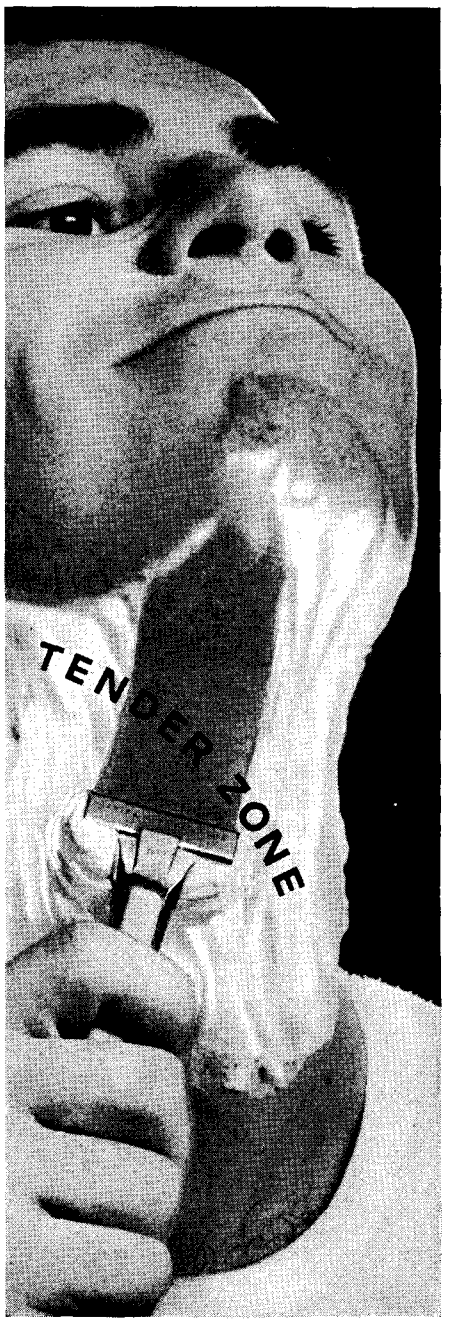

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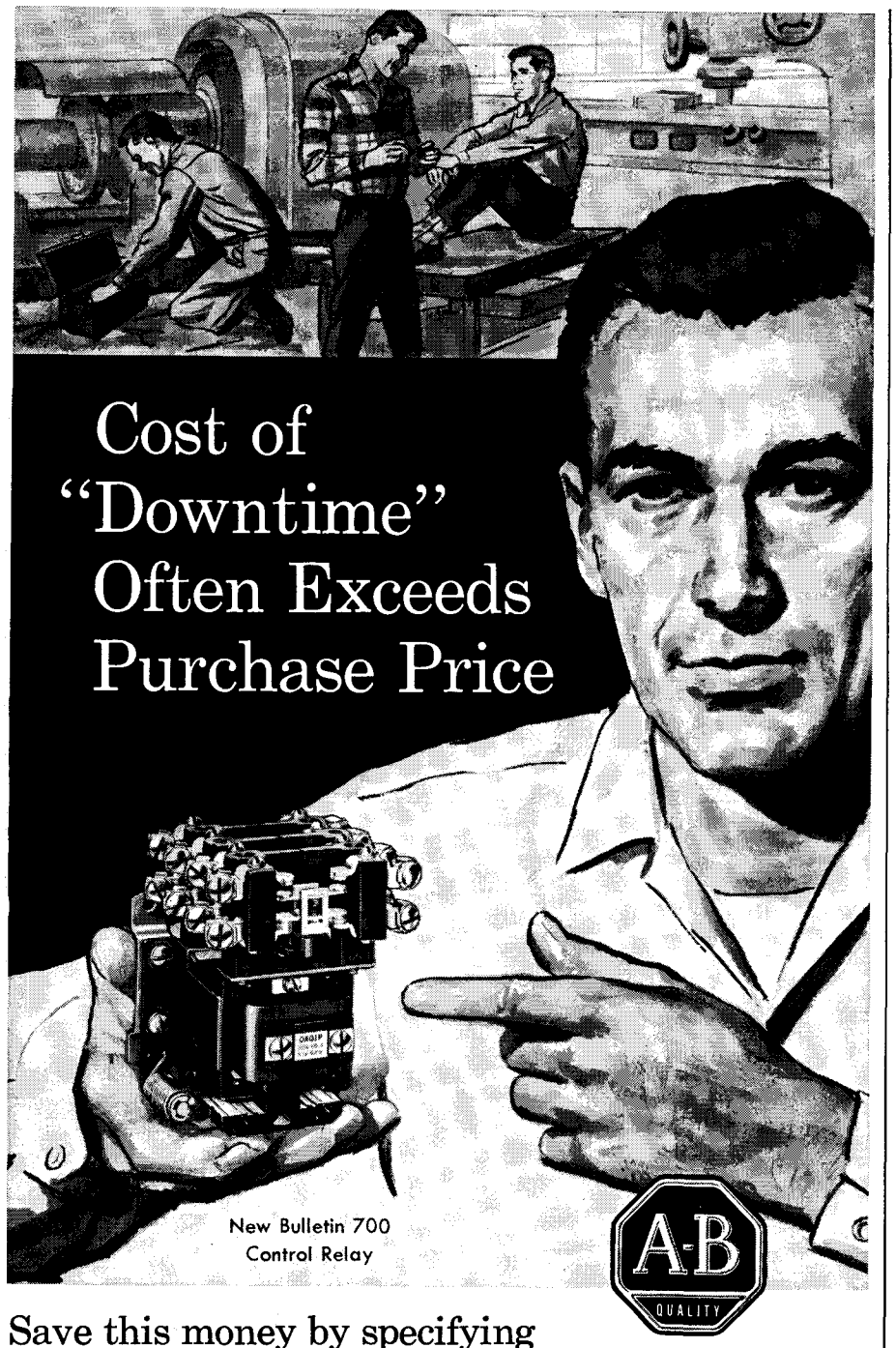

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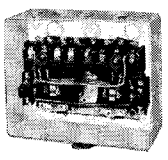
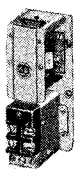
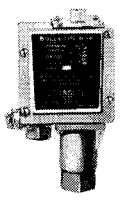
With "downtime" losses that can run into thousands of dollars, you cannot afford to use any but the most dependable motor control available—Allen-Bradley! For example, the successful use of the oldtime well-known Bulletin 700 relays over the last 25 years has made them an accepted standard in the relay field. However, A-B's new Bulletin 700 relays introduce a standard of performance never before obtainable in industrial relays. The new mechanical construction increases operating life at least 5 times—and their new contact design increases electrical reliability at least 10 times. Of course, they continue to use the famous A-B maintenance free, double break, silver contacts. And, the new cast coil is impervious to the most severe atmospheric conditions.

For *extra performance*, always insist on A-B *quality*. Because the line is complete, Allen-Bradley can take care of *all* your motor control needs!

Limit Switches Bulletin 802T


Reversing Switches Bulletin 705


Timing Relays Bulletin 849


Pressure Switches Bulletin 836

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Letters

Head Man's Woman

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished reading HEAD MAN [by William D. Ellis, Jan. 9] and a more incredible tale I have never read. I have been in the business world for over forty years and I have yet to see any female secretary talk to a new boss as this Nelda Gates does in this story, or see her get away with such impudence as she displays. It just isn't real. . . .

And that silly denouement wherein [the boss] softens up to the extent of taking that viper to his bosom, after being insulted by her all through the story, just doesn't reflect human conduct.

EDWARD F. MEDOSCH
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Ah! Now we have the key! To be a success a boss must have a secretary who approves of him. . . .

Is author Ellis really a man or did his secretary write the story?

W. H. CRONER
Fairfield, Idaho

Dear Sirs:

Exceptionally well done. It realistically relates a business incident in an entertaining and stimulating fashion.

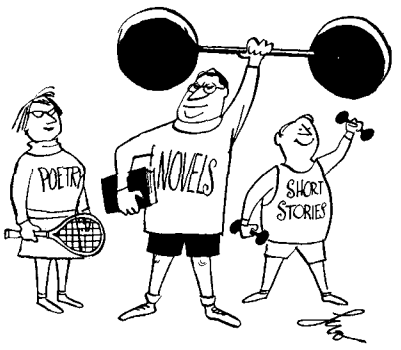
R. C. RICE
South Bend, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

From KEEPING POSTED, Jan. 9: "According to the Ellis Theory of Writing, great physical strength is the key to literary success."

This undoubtedly will send Truman Capote, Dorothy Parker, William Faulkner, Tennessee Williams, Katherine Anne Porter, Eudora Welty, Aldous Huxley and many others rushing to the gymnasiums and tennis courts in an endeavor to bring their prose up to Mr. Ellis' standards.

RICHARD LAWRENCE
Cuernavaca, Mexico



Dear Sirs:

I've been pushing dumbbells around for years and can't write worth a lick.

ANTHONY J. PETTITO
Saugus, Mass.

White Teacher in a Negro College

Dear Sirs:

I want to say bravo for Mrs. Marcia M. Mathews [THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BLACK AND WHITE, Jan. 16].

She expresses the feelings of many, many white Southerners in this well-written article. As long as the Negro has the intestinal fortitude to strive for a better life in the South, the South should be willing to help him in this struggle.

Integration is coming, and we must accept it.

VALERIE BENNETT
Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

She claimed she applied for a teaching position at Morehouse College to see for herself what made the idea of integration so distasteful. Well, I'm afraid Mrs. Mathews still doesn't know, as she has never taught in an integrated school. . . .

We Georgians do not care in the least if Mrs. Mathews lives the rest of her life at Morehouse College or with any other group of Negroes. That is her business, but believe me she hasn't changed anyone's way of thinking here.

L. H. STRIBLING
Eatonton, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

[The author] maintains that in the Swiss Alps a small Swiss child who had never seen a Negro before screamed at

the top of his lungs at the sight of one of her students.

May I state that when I entered Central African villages where no whites had previously been, the small Negro children did exactly the same at the sight of me.

ALEXANDER BAXTER
Santa Monica, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

In many sections of Central Europe children are still being threatened by parents, nurses or domestics with the *schwarzer Mann*—the black man—who "will come and take you away if you don't behave." The black man in question is, of course, the common chimney sweep. Ever since the Middle Ages he has played some mystic role in the fancies of Europeans. But to a small child, unversed in semantics, a black man is a black man, a sort of bogeyman to run from on sight. . . . You have to be a European to understand the funny side of it. May the Negroes forgive us for unwittingly compromising their whole race in the eyes of our children.

BORIS SOROKIN
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Marcia M. Mathews is a disgrace to Georgia, and I am very glad the likes of her are few and far between in this state.

GENE DUFFEY
Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

For Marcia M. Mathews . . . my respect and admiration is unbounded.

VICTOR VERNON
St. Petersburg, Fla.

(Continued on Page 6)

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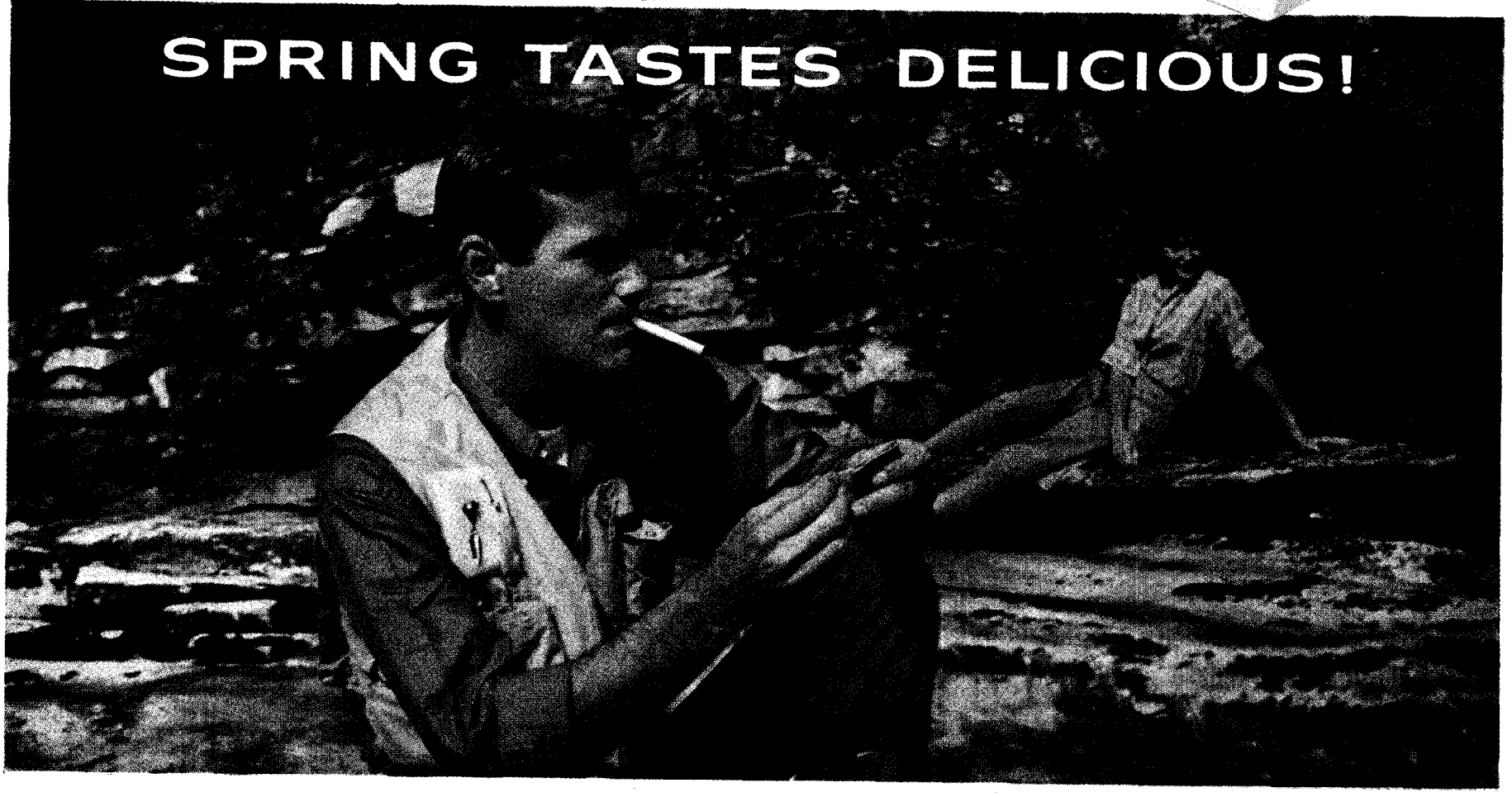

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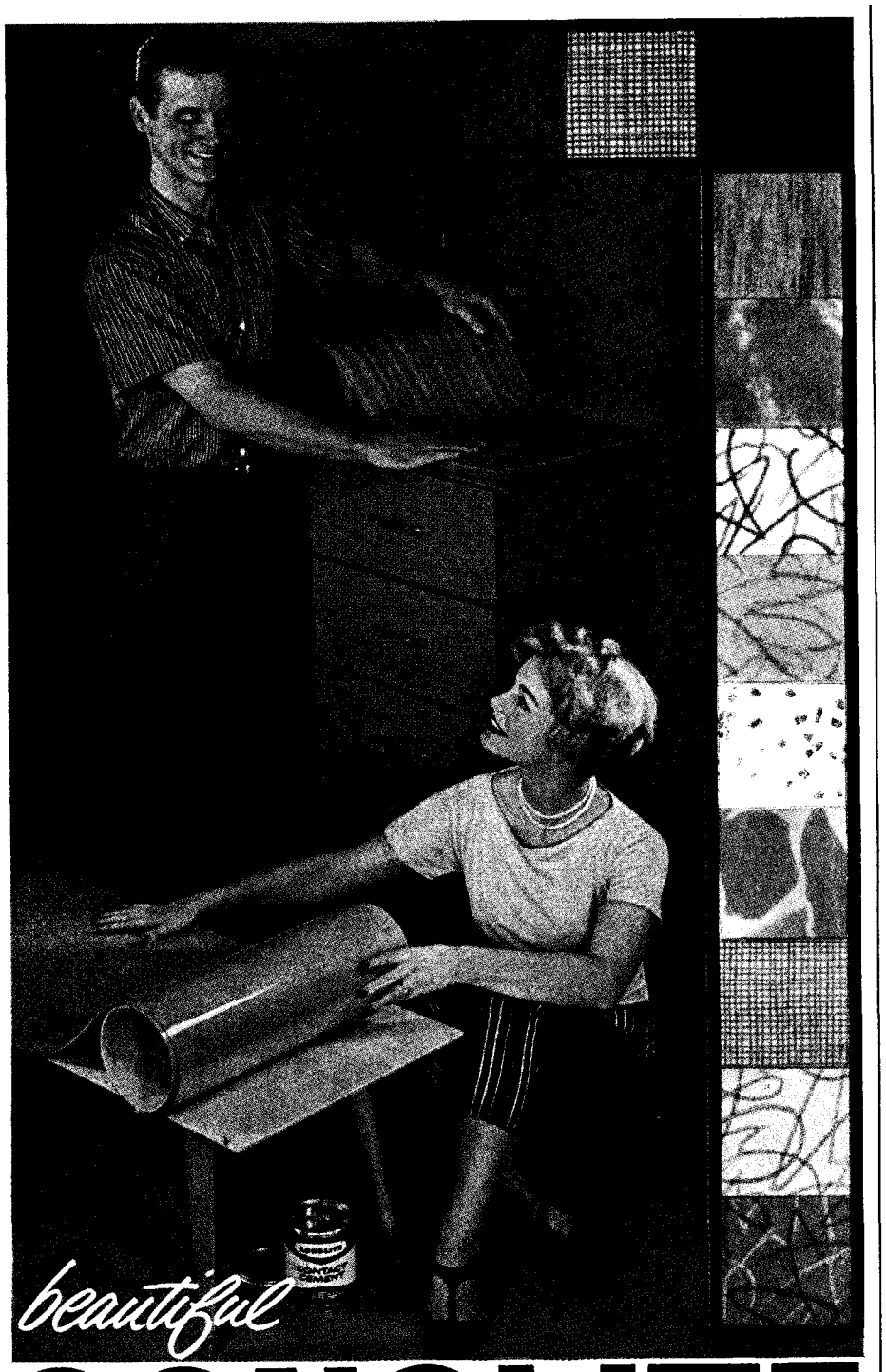

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Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Dear Sirs:

The main thing wrong with the Negro and white relationship is the interference of the "do-gooder," such as this Mrs. Mathews. . . . If she couldn't find a job as a teacher in a white school, she should have stayed at home. . . .

I hope to learn before I die the reason behind the idea that a Negro has to be surrounded by white people in order to feel like a citizen.

H. C. COLLINS
Danville, Va.

Dear Sirs:

I wondered just how many French-speaking Negro Harvard graduates it would take to equal one Uncle Remus or Old Black Joe or even Little Black Sambo? Southerners love these characters and their living (but nearly extinct) counterparts as no outsider could ever understand.

BLANCHE M. BAILEY
Savannah, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

I was born and raised in East Texas, which is about as Deep South in attitude as you can get. White supremacy wasn't something we were taught; it just was, like death and taxes. I've learned, and changed, a lot since then, but it hasn't been easy. It can't be done overnight. The South needs help and encouragement. Your magazine, with articles like this one, is giving us what we need.

MRS. L. D. MORGAN
Austin, Texas

Dear Sirs:

Allow me to endorse and applaud the sentiments of Prof. Marcia M. Mathews. I am a [white] professor in another Negro institution now undergoing integration in reverse. The difference she has found ("basically, between man and man") is nowhere more pointedly apparent than here. Or, as I like to tell my students, black and white, "people are people, everywhere in space and time."

BENJAMIN SCHWARTZ
Lincoln University
Lincoln University, Pa.

Ground Rules for Leap Year

● *In* LETTERS *of Jan. 16 Robert F. MacLeod urged Congress (in verse) to investigate beauty aids used by women to deceive men. Below, a retort.* —ED.

Oh, come now, Robert F. MacLeod.
You shouldn't say those things out loud,
Not even in verse. Just think, you
wretch, you,
What awful lengths we're driven to
catch you!

VIRGINIA BRASIER
San Bernardino, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

In the late 1600's the legislature of the Province of East Jersey, as the northern part of our state was then known, resolved in august conclave " . . . that, after this Law, all women, of whatever age, rank, profession or degree, who shall betray into Matrimony any of His Majesty's subjects by virtue of scents, cosmetics, washes, paints, artificial teeth, false hair, or high-heeled shoes, shall incur the Penalty of the Law now in force against WITCHCRAFT and like Misdemeanors."

The penalty, for the benefit of bachelors now roaming the leap-year countryside, was death. . . . I can find no record

of any East Jersey woman who was caught at it—at least not officially.

FRANK P. TOWNSEND
Pompton Plains, N.J.

Hats Off to Holton

Dear Sirs:

Re Gerald Holton's article, THE FALSE IMAGES OF SCIENCE [ADVENTURES OF THE MIND 43, Jan. 9]:

One scientist, at least, admits he did not "create" facts—he discovers what God put there in the beginning.

EVVA S. TOMB
Holland, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Articles purporting to be reconciliations between science and religion are common enough, but the downright banality of most only adds to one's confusion.

Professor Holton's contrasts sharply with the others. For this reader, his insight is powerful and reassuring. Thanks for introducing us to this man.

JOHN M. KLINE
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

It is encouraging to see scientists awakening to their social as well as scientific responsibilities.

G. F. STEFFANIDES
Roslindale, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

This is the opinion of a plain American, not particularly intellectual, who doesn't understand all that is written in "Adventures" but always gets something from each one. THE FALSE IMAGES OF SCIENCE is great.

MRS. ARTHUR A. MERTZ
Shakopee, Minn.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

19, 20–John Bryson. • 21–Four by John Bryson; Wide World; North American Aviation; John Bryson. • 22, 23–Bruce Bomberger. • 24–Sid Avery; Max Peter Haas; European. • 25–Robert Meyers. • 26–Two by Frank Ross; Map by Zen Yonkovig. • 27, 28, 29–Frank Ross. • 30, 31–Joe Bowler. • 32–Larry Fried. • 33–Two by Larry Fried; two by Norman Rockwell. • 34, 35–R. G. Harris. • 37–Larry Fried. • 38–Bob Lavin. • 39–Wide World; from Cleary-Strauss and Irwin. • 43–Sam Bates. • 104–Anonymous; Ollie Atkins; Mrs. Olaf Ruhen; Frank Ross.

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Are they up to it? The answer is their record. To date they are right on schedule. They have hit full stride, completing 10 miles of broad, safe freeway every working day.

These years have seen astonishing results. From a standing start, contracts on 10,023 miles had been awarded as 1959 drew to a close. Of this total, contracts on 5,332 miles were completed and contracts on 4,691 miles were under way. This is an impressive record.

But the biggest part of the job lies ahead. Tens of thousands of miles are yet to be started on the breath-taking freeway System which will cover every state and connect over 90% of our major cities. It is designed to handle safely and efficiently the 110 million vehicles predicted for 1975.

The confidence the nation showed in its road builders was well placed. The ingenuity and skill of these men . . . the ever-increasing work capacity of their swift-moving Caterpillar earthmoving machines . . . have faced up to the challenge.

But the job is not theirs alone. If it is to be seen through to completion, it needs your support.

For they are building to make the America of the future prosperous and strong. And that's a job for all of us. After all, if we don't do it . . . who will?

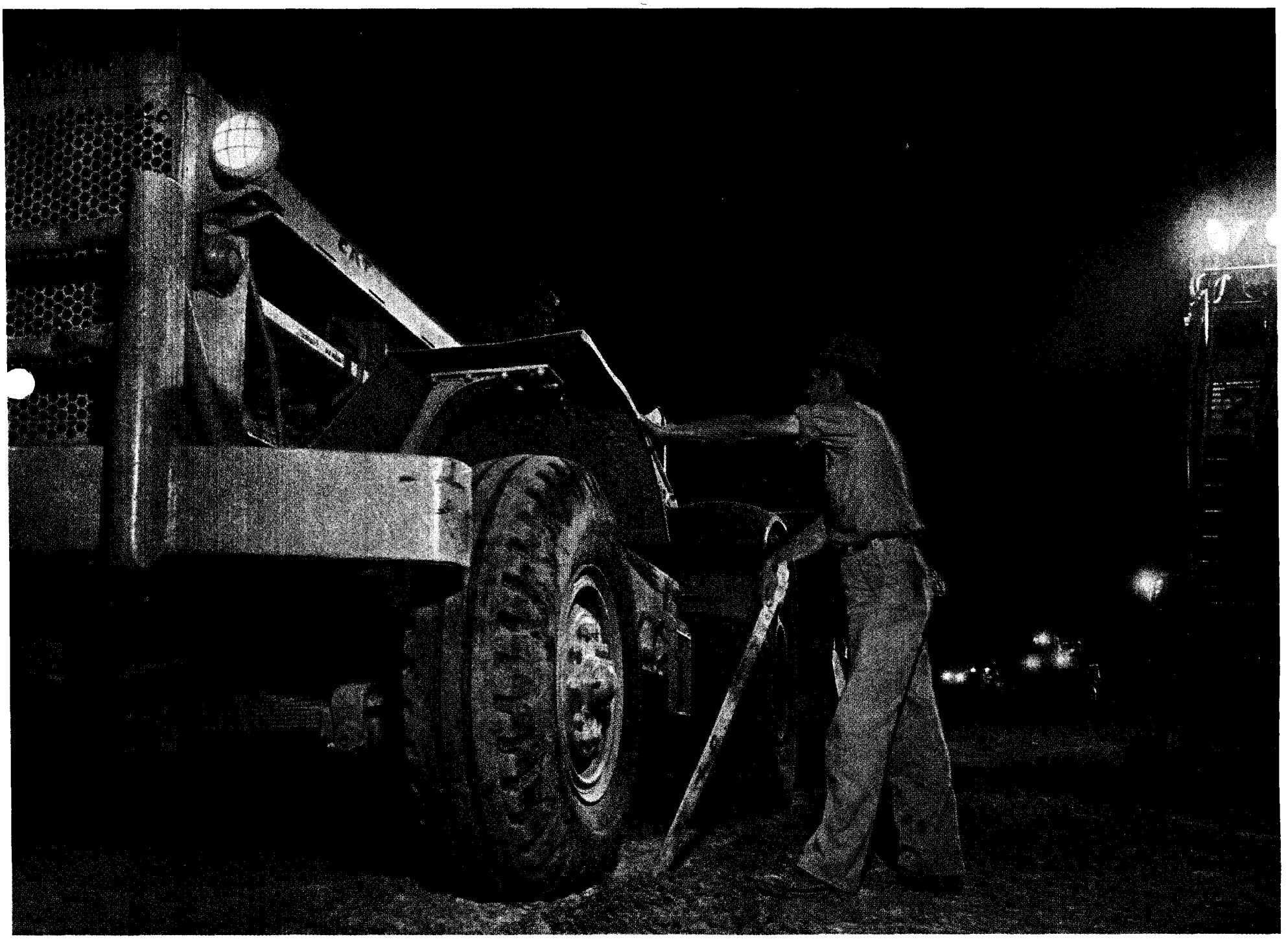
Caterpillar Tractor Co., General Offices, Peoria, Illinois, U. S. A.

CATERPILLAR

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Diesel Engines • Tractors • Motor Graders
Earthmoving Equipment

MACHINES THAT BUILD FOR A GROWING AMERICA



The greatest construction job in history is around-the-clock work for the men and machines that build our highways. New highways are only one of the needs we must meet by 1975.

Robert is four months old. When he is 16 years our nation must have . . . tens of thousands of miles of new roads • almost double our present water supply • double our school facilities • 20 million new homes • 20% of our present housing rebuilt • 2½ times more oil • 60% more lumber and twice as much pulpwood • 55% more metal ores • soil conservation on 1,159,000,000 farm acres • 123,300 new dams and many miles of levees • double our present hospital facilities • triple our electric power.

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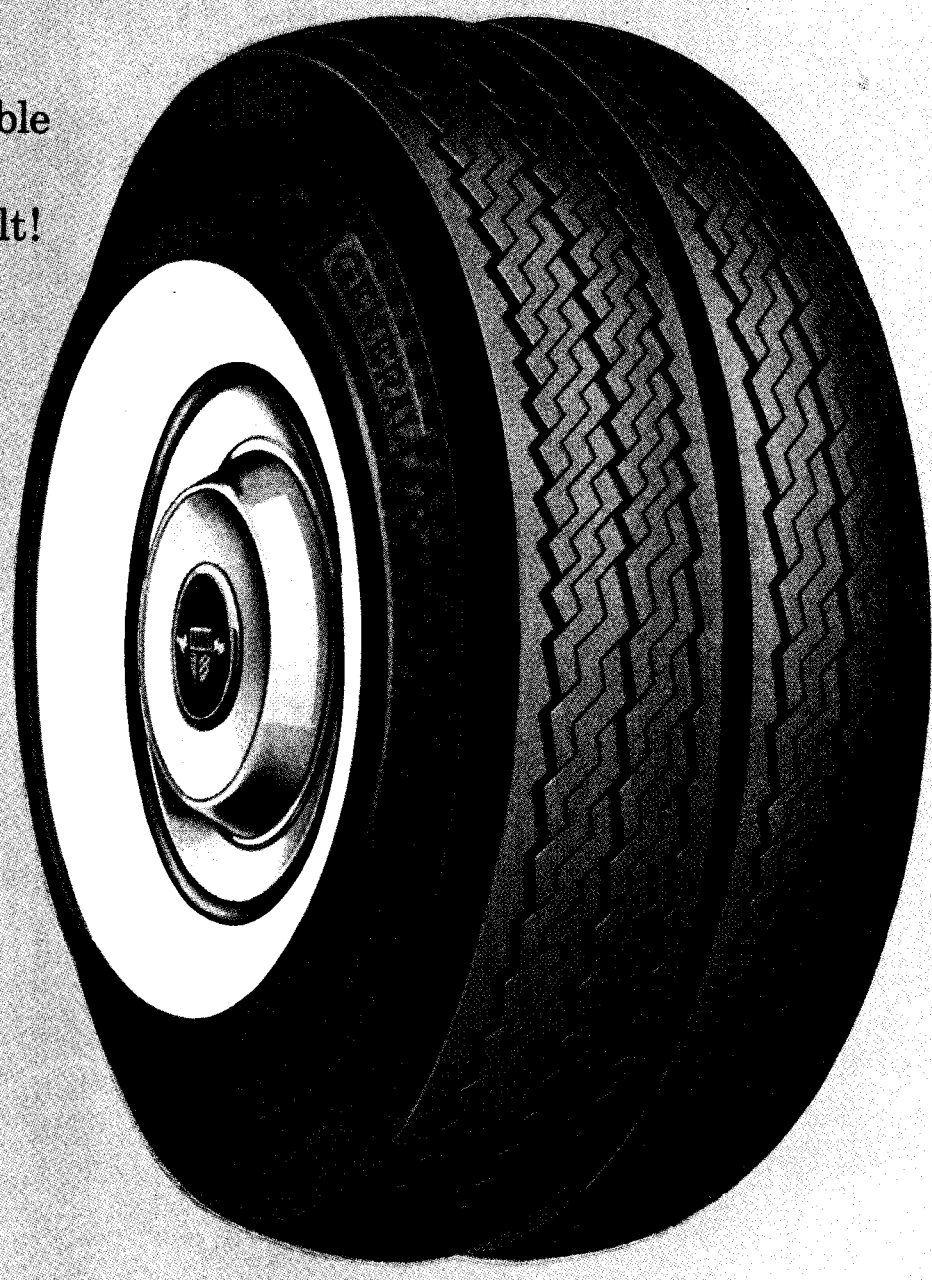
NEW GENERAL DUAL

The most remarkable tire ever built!



New Nygen Cord and 2 Treads

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90 *...so completely trouble-free*

you won't have a flat tire

BILLIONS OF OWNER-DRIVEN, TROUBLE-FREE miles prove this remarkable statement. This is the most complete protection money can buy. It is backed by General's amazing offer of free road service if you have a puncture.

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Editorial

We Can Stop Inflation if We Have the Courage to Try

Inflation is commonly regarded as a sort of unavoidable disaster. Actually inflation is seldom accidental, but is the result of wrong decisions by governments which, in democracies at any rate, are made because pressure groups can outshout the rest of us. Everybody is "against inflation," but everybody is for higher wages, more farm subsidies, and bigger welfare programs. In short, everybody wants to throw gasoline on the fire and rely on somebody else to put it out.

There are several devices which can be used to curb an inflationary boom in the early stages. Not necessarily in order of importance, these are: management of the national budget so that expenditures and income are in reasonable balance; sound monetary policies to prevent excessive credit expansion from causing inflation; and realistic management of the $290,000,000,000 public debt, including its reduction by any surplus which the Government is able to scrape together. To achieve these results the Treasury believes an increase of the interest rate on long-term borrowing is essential. This last item, which seems to generate more heat than light, is worthy of some analysis.

As of now the Government is required by a forty-year-old law to pay no more than 4¼ per cent on all money borrowed for more than five years. This means that investors, able to get a better yield on their money in stocks, mortgages and corporate bond issues, are unwilling to take the Government's long-term offerings. The Treasury has consequently been forced to get its money through short-term issues. In addition to piling up billions in debt which must be paid off during a brief period, too much short-term borrowing feeds the fires of inflation. This occurs because short-term securities are immediately salable, usually pretty close to the purchase price. A vaultful of short-term Treasury securities is the next thing to a vaultful of currency.

Actually the Administration's proposal to remove the ceiling on long-term interest rates is not an effort to increase interest rates, as its critics have charged. As Secretary of the Treasury Anderson has pointed out, the effect could be just the opposite. "The rates we select," he said in a recent interview, "are determined . . . on the basis of what's been going on in the bond market. . . . Removing the ceiling would simply permit us to meet the market." By making long-term issues more popular, the average rate at which the Government could borrow money might actually be lowered instead of increased.

Of course, a technical device like an increase in long-term interest rates is not all that is needed to control inflation. Shortly after President Eisenhower's announcement, in his state-of-the-union address to Congress, that a $4,200,000,000 surplus was anticipated for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1961, the Treasury was able to float securities on better terms than have been possible for some time. This illustrates the importance of the Government's ability to keep its expenditures in balance. Tinkering with the mechanics of financing will avail little if Congress fritters away the prospective budget surplus by an unwarranted tax cut or unjustified spending.

The advocates of greater spending have developed what amounts to a theology of fiscal profligacy. For example, a group described as the Conference on Economic Progress has issued a report, written by economist Leon Keyserling, which deplores the "grossly inadequate" amounts of public spending in recent budgets, explaining that "every additional dollar of Federal outlays has a so-called 'multiplier effect,' which results in two or more dollars of private consumer and investor outlay"—precisely the argument which those who fear inflation advance *against* unwarranted public spending. And some members of Congress, eager for a torch to carry, denounce "tight money" as a scheme to enrich the bankers, despite the fact that any after-taxes profit the banks can realize from higher interest rates will be more than canceled out by the decline in the value of their present stock of lower-yield Government securities.

Foreign holders of American dollar reserves are beginning to view the management of our finances—and particularly the refusal of Congress to remove the interest-rate ceiling—with some anxiety. This may partly explain the recent withdrawal of gold from this country. However, a too rapid or continuous gold loss might threaten the very existence of the international monetary system and the position of the United States as a world leader. The distress from a further decline in the value of the dollar among people who live on fixed incomes, retirement pensions, insurance policies, and so on, is easy to imagine. To a considerable extent it is being experienced already.

Even without unwise public spending, our gold reserve is under considerable pressure from an unfavorable balance of payments, arising from this country's international transactions, including investment of American dollars in overseas industry, foreign-aid advances, and money spent abroad by American tourists and servicemen. This problem can be taken care of, but if we insist on adding to the dollar's handicaps a loss of confidence in our financial common sense, nothing but trouble should be expected.

What it comes down to is that inflation is inevitable unless there is patience and restraint on the part of the public. If every slight increase in prices is to mean a strike-enforced demand for higher wages, we might as well kiss stability good-by. L. Robert Driver, a statistician and tax expert who has been represented on this page in the past, has worked up some challenging figures on this matter.

"If the pay of all employed persons in the United States had been raised by forty cents an hour, as the pay of the steelworkers was raised," says Mr. Driver, "the costs of goods and services in the country would rise by $45,800,000,000 a year, or $270 for every one of our 170,000,000 people." Leaving out the effect on our precarious competitive position vis-à-vis foreign producers, even a fiscal ignoramus can see the effect of such an addition to our already top-heavy costs on the value of the dollar.

The essential element is what the first J. P. Morgan used to say he looked for in a man looking for a loan or a job: character. If we are really on a payola and tax-loophole economy, if we lack the guts to refrain from strikes and the intelligence to reject populist easy-money panaceas, then neither Congress nor the Treasury can do much for us.

If, on the other hand, the millions of Americans who know the score set themselves up as a sort of Inflationists Anonymous, pledged to resist the potions of the spendocracy, the news will get through to those who manage our affairs. They will know that the American people want their Government to protect the value of their money and their position in the world, and will accept short-term sacrifice for long-term security. One can bet on this possibility—either way.

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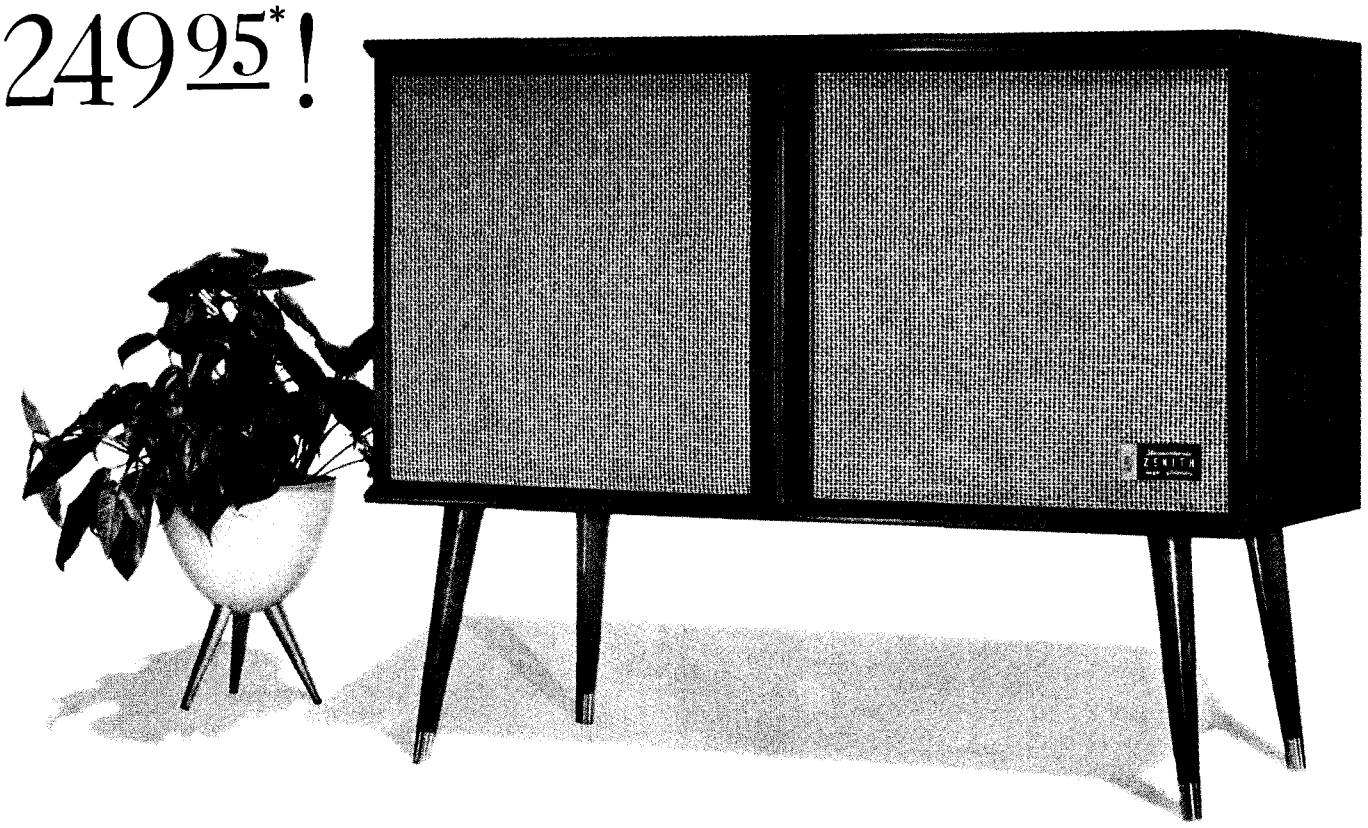
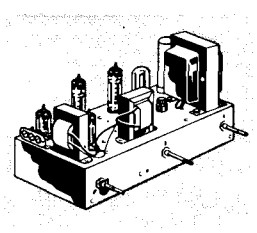
NEW ACHIEVEMENT IN FAITHFUL SOUND REPRODUCTION!

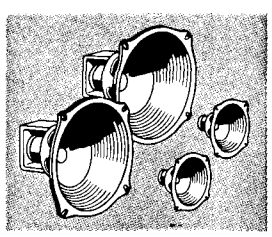
Zenith presents its famous quality components in a new high fidelity stereo console for just $249.95*!



Components specially designed to meet Zenith's exacting quality standards!

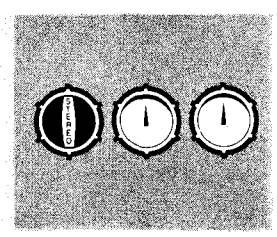


Powerful Amplifier — 34 watts total peak power output. 17 watts undistorted. Essentially flat response of 20 to 20,000 cps. Scientifically designed for faithful reproduction of the complete audible range.



4 Zenith quality high fidelity speakers with crossover network—two giant 10″ woofers, two 5¼″ high fidelity cone-type tweeters with Alnico 5 magnets—project high tones and rich middle tones with exceptional clarity.

Cobra-Matic® 4-speed record changer—automatically intermixes same speed records; turns off after last record has finished. Zenith's Cobra® tone arm plays with featherlight touch — assures finest sound.



Stereo sound control—just three controls provide precision adjustment of all amplifier functions. Separate bass and treble controls; stereo balance control; push-pull stereo-monaural control; loudness control.

Now you can enjoy all the realism, all the richness and brilliance of Zenith high fidelity stereo in a single, self-contained console—at a lower price than ever before. Here are Zenith-quality components, matched and balanced with painstaking care and precision. Here, with its gracefully bowed front, is magnificent fine furniture cabinet styling. Plays the new stereo records—all your present records, too. Convenient record storage space. Zenith Radial Remote Speakers optional at extra cost for use in extra-large or over-size rooms. Comes in grained walnut color, grained mahogany color or grained blond oak color. See and hear the Zenith Mendelssohn, Model SFD 2503—at your Zenith Dealer's today.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS. IN CANADA: ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION OF CANADA LTD., TORONTO, ONT. The Royalty of television, stereophonic high fidelity instruments, phonographs, radios and hearing aids. 41 years of leadership in radionics exclusively.

**Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Slightly higher in the Southwest and West Coast. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.*

ZENITH®

The quality goes in before the name goes on

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Nothing but the best for our guests!

It's Del Monte Catsup for the Winter Olympics teams! Lively as a Giant Slalom, this catsup's adding zip to everything from eggs to steak on the official training tables. And Del Monte Catsup will be a sure hit on your family table, too. *Pineapple distilled vinegar is the flavor secret!* It accents the rich taste of ripe tomatoes, zesty spices — makes even the flavor go farther! When you want the best . . . buy the livelier one . . . DEL MONTE® CATSUP

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Can A Blade Be As Good As We Believe This To Be?

OUR belief in the new Gillette *Super* Blue Blade is so great that we guarantee to refund your money without question if you do not get the finest shaves you ever experienced—*no matter what shaving method you used in the past!*

The new *Super* Blue Blade is delivering a degree of shaving ease and comfort that user after user says is "almost unbelievable."

Originally intended for men with unusually tough beards or extremely tender skin, the new Gillette *Super* Blue Blade is bringing a new kind of shaving luxury to all types of shavers.

When you try this new *Super* Blue Blade you will discover shaving is so effortless that it actually feels as if you are shaving without a blade in your razor.

The Gillette *Super* Blue Blade has a radically new kind of shaving edge that requires extra processing. And this new blade is precision engineered to fit exactly all Gillette Razors. *Because production is slower, the distribution of the new Super Blue Blade will be somewhat limited in the immediate future.*

The new Gillette *Super* Blue Blade is priced at 69¢ for a dispenser of 10. It is also available in the Gillette Adjustable Razor set at $1.95.

No words can tell you how fine this new Gillette *Super* Blue Blade is. You'll have to use it to believe it. So if your retailer is out of stock, write The Gillette Co., P.O. Box No. 830, Boston, Mass., and we will send you two trial blades without charge.

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Now "Handle With Care" means handle with Chevy!

The load can be marked *Danger* or *Fragile* or *Handle With Care*—but the way Chevrolet's truck torsion springs soak up vibration and road shock, that load will be shown more respect than it ever saw before.

More than likely it'll get where it's going in less time, too, definitely with less strain on the driver.

The point is: Chevrolet's radically new independent front suspension doesn't offer just one advantage and stop there. The same ride characteristics that protect fragile cargoes will let you haul bruising, off-the-road loads of fill dirt with far less worry about downtime.

The same cushioning action that makes life easier for the driver lets you move at faster safe speeds over any

1960 CHEVROLET

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ground to get in more trips a day. The same shock-proofing effect that virtually eliminates shimmy and wheel fight—that makes handling so much easier—also absorbs most of the stress and strain ordinarily transmitted to the body and sheet metal. The whole truck holds up better, stays new longer, and its working life is increased by extra thousands of miles.

Take one of your present trucks over a particularly rough piece of road. Then, while the bounces and jounces are fresh in your mind, borrow a '60 Chevy from your dealer and cruise it over the same route. We'll rest our case on that one ride. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

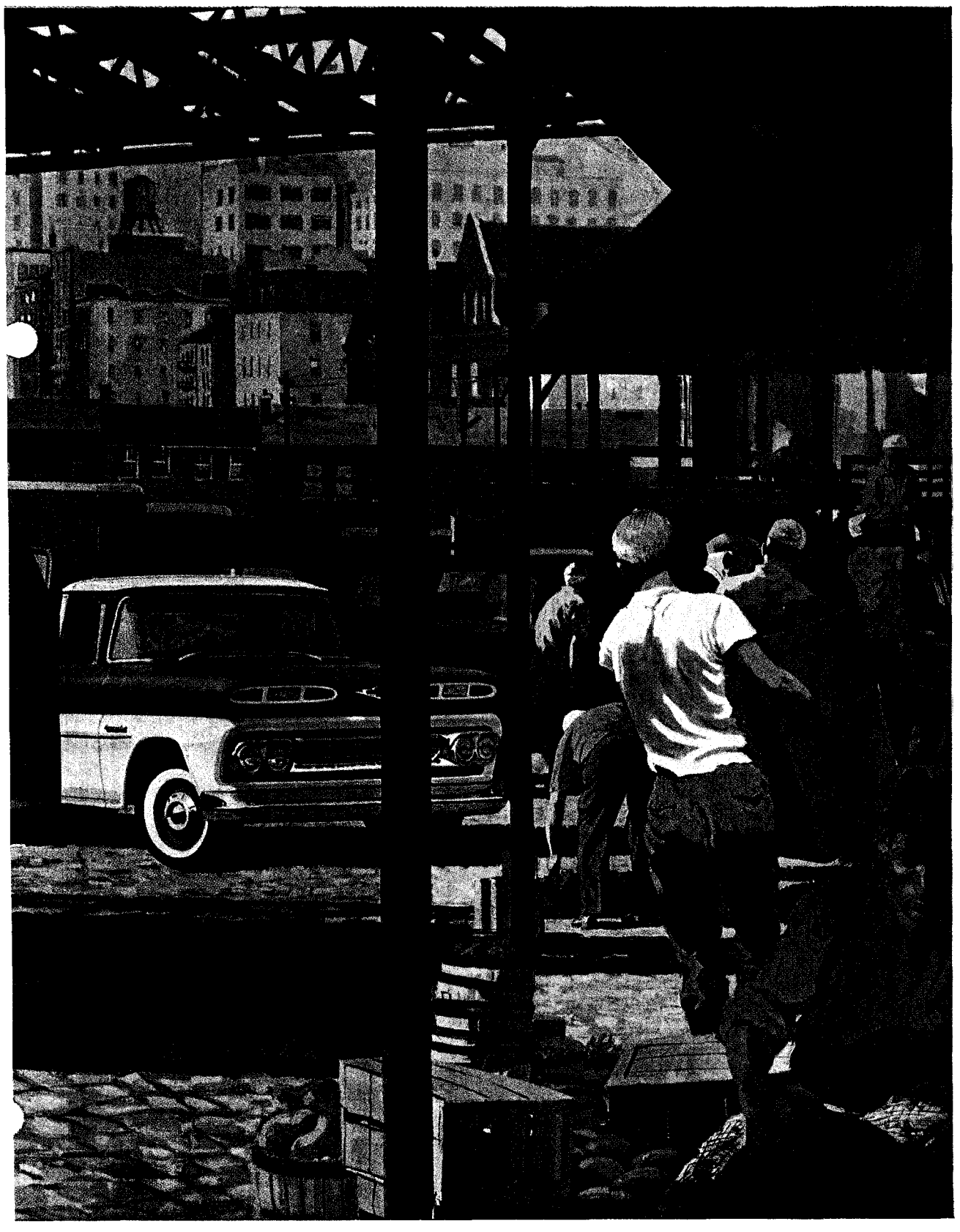
A whole new approach to truck durability and ride!

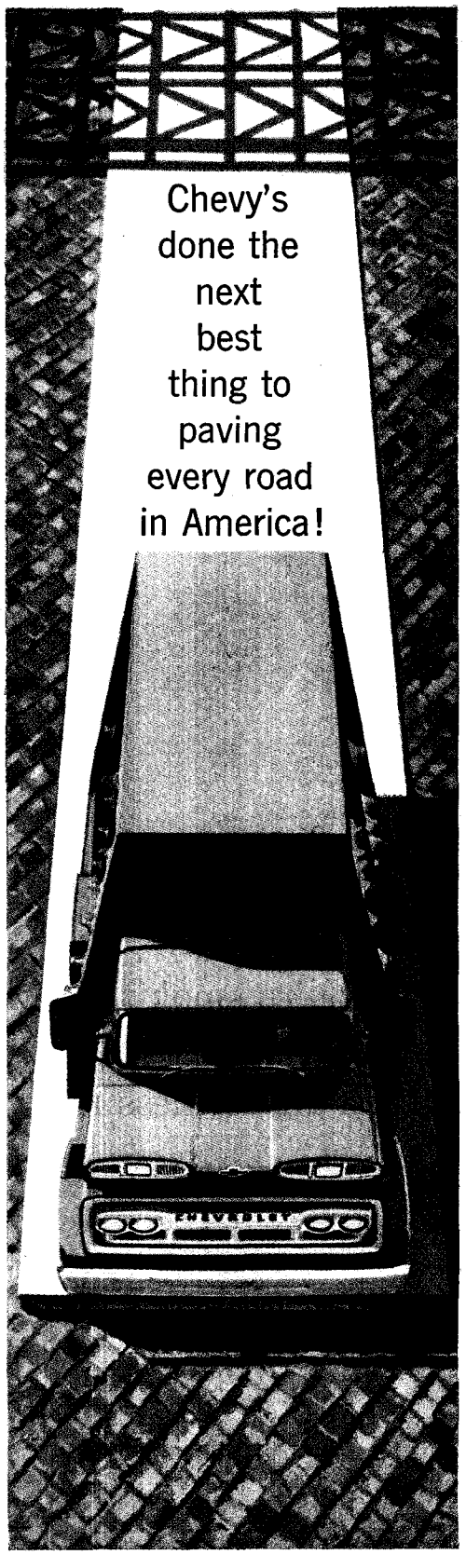
Torsion springs, *with fully independent front suspension, revolutionize the ride.* ***Wide-based coil rear springs*** *in many light-duty models for better-than-ever stability.* ***Variable-rate rear springs,*** *sure to last longer, in most medium- and all heavy-duty models.* ***Frames that are tougher,*** *more resistant to twist—a big plus in Chevy's new Sturdi-Bilt design.* ***Cabs that are wider, safer,*** *67% more rigid.* ***Front wheels and tires precision balanced*** *in final assembly.* ***Lively V8's*** *with longer life.* ***Sixes sworn to save you money.*** *All done up in the year's handsomest style!*

Anything less is an old-fashioned truck!

TRUCKS WITH TOTAL NEWNESS

CHEVROLET





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ONLY IN CHESTERFIELD...

BIG CLEAN TASTE of top-tobacco end to end

now!

AIR-SOFTENED by new top-porosity paper!

AND—if you're smoking King-size, as 2 out of 3 smokers now do, you owe it to yourself to taste today's CHESTERFIELD KING. Discover how much air-softness now adds to the enjoyment of top-tobacco!

Only CHESTERFIELD KING offers top-tobacco all the way... **PLUS**

ALL THE ADVANTAGES OF EXTRA LENGTH

AIR-SOFTENED BY NEW TOP-POROSITY PAPER

STRAIGHT GRADE A TOP-TOBACCO

BEST TASTING SMOKE IN THE U.S.A.!

© Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

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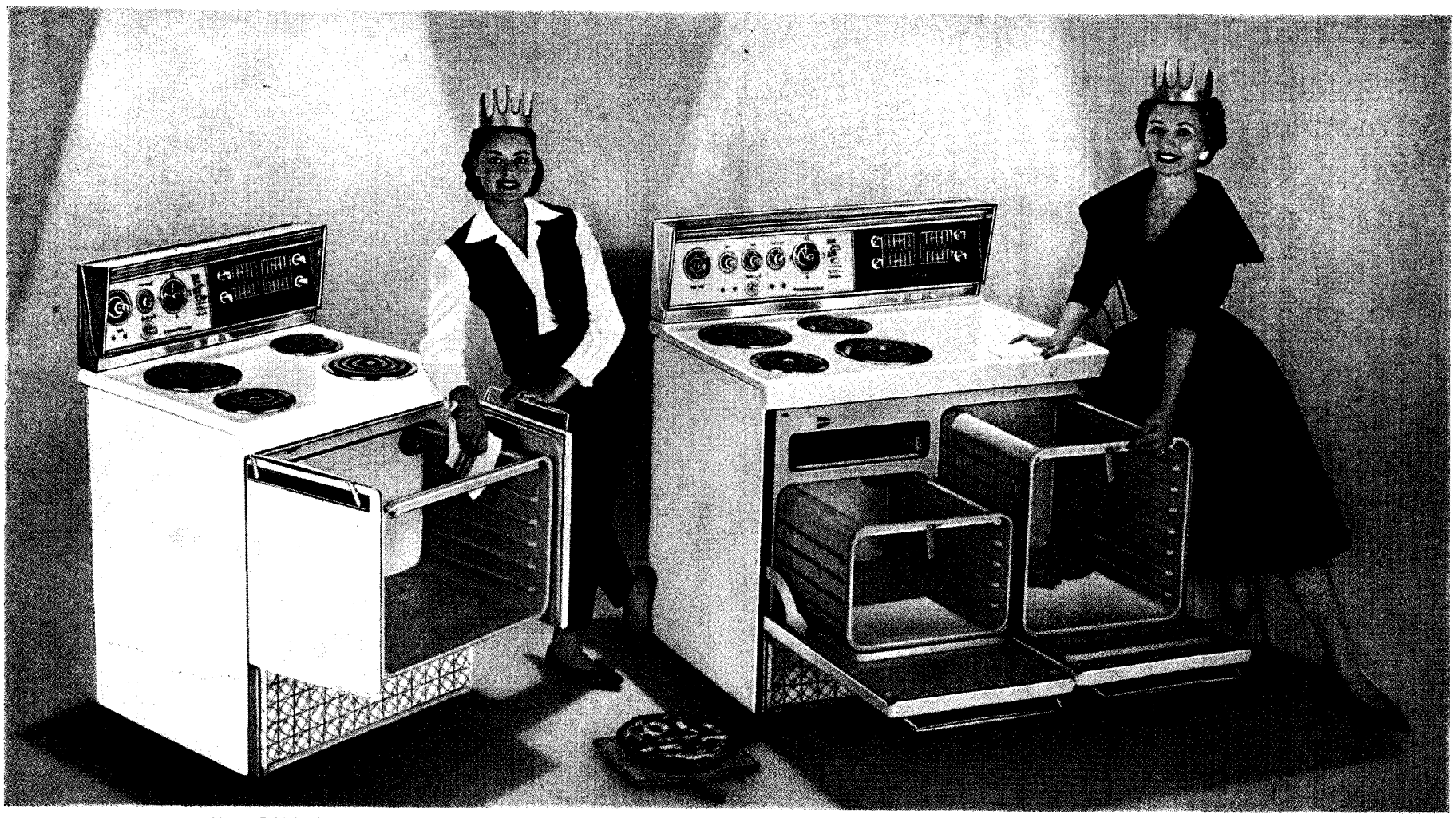
NEW IN 1960!

A FRIGIDAIRE *only*

THE PULL 'N CLEAN OVEN!

Now in 8 electric ranges—30-inch... as well as 40-inch models



Model RCI-39-60 with French doors

Model RCI-75-60 with double Pull 'N Clean Ovens

clean without slaving . . . feel like a queen!

The whole oven pulls out to clean . . . pushes back like a drawer. A dream!

No more backaches or bruised knees. Now you can stand up and wipe off spills 'n spatters from the back, sides and floor of the oven. Takes minutes, not hours! Here's the joy of cooking without the slavery of cleaning.

New clean-easy, cook-easy features! All knobs pull off for wipe-easy, control panel cleaning. Radiant Wall Spatter-Free Broiler Grill. New Infinite Heat Controls on all surface units let you dial any cooking temperature. Heat-Minder Unit with new "degree" settings makes any utensil automatic. Lift-Up, Stay-Up Units won't warp.

FRIGIDAIRE

ADVANCED APPLIANCES DESIGNED WITH YOU IN MIND!

Product of General Motors

A MODEL FOR EVERY BUDGET — MANY IN 5 RAINBOW COLORS OR WHITE

RD-38-60. 30″ wide. Pull 'N Clean Oven

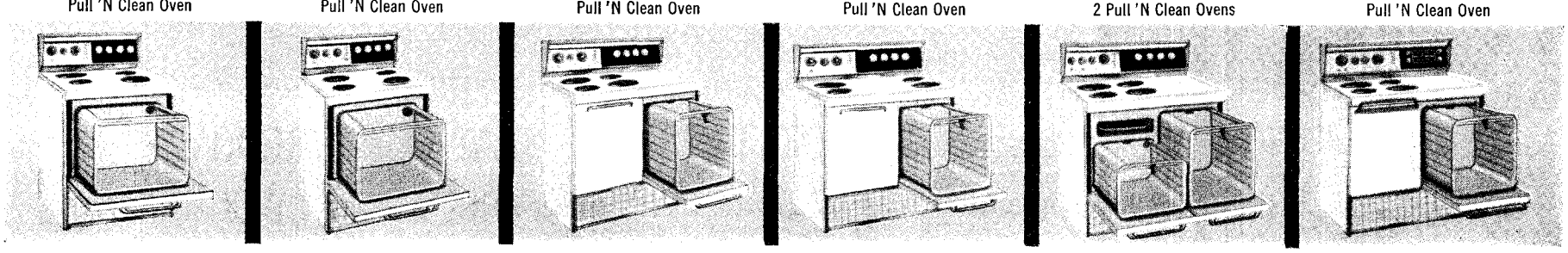
RCD-39-60. 30″ wide. Pull 'N Clean Oven

RD-20-60. 40″ wide. Pull 'N Clean Oven

RDD-20-60. 40″ wide. Pull 'N Clean Oven

RCD-71-60. 40″ wide. 2 Pull 'N Clean Ovens

RI-55-60. 40″ wide. Pull 'N Clean Oven



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Complete spaghetti dinner with the sauce all made:

1. Spaghetti Sauce all made with the Chef's touch in it. 10 full ounces of complete sauce with lots of meat (or mushrooms). Nothing else to buy. Saves time — work — money!

2. Cheese – lots of it. Aged and grated with the flavor of Italy in every sprinkle.

3. Spaghetti – a full 8 ounces – cooks up quick and tender.

Chef BOY-AR-DEE SPAGHETTI SAUCE WITH MEAT
INGREDIENTS
Tomato Puree, Beef, Sugar, Salt, Wheat Flour, Carrots, Flavorings, Onions, and Caramel Coloring.
MADE IN
Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Kitchens of AMERICAN HOME FOODS, INC.
MILTON, PA., U.S.A.
A FAMOUS OF RELATED COMPANY
Chef BOY-AR-DEE* Grated Cheese
ITALIAN STYLE HARD GRATING CHEESE
NET WT. 8 OZ.
Chef BOY-AR-DEE*
Spaghetti Dinner
Sauce WITH Meat

CHEF BOY-AR-DEE® Complete SPAGHETTI DINNERS – MEAT or MUSHROOM

A meal in a minute with the Chef's touch in it.

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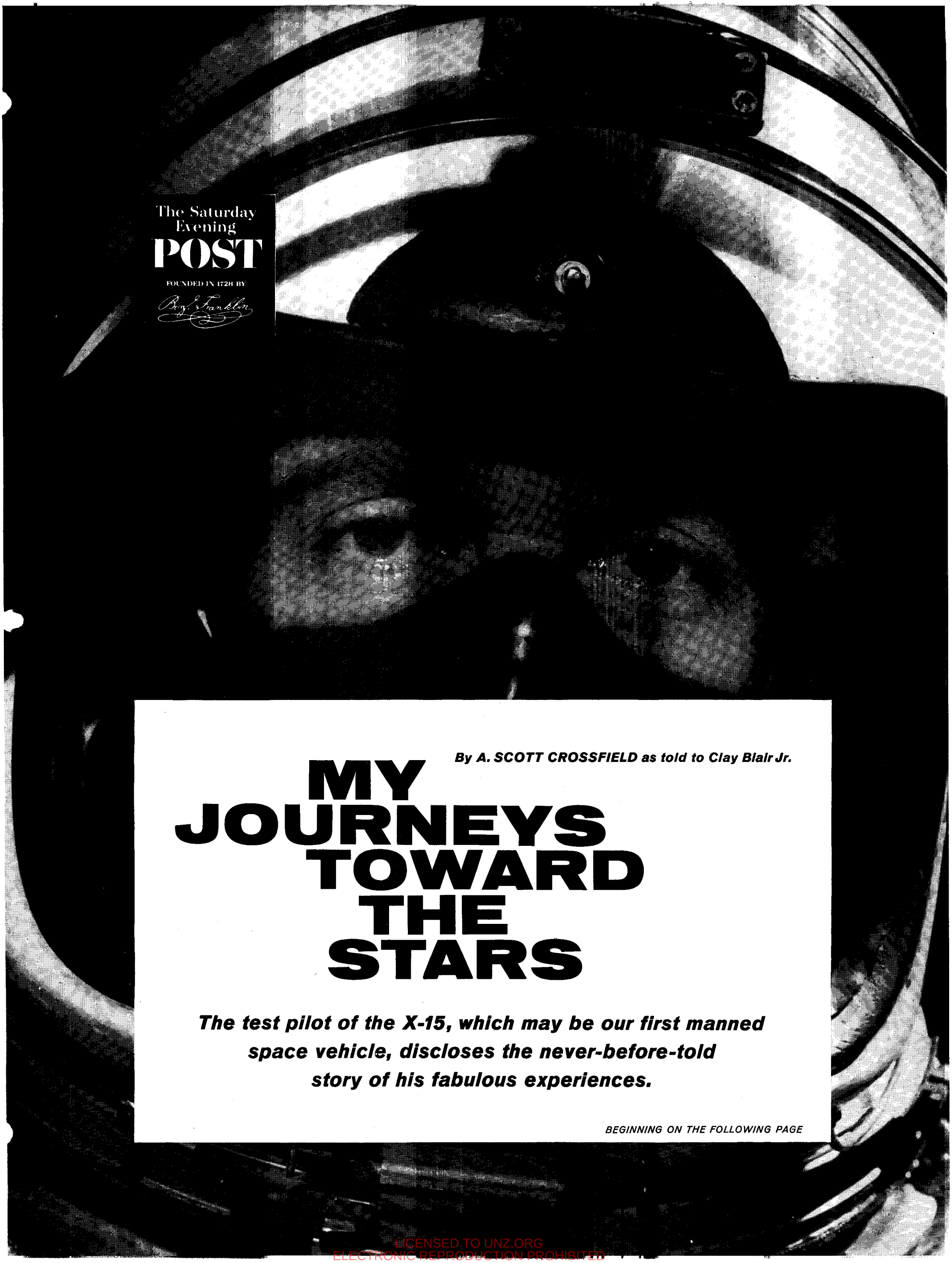

The Saturday Evening
POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin

By A. SCOTT CROSSFIELD as told to Clay Blair Jr.

MY JOURNEYS TOWARD THE STARS

The test pilot of the X-15, which may be our first manned space vehicle, discloses the never-before-told story of his fabulous experiences.

BEGINNING ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE

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MY JOURNEYS TOWARD THE STARS

Sweating out the countdown: Crossfield in the cockpit of the X-15 before his B-52 mother ship takes off from Edwards Air Force Base, California.

First of Two Parts

Edwards Air Force Base lies in a remote, desolate bowl-shaped valley, an arm of California's Mojave Desert. Since the middle of World War II it has served as a testing ground for the United States' most advanced aircraft. This parched-brown confusion of tumbleweed and Joshua trees, gleaming aluminum hangars, long concrete runways and broad "dry lakes," left behind aeons ago when the seas retreated—now ideal landing strips for rocket planes—has been the scene of most of the great triumphs of modern aviation and many of its tragedies. It was at Edwards in 1947 that Chuck Yeager first flew the tiny, rocket-powered X-1 through the "sonic barrier," pioneering the way for the United States' new family of supersonic jets. Other men were not so successful; more than two score have died at Edwards probing the dark unknowns of high-speed flight.

Today Edwards is the scene of a daring new aviation enterprise—man's first, halting steps into space with the X-15 aerospace plane.

In the two years since Sputnik both the United States and Russia have hurled a great many unmanned objects into orbit around the earth and sun. The Russians claim to have put a satellite carrying a dog into orbit; the United States has shot several monkeys into space on ballistic trajectories spanning hundreds of miles. The United States is now engaged in a race with Russia to put man into space. The United States has two manned space projects that may achieve this aim within the next few years—Project Mercury and the X-15.

Project Mercury was conceived primarily as an aeromedical experiment to test man's reaction to weightlessness and the physiological effects of total disassociation from the earth. When the present goal

Last-minute check by the author (in space suit) and North American engineers. The plane is here "mated" to the wing of its mother ship.

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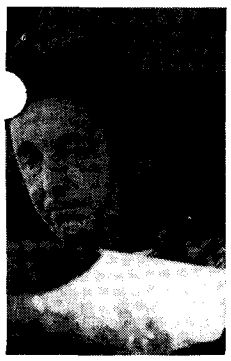


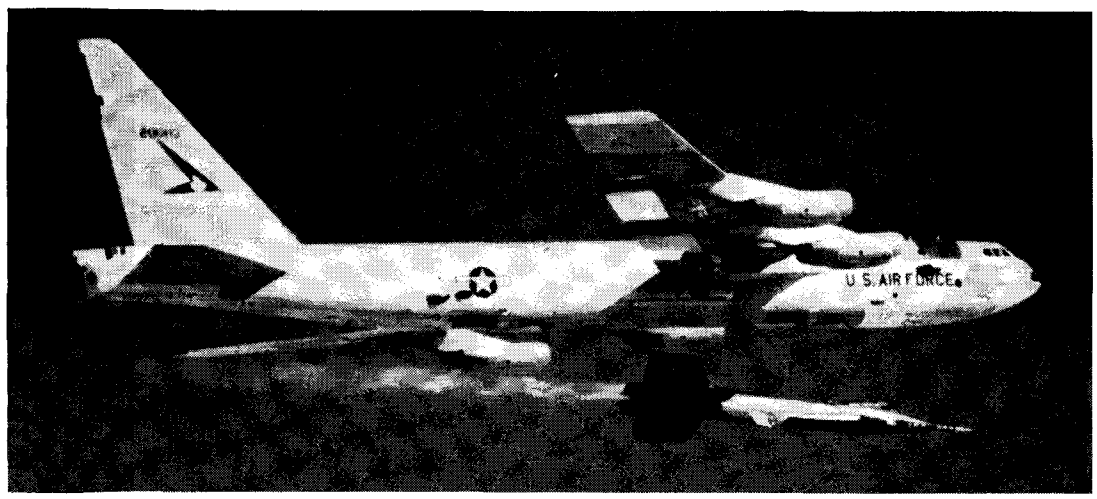
of Mercury is achieved, one or, in time, possibly seven men will be strapped one at a time in a capsule mounted atop an Atlas missile and fired from a pad at Cape Canaveral into an 18,000 mph orbit about 100 miles above the earth's surface. After circling our planet several times, the capsule will fall back into the atmosphere and, if everything works according to plan, a parachute will deploy, lowering the capsule and its occupant onto land or water. The much-publicized subjects of this bold experiment, the Mercury astronauts, selected from a group of test pilots in the Air Force, Navy and Marine Corps, are in training now, awaiting the completion of their vehicle.

Our other manned space program, the X-15, far ahead of Project Mercury in terms of time, was conceived with the object of building a piloted aerospaceship to be flown in and out of the earth's atmosphere. An outgrowth of the United States' post-World War II experimental rocket-research airplanes—such as the X-1 and X-2 and D-558-II—the X-15 is, in effect, the prototype of future spaceships which can be flown from the earth to manned satellite platforms and return, or from these satellite platforms to other planets. Launched from a B-52 mother plane at about 40,000 feet, the X-15 is designed to fly at more than 4000 miles an hour and to an altitude in excess of 100 miles above the earth. Its engines burn only about four minutes. After they shut off, the plane is flown back to earth like a heavy "glider."

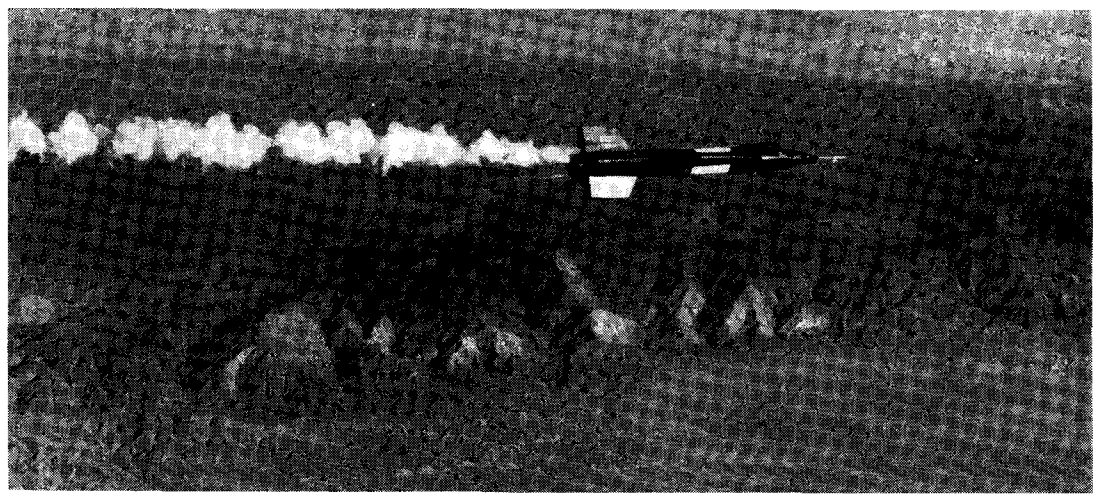
With more exotic fuels and a more powerful engine, the X-15 could be flown to a 500-mile altitude and 7000 mph. By beefing up of the fuselage skin to withstand re-entry heat and with a more effective launching platform, such as an Atlas missile or B-70 bomber, the X-15 could be flown into an 18,000 mph orbit about the earth—either as a research tool or military weapon—three years from today. But such a program has not yet been authorized.

Many able pilots had been considered to make the first flights of the X-15; luckily for me I was chosen. We began our flight program—a graduated advance from "captive" flight to powerless glide flight to rocket-powered flight—at Edwards, just about one year ago. Like all great enterprises of discovery in the earth's history, when man elected to take up new and untried tools to probe the unknown, the story to date, told here for the first time, is one highlighted by times of danger, crisis, frustration and failures. Yet let me say at the outset that one reason for building the X-15 was to snoop out and lay bare the problems and dangers of manned space travel so that those coming behind us might profit. Thus, in a sense, we had deliberately (Continued on Page 82)

Ground crewmen finish their inspection of the mother plane's eight jet engines while Crossfield, buttoned up in the cockpit of the X-15, waits to be carried aloft.



June 8, 1959: The X-15 was launched for its first free flight, which lasted five minutes and ten seconds. "I felt great responsibility but no fear," says Crossfield.



Streaking over the Mojave Desert test area under rocket power. The plane is designed to fly faster than 4000 miles an hour and to reach an altitude of more than 100 miles.

The X-15 skidding down the dry-lake bed after a successful landing. The chase plane still keeps watch from above.

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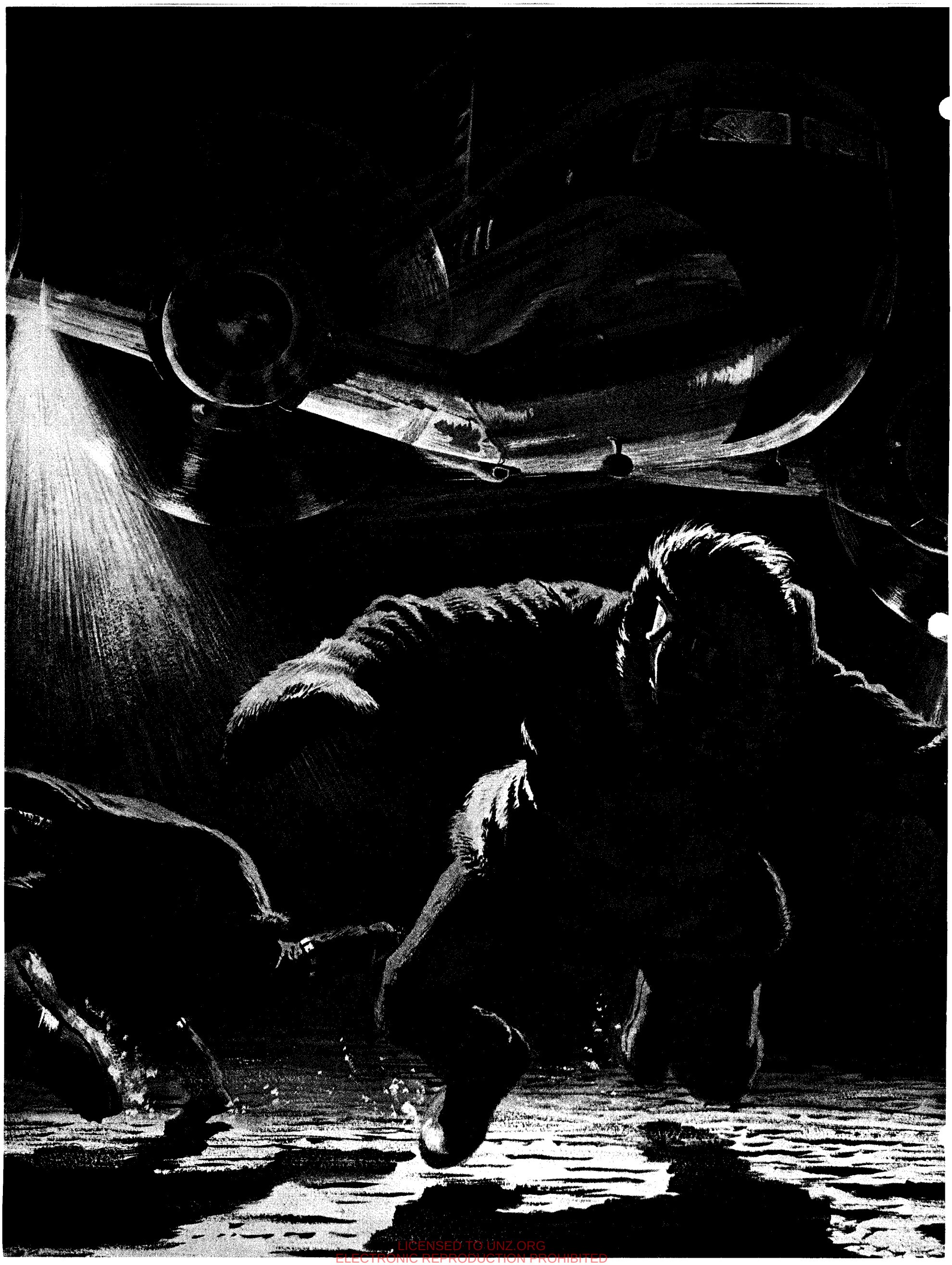

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NIGHT WITHOUT END

An exciting new novel of adventure in the arctic darkness

by Alistair MacLean

PART ONE

MONDAY: MIDNIGHT

It was Jackstraw who heard it first—it was always Jackstraw, whose hearing was an even match for his phenomenal eyesight, who heard things first. Tired of having my exposed hands alternately frozen, I had dropped my book, zipped my sleeping bag up to the chin and was drowsily watching him carving figurines from a length of inferior narwhal tusk when his hands suddenly fell still and he sat quite motionless. Then, unhurriedly as always, he rose and put his ear to the ventilation shaft, his eyes remote in the unseeing gaze of a man lost in listening. A couple of seconds were enough. "Airplane," he announced casually.

"Airplane!" I propped myself up on an elbow and stared at him. "Jackstraw, you've been hitting the methylated spirits again."

"Indeed, no, Doctor Mason." The blue eyes, so incongruous with the swarthy face and the broad Eskimo cheekbones, crinkled into a smile. Coffee was Jackstraw's strongest tipple, and we both knew it. "I can hear it plainly now. You must come and listen."

"No, thanks." It had taken me fifteen minutes to thaw out the frozen condensation in my sleeping bag, and I was just beginning to feel warm for the first time. Heaven only knew that the presence of a plane in the heart of that desolate ice plateau was singular enough—in the four months since our I.G.Y. station had been set up this was the first time we had had any contact, however indirectly, with the world and the civilization that lay so unimaginably beyond our horizons—but it wasn't going to help either the plane or myself if I got my feet frozen again. I lay back and stared up through our two plate-glass skylights, but as always they were opaque, covered with a thick coating of rime and dusting of snow. I looked away from the skylights across to where Joss, our young Cockney radioman, was stirring uneasily in his sleep, then back to Jackstraw.

"Still hear it?"

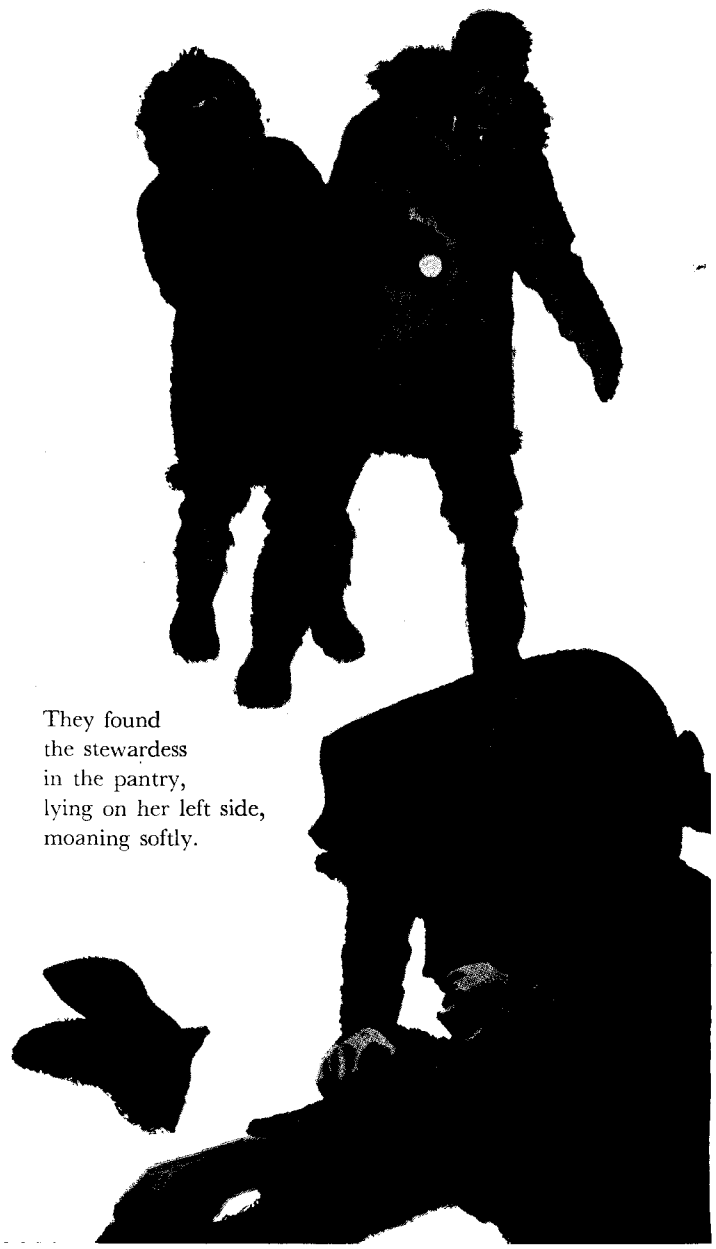
"Getting louder all the time, Doctor Mason. Louder and closer."

I wondered vaguely—vaguely and a trifle irritably, for this was our world, a tightly knit, compact little world, and visitors weren't welcome—what plane it could be. A meteorologic plane from Thule, possibly? Possibly, but unlikely: Thule was all of six hundred miles away, and our own weather reports went there three times a day. Or perhaps a Strategic Air Command bomber testing out the DEW line—the Americans' distant early warning radar system—or even some civilian proving flight on a new transpolar route. Or maybe some base plane from down by Godthaab ——

"Doctor Mason!" Jackstraw's voice was quick, urgent. "It's in trouble, I think. It's circling us—lower and closer all the time. A big plane, I'm sure. Many motors."

"Damn!" I said feelingly. I reached out for the silk gloves that always hung at night above my head, pulled them on, unzipped my sleeping bag, swore under my breath as the freezing air struck at my shivering skin, and grabbed for my clothes. Half an hour only since I had put them off, but already they were stiff, awkward to handle and abominably cold—it was a rare day indeed (Continued on Page 66)

© 1960 by Gilach, A. G.



They found the stewardess in the pantry, lying on her left side, moaning softly.

Doctor Mason shouted a warning and flung himself down as the dark shape of the airliner swept directly over them.

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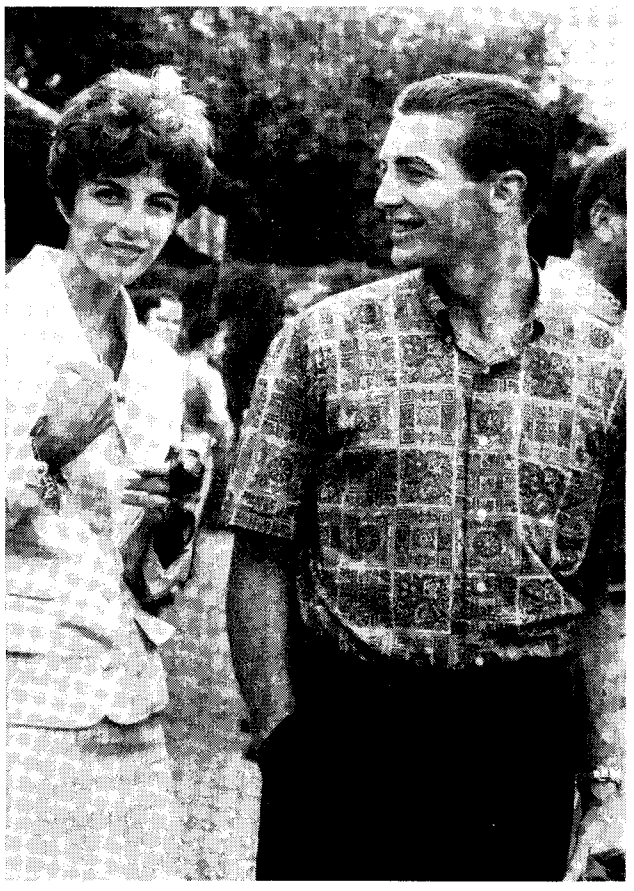
Spare time is usually occupied by marathon poker sessions, including a form called "super exhausto," in progress here. From left, Francisco (Pancho) Segura, Alex Olmedo, Richard (Pancho) Gonzales, and Kramer. Last month Segura's wife won a divorce on the grounds he was away too much.

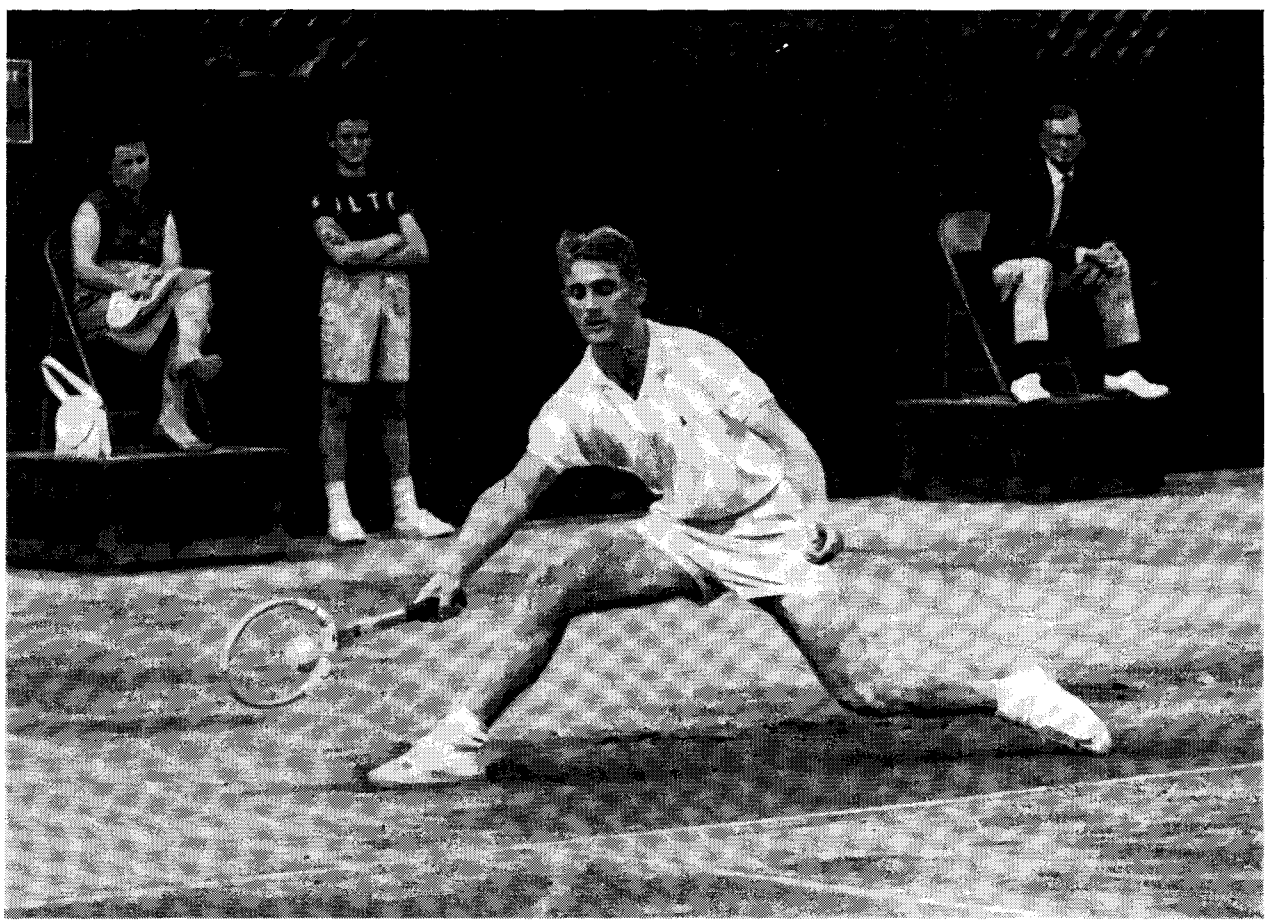


Tony Trabert, shown above with his wife at Forest Hills, is a veteran of six years with Kramer's tennis troupe. The other players have nicknamed him Flapjaw, because he is so talkative.

Frantic Taskmaster of Tennis

By Melvin Durslag

As the game's busiest professional promoter, former amateur champion Jack Kramer rides herd on the world's finest—and most temperamental—group of tennis players.



Bermuda: Twenty-five-year-old Lew Hoad, one of six top stars whom Kramer has lured away from Australia since 1953. With Kramer's group, Hoad's earnings have gone as high as $138,750 in a single year.

In 1947, while earning his living as an amateur tennis player, Jack Kramer was invited by a businessmen's club in Las Vegas, Nevada, to promote a local tournament. The arrangements were very private. Jack was to bring some top amateurs to Las Vegas for expenses which he was to underwrite personally; in return, the club was to give him 50 per cent of the profits.

Unfortunately, the tournament failed to yield any profits. Jack's debut as a tennis promoter laid an egg at a cost to him of $1500. Deciding to recoup at craps, he dropped $1300 more.

Kramer came away from Las Vegas a sad but wiser man. "It occurred to me that day," he says, "that a guy who loses a bundle in his own racket and tries to get even in someone else's is compounding his stupidity. I have never since thrown good money after bad."

Jack's promoting, if not his crap shooting, has improved noticeably. The proprietor today of the oldest floating tennis game on earth, Kramer circles the globe with his troupe of skilled professionals, staging tournaments before widely diversified galleries. His athletes have performed before maharajas of India on one day, before natives of Sudan on the next, and, two days later, have entertained the international set on the French Riviera. Kramer once accepted $1000 from a Hawaiian sugar company to stage matches on the island of Maui at seven A.M., (Continued on Page 98)

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The Beautiful Horse Thief

A curious case of larceny for love.

By PHILIP MACDONALD

It was almost sunset when I left the Brandyce place in the mountains. Martin Brandyce had asked me to stay for dinner, but I said I had a late date in Beverly Hills. I'd had all I could take of him.

I drove carefully down the twisting road. The valley was spread out below—a green and gold and brown checkerboard with irregular squares and enough trees dotted about to stave off any feeling of monotony. There was no sign of anything resembling a town, and I liked it. Although I'm a newsman and the job keeps me city-bound, I'm a countryman born and at heart. Also, unlike many other Easterners, I approve of California.

The mountain road joined the valley and flattened out, broadening to a two-lane highway. I upped the speed and rolled along between wide fields of corn and alfalfa. The top of the car was down, and the sun was on my cheek, and the air was soft and heady. There wasn't another car or human anywhere in sight, and all the picture needed to make it perfect was grassland and grazing stock, particularly horses. And I was going to see horses in a few miles. I remembered seeing a pasture on my way out, with some nice-looking stuff in it. I thought I'd stop this time and take a look at them. If you've been brought up with horses, the way I was, you never get them out of your blood. And they'd serve another purpose too. They'd take away the last lingering taste of Brandyce. Not that he was such a bad guy, really. But he was one of those actors who pretend they hate acting, and I can never get used to playing straight for them. Not even if they're helping me earn my living, like Brandyce. He was going to be Number Ten in the new On the Stand series for the magazine I work for, and he was very pleased about the whole thing, which was another reason I couldn't quite stomach him. I suppose we all have dirty linen in our closets, wrapped around the skeletons, but only a few of us want to air it in public.

(Continued on Page 90)

He leaped in a flowing, tremendous arc.

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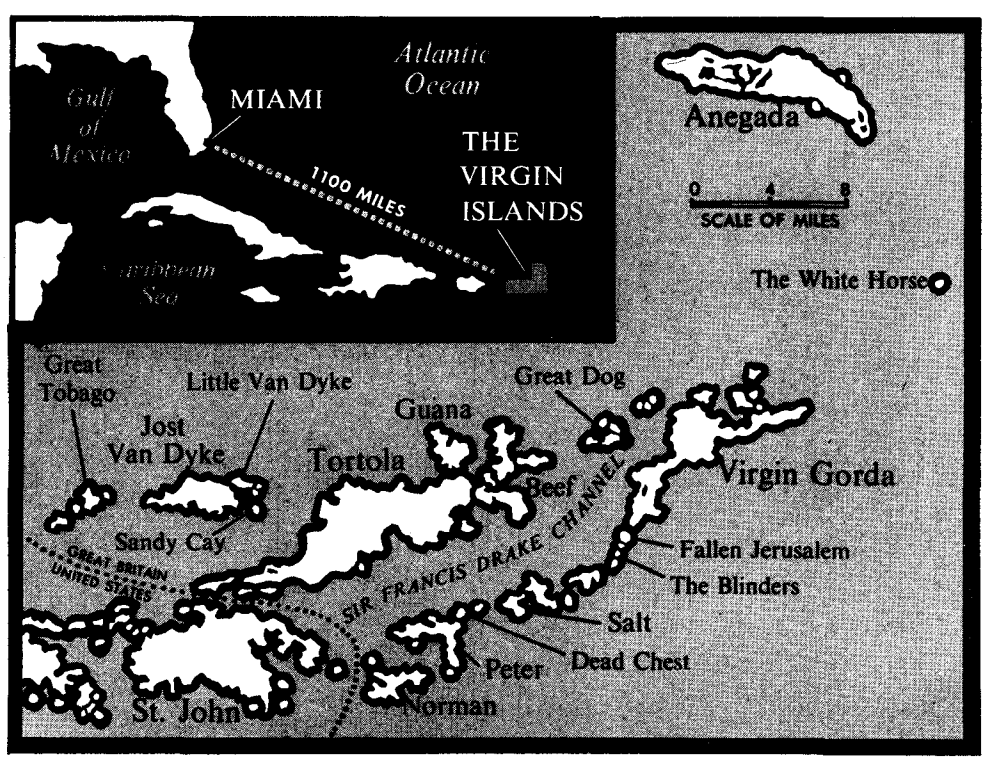
Cruising off the rocky coast of Virgin Gorda, called the "Fat" Virgin because of its shape, are tourists Peter Bishop and Lolita Emmons.

The Overlooked Islands

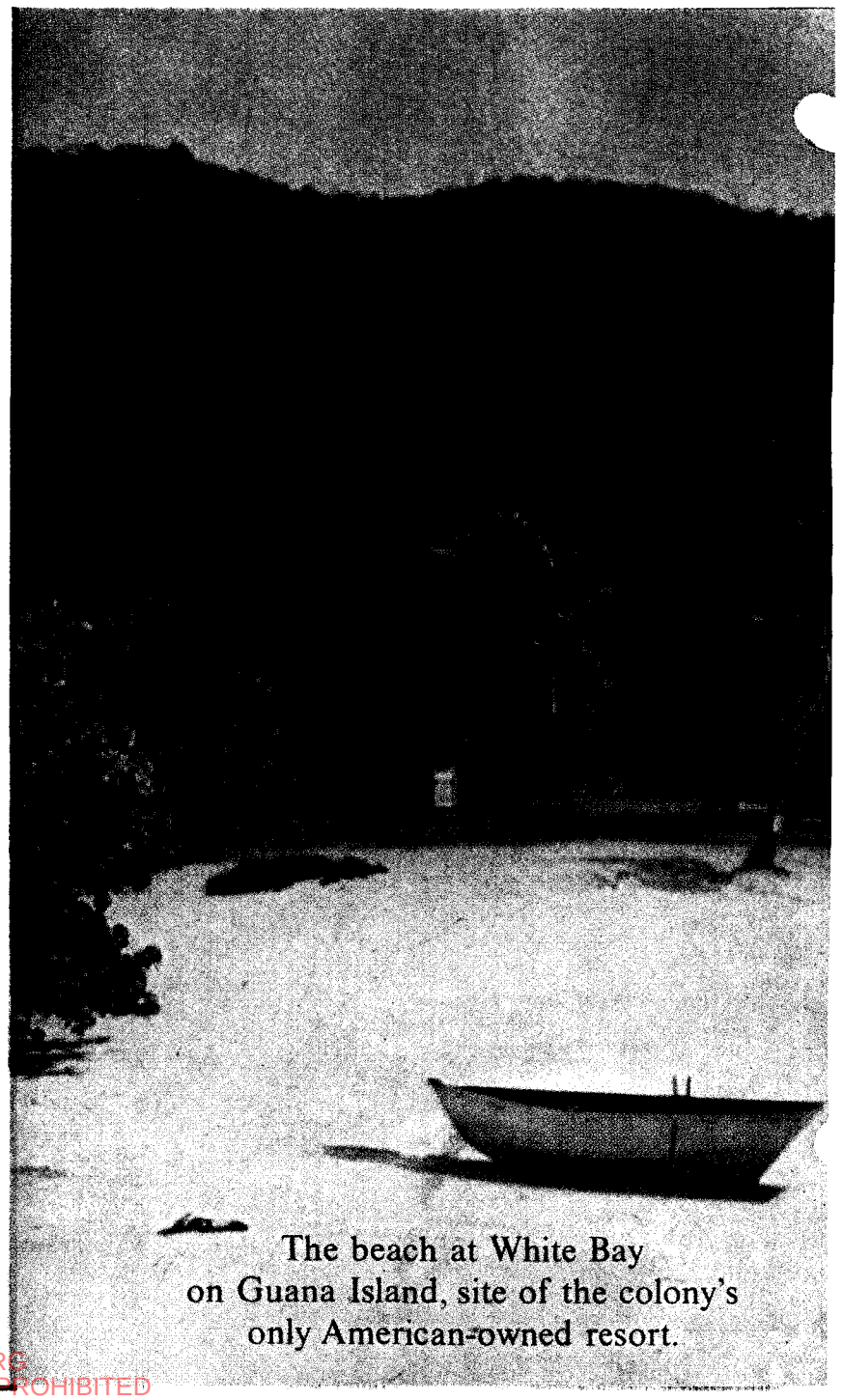
By RICHARD THRUELSEN

Until now isolation has preserved the oddities and charms of the British Virgin Islands. But soon jet planes will bring them within three hours of New York.

Beth and Louis Bigelow bought 750-acre Guana Island twenty-three years ago and built a resort club on it. In the background are the clubhouse and cottages.



The inset map above shows the archipelago's distance from Florida, while the larger map indicates the British Virgins' proximity to the neighboring American islands.



The beach at White Bay on Guana Island, site of the colony's only American-owned resort.

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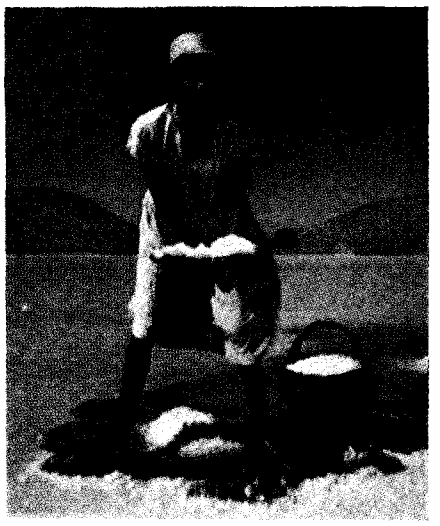
On Virgin Gorda, sea-worn boulders, some of them three stories high, tilt precariously against one another and form a labyrinth of grottoes.



Salt Island. Left: One of twenty natives who work the main salt pond. Right: Weathered island fisherman Frederick Penn and his grandson Charles Girant.

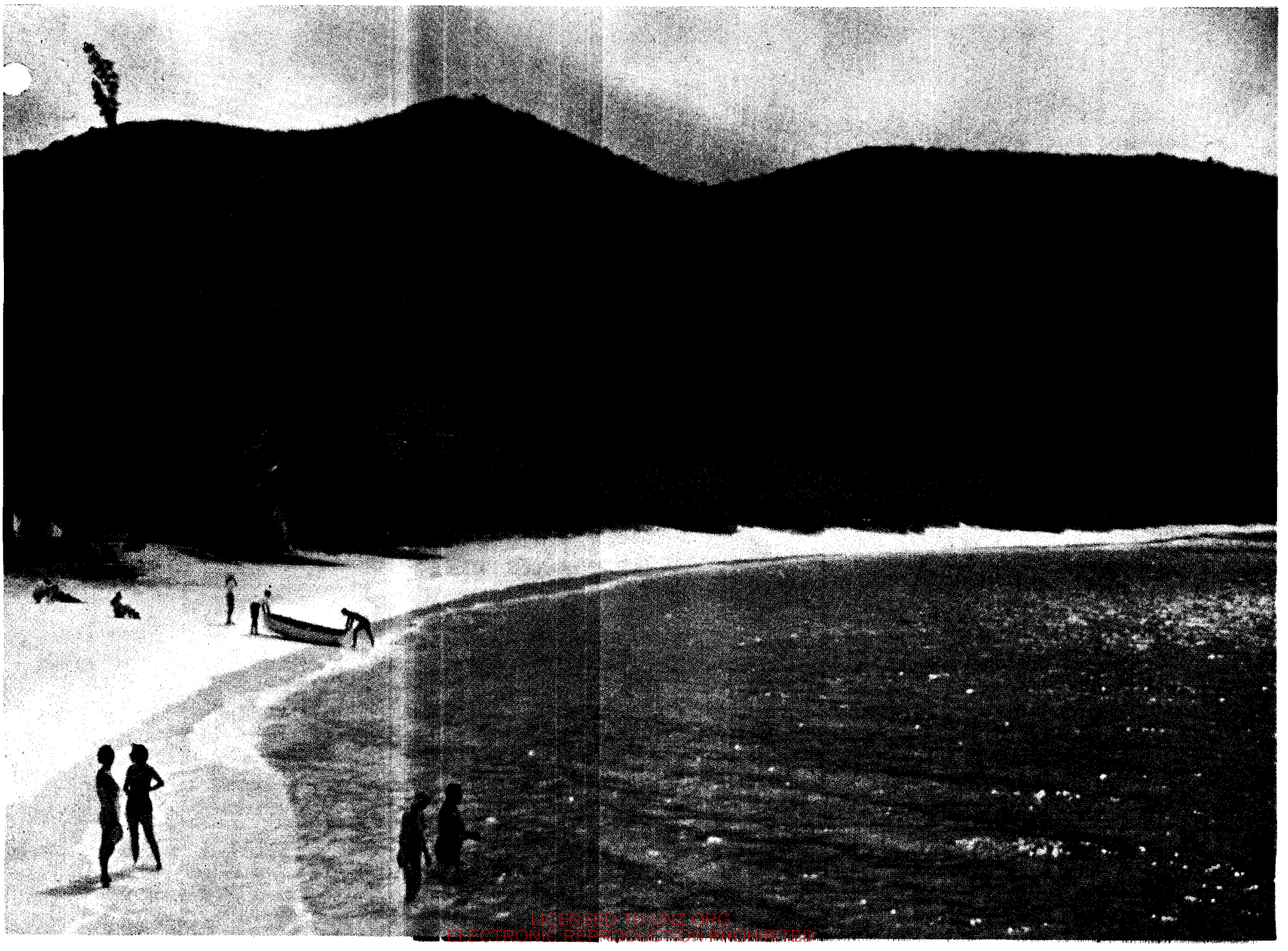
Sometime soon—tomorrow, next month or a year from now, perhaps—time is going to catch up with the British Virgins. Though such a prediction may sound ungallant, it should have a special interest to anyone responsive to the appeal of island beauties. For the virgins in question, an archipelago comprising some of the world's most scenic islands, may be about to become the objects of a forced-draft evolution which will attempt to change within a decade a living pattern formed during three centuries of insular and colonial isolation.

The aim of this compression will be to improve on nature and the works of man. With nature as strange and wonderful as it is in the British Virgin Islands and the works of man noticeable chiefly by their absence, the process of development promises to be an experiment worth watching.

The British Virgins are a group of thirty-six islands and islets which lie a few miles to the east and north of their American counterparts, the American Virgin Islands of St. Thomas, St. John and St. Croix. This neighborly association of saints and virgins marks the northern terminus of the shallow arc formed by the Antilles, which swings from Puerto Rico to the coast of South America, and places the B.V.I. in an area where perpetual summer is enlivened by the almost constant breezes of the northeast trades.

It also places the islands squarely on the battle line in the great Caribbean struggle over the American winter tourist and vacationer and his reputedly easy-come-easy-go dollar.

(Continued on Page 29)



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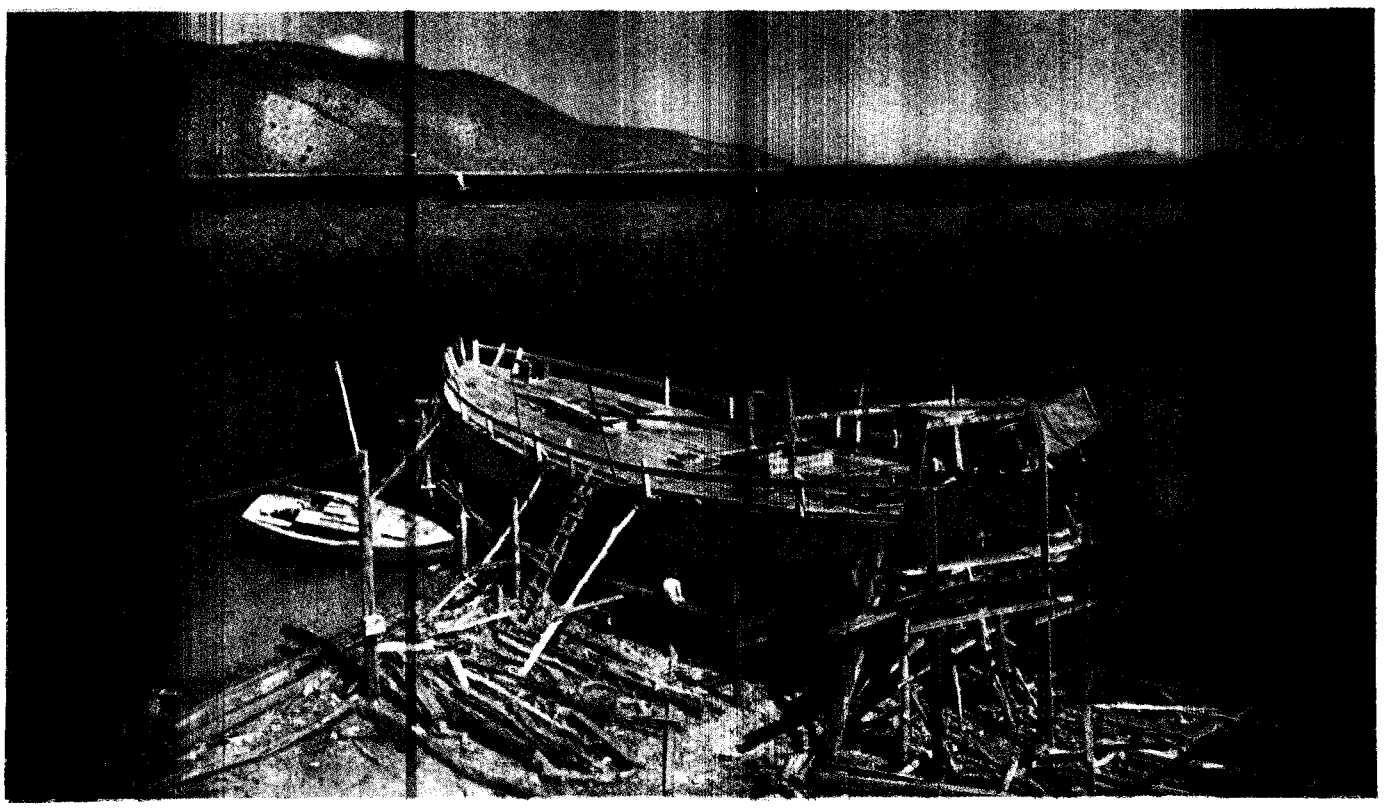
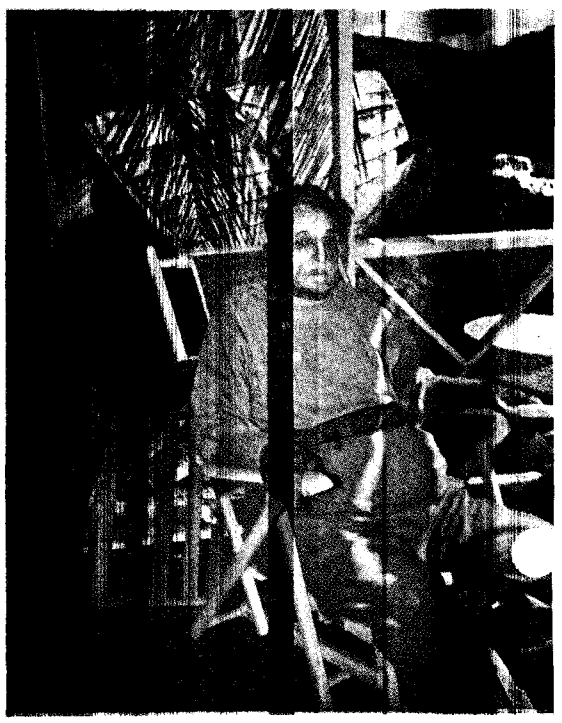
Market day on the jetty at Road Town, Tortola, which is the seat of the colony government.



A sloop under construction at the Tortola boatyard. The island is famous for its seaworthy sailing vessels.



Charles Brudenell Bruce, a descendant of the Earl of Cardigan and one of the colony's most redoubtable citizens, at his Road Town home. He recently sold the estate he had built up on Peter Island.

Road Town, on Road Harbor, is the biggest settlement and chief port of the British Virgin Islands. Total population of the B.V.I. is 7733.

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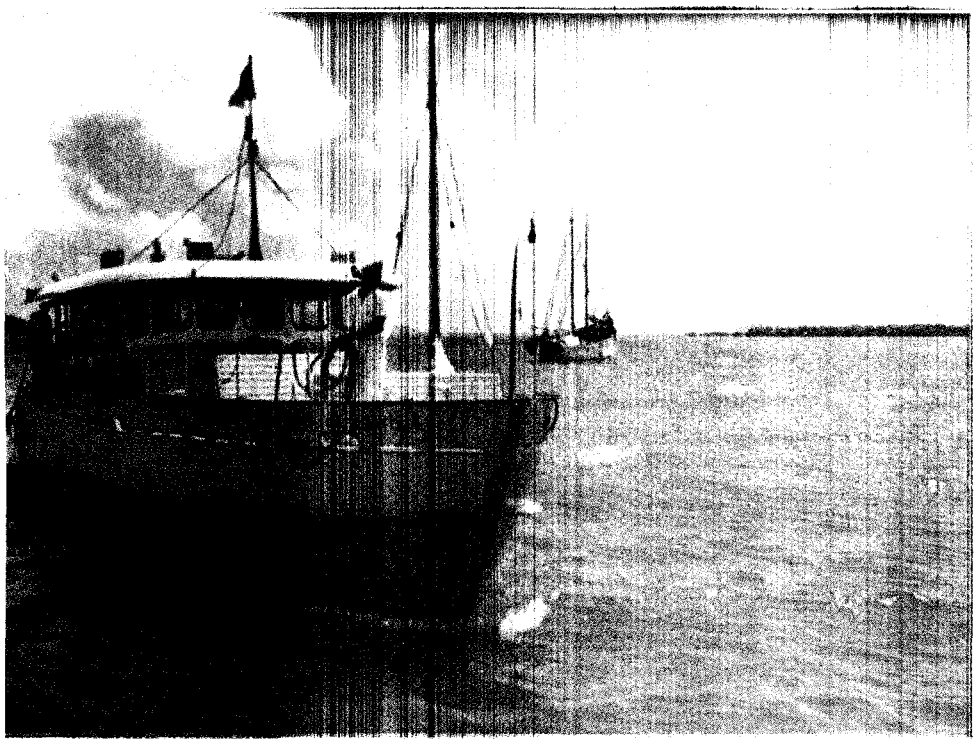

The *Youth of Tortola*, a 65-foot twin-diesel yacht, makes daily round trips between Road Town and St. Thomas in the American Virgins. Fares are $4 for first class and $2 for second.

Chris and Millie Hammersley, the proprietors of Millie's Pink Hotel, one of two such hostelries at Road Town. Flamboyant Millie, says the author, has added much to the gaiety of the islands.

(Continued from Page 27) Geologically, ethnologically and, in part, economically, the American and the British Virgins form a family group. Both sets of islands were formed by the upthrust of rocky mountain ridges and peaks from an undersea plateau; both are inhabited by the descendants of slaves brought in to work the eighteenth-century sugar and cotton plantations and both now exist on a mixture of government aid and tourism. Significantly this identification of financial dependence also highlights a sharp difference in the present economic status of the two groups, for the tourism from which the British Virgin islanders profit is in general restricted to the American islands; approximately 15 per cent of the working population of the B.V.I. currently serves as migratory labor on the nearby American Virgins.

One curious result of this close economic relationship between the two island groups is that the British Virgins are the only Crown possession in which the American dollar is a legal medium of exchange. Another recognition of this "cousinship" between the two groups was the action of the British Virgins in refusing to join the West Indies Confederation of British islands in the Caribbean; this action was in part based on the B.V.I. conviction that their interests and their future were more closely allied to their American neighbors than to the more populous British islands to the south.

The island names of the British group—including Jost Van Dyke, Tortola, Great Tobago, Virgin Gorda, White Horse, The Blinders, Fallen Jerusalem, Great Dog, Sandy Cay and Dead Chest—sound as though they might have been conceived by a travel brochure writer with an overdose of Robert Louis Stevenson. The configuration of the archipelago might have been contrived by a Hollywood scenarist. Anchored by American St. John on the west, the island chain curves eastward and northward in an elongated ellipse, enclosing what amounts to an inland sea some twenty miles long and four miles wide. The shifting trades which sluice down this reefless passage, contained by the steep, olive-drab flanks of its bordering islands, make this Sir Francis Drake Channel one of the most exciting and picturesque sailing areas in the world.

This open necklace of islands has two appendages: immediately to the northwest lies Jost Van Dyke, with a clutch of neighboring cays and islets, and twelve miles to the north of the eastern end of the chain lies the stepchild of the group, Anegada. Barely visible as a white line where the two blues of the sea and the sky meet, this lonely and wind-swept menace to navigation is perhaps the best place to begin an island-hopping tour of some of the natural wonders and oddities of the British Virgin chain.

ANEGADA: A low-lying shelf of coral and sand completely encircled by dreadful and beautiful reefs, Anegada is the most northerly of the Caribbean's tropical islands; beyond Anegada the Atlantic stretches north to Nova Scotia and east to the coast of French West Africa. Ten miles long and four miles wide, with an average elevation of only thirty feet, Anegada is geologically unrelated to the other islands of the archipelago. Anegada is basically a coral formation; its mountainous sister islands are of (Continued on Page 44)

Photographs by Frank Ross

Beef Island (extending across center of picture) boasts the British Virgins' only airstrip. It also has resort cottages along its beach front, a boatyard on the spit at right and a small hotel on the islet in Trellis Bay (foreground).

Beautiful but sinister Anegada, the northernmost island in the group, rises only 30 feet out of the sea. Its shoals and jagged coral reefs have claimed more than 180 ships.

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"I wanted to tell you who I was last night, but you wouldn't listen to me," he said.

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She didn't know who he really was. And now it was . . . TIME TO TELL HER.

By Phyllis Duganne

Tyler Langley was angry with a girl he had never met, because of a man he had seen once—a giant of a man, golden-bearded and laughing—on a terrace overlooking the Bay of Biscay near the Spanish border. He was to become even more angry with Miss Gwenyth Orne before—and after—he met her; but for the moment his resentment was sufficient to color his entire day.

He reread her short, ungracious note and called the only child of Matthew Orne an unflattering epithet which caused his elderly secretary to look up at him inquiringly.

"No, not you, Ellen," he said. "I refer to the daughter of a poet. Will you get Burt Jackson on the phone?"

It was five minutes past nine; the morning's mail was piled on his desk. Patently he had more pressing matters to consider than the establishment of a Matthew Orne Museum.

Ellen handed him the telephone. "Hello, Burt," said Tyler. "Like to read you a letter I just got from Matthew Orne's daughter. We can cover any offer she's likely to get, but she's obviously out for her pound of flesh."

"Well," said Burt mildly, "it's her property."

Since her father's death three weeks earlier, the birthplace of Matthew Orne had become her property; but since Tyler's first reading of the long obituaries in the New York newspapers, the idea of a museum had become almost an obsession with him.

He could see the house from his office window, a square building of pale gray stone with wisteria vines, knotted like heavy ropes, clinging to its walls. Before the American Revolution it had been a tavern; now the business district of the upstate New York town had moved in on it. There was a restaurant to its right, a hardware store on its left. It had been unoccupied since the death of Orne's spinster sister in 1956, but her going had made no change in its exterior. For more than fifty years Maria Orne had lived there alone, the front door locked and sealed, the window shades pulled to the sills on the street side. Maria Orne had never recovered from the scandal of her brother's conduct in 1903.

Tyler smiled. Half a century makes many changes in public opinion. There were few people in Marsden today who remembered the furor. To his own generation the story had a romantic flavor, a recklessness quite in keeping with the personality of a poet.

Ellen said, "There's a man to see you—a reporter from *Now* magazine."

The mail could wait a little longer. Tyler stood up to greet his caller. He stood six feet three and, with interest quickening his dark-lashed gray eyes, his lean young face was cordial.

"Mr. Langley? I'm Fred Cutler from *Now*, I'm here digging up the dirt about America's great poet." He slid into the chair across from Tyler's desk and lighted a cigarette.

Tyler said, "I'm afraid you've come to the wrong person." The reporter, glancing up, recognized animosity when he saw it.

"Perhaps I expressed myself badly," he said. "What I'm looking for is Orne the man, Orne the iconoclast, Orne the great lover. I understand you're promoting this museum?"

"To Orne the poet," Tyler said flatly.

"I get it," said Cutler. "But even a poet has to be a man first. Think of Byron, think of Shelley." He brought out some papers from his coat pocket. "Ever see a picture of Carolyn Knapp? I unearthed this in the local photographer's files. Taken in 1900. Quite a doll."

Tyler had never seen a photograph of the woman who had eloped with Matthew Orne in 1903. It was (Continued on Page 86)

Illustrated by Joe Bowler

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For his models Rockwell (right) often uses his Stockbridge, Mass., neighbors, such as seventy-eight-year-old Tom Carey, who helps keep the horse-and-buggy age alive. At rear is an old icehouse which the author uses as a second studio.

MY ADVENTURES AS AN ILLUSTRATOR PART TWO

I Got Off to a Funny Start

By NORMAN ROCKWELL

as told to Thomas Rockwell

America's most famous artist tells of his troubles with impostors and relates some amusing episodes of his struggle when he was young.

One day, when I was putting the finishing touches on my 200th *Post* cover—or maybe it was my 210th, somewhere in there—I was interrupted by a phone call from a stranger.

"This is the public-relations department of the New York Central Railroad," the man said. "Where are you?"

"Why, I'm right here in ——"

"We've had the Pullman car on the siding all day," he rushed on, "with a porter in it and the beds made up and flowers in all the rooms. When are you going to show up?"

"Wrong number," I said. "I don't know anything about a Pullman car."

"Aren't you Norman Rockwell, the illustrator?" The voice was rather testy.

"Yes," I said.

"Well, you came up here yesterday and asked that a Pullman car be put on a siding. You wanted to do sketches of the interior for *The Post*. You said you'd come round today."

"Not me," I said. "I was here in the studio all day."

"What goes on?" said the voice.

"It must have been an impostor," I said.

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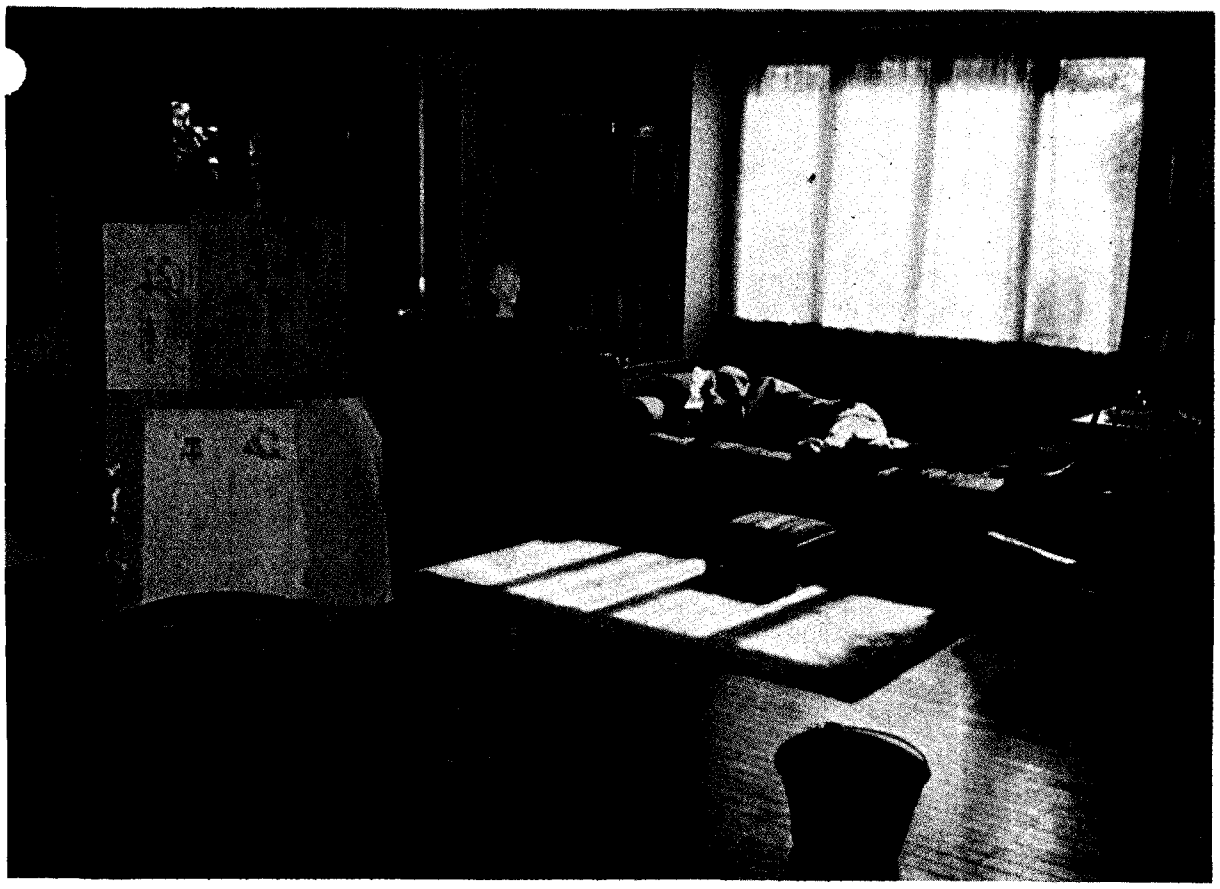
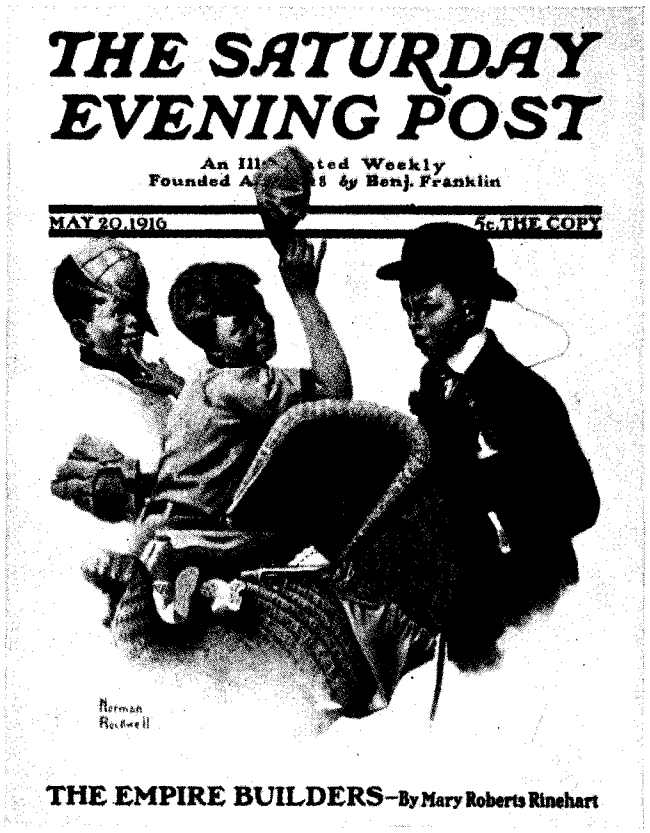
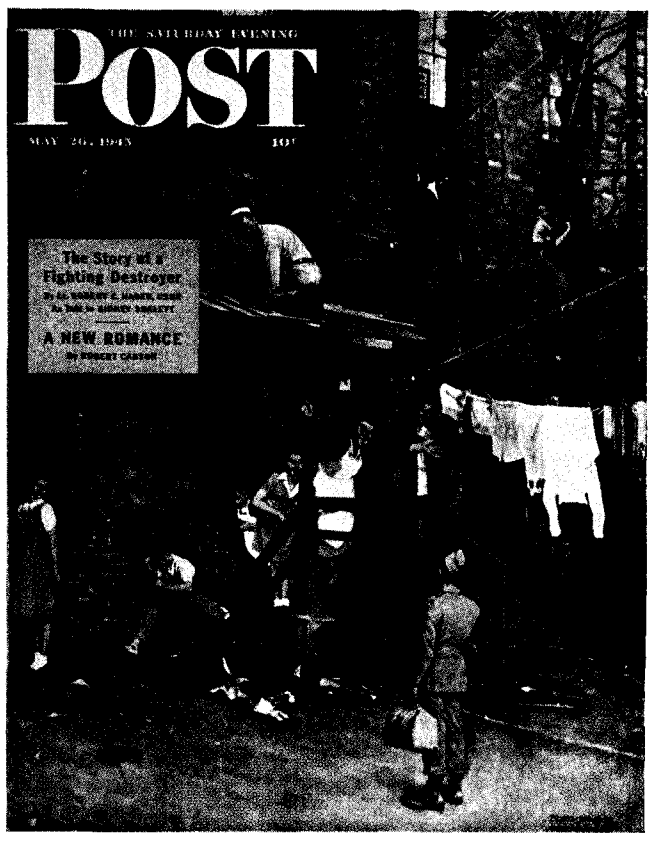


Every afternoon the artist takes a nap in his studio. He often works seven days a week, beginning early in the morning. After lunch and his snooze he goes back to his easel until dinnertime.



Above is the first of *The Post*'s 306 Rockwell covers. He was twenty-two when he sold this to editor George Horace Lorimer.

Just for fun, Rockwell joins a group of Stockbridge artists each Wednesday for an informal painting and sketching session at the art school of Peggy Best (foreground). Here, he says, "I can let myself go."



This cover, depicting a GI's homecoming shortly after V-E Day, once was exhibited in The Metropolitan Museum in New York.

Four or five days later the Cunard steamship line called me. Same story. I had arranged to photograph a stateroom on the *Queen Elizabeth*, they had the room ready—why didn't I show up? I explained about the impostor.

I couldn't figure the guy out. There was no money or possible advantage to be gained by these tricks. Once, a year or so after I had started doing *Post* covers, I received a letter from a lawyer in Texas. A girl and her family meant to sue me for breach of promise. I had never been in Texas, but they claimed that I had spent many evenings at their home, and promised the girl marriage. Now she was pregnant. That impostor had gained something by impersonating me. But what about this fellow who'd ordered the Pullman car and the stateroom? Did he enjoy giving people trouble?

The next week the public-relations man for the Yankees telephoned me. Had I arranged to take photographs of a dozen ballplayers in the stadium locker room?

"It's an impostor," I said, and I told him about the New York Central and Cunard.

"Good," he said, "I think we'll catch him. I got suspicious and told him to come back today to complete the arrangements. I'll let you know what happens."

That afternoon he called back. The impostor had shown up and, when confronted, had admitted his impersonation. The public-relations man had bawled him out, taken his real name and let him go. That was the last I ever heard of him.

For a year or so a third impostor made a real career out of this sort of thing. I began to receive large bills for lodging, meals and entertainment from hotels in widely scattered towns and small cities (Continued on Page 57)

Photographs by Larry Fried

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Illustrated by R. G. Harris

By LOUIS PAUL

Dear Jackson

APPARENTLY SHE HAD FORGOTTEN THAT SHE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE HIS BEST FRIEND'S GIRL.

Pickford Arms
New York, N.Y.
September 19

Dear Jackson: I am still smarting under the remarks you made this morning, which I thought were entirely uncalled for. When two lifelong friends have been friends as long as we have, Jackson, the one person ought at least to give the other person a chance to explain. But did you give me a chance to explain? You did not. You said for two cents you would give me a good bust in the nose.

Now that is not what one lifelong friend expects from another. True, you missed seeing Mickey Mantle hit two home runs in one inning. But could I help it if Mazie insisted on going to the stadium without you? Was any of it my fault? Forget for the moment that your girl friend and I fell in love with each other. I mean, try to see my point of view. When you have heard the whole story, I think you will begin to see things in a new light.

After all, it is not my fault if I like people. Take Mrs. Noren, the superintendent of our apartment house's wife here at the Pickford Arms, with her red hair looking like it was Niagara Falls having a rainbow. Something hits me when I see that red hair of Mrs. Noren. Or there's the plumber Freddie, the fellow with the big chest over on 9th Avenue. Belonging to the same human race with a guy like Freddie is almost like a compliment in itself. Now you know, Jackson, how I am always stopping to do favors for such people. In fact, it was while doing you a favor that I happened to ask your girl friend to marry me. I never for one instant thought you would go ahead and take it personal.

Like I tried to explain, the whole thing come about accidental. I had went down to the 42nd Street ticket office of the Yankee ball club, like you asked, and said I wanted two box seats for Thursday night's double-header back of first base. They were real good seats—ask Mazie. Then I went to 48th and 8th and was waiting for you to come by and pick up those tickets, because I know you had promised Mazie to take her to the game, she being such a rabbit Mantle fan, when a fellow come up and wanted to know was I Charley Lummet.

"Why should I deny it?" I said. "I got nothing to hide."

"Well, here's a package," he said.

"The thing is, do I need a package?" I asked.

So he said, "You don't know me. I'm Jones. I live up on the eleventh floor of the Pickford Arms. Mrs. Noren wants to know if you'll take this over to the Longacre Theater which is having a matinee and give it to a Miss Sally Brentwood over there. She's expecting it. I'd take it over myself, but I work the afternoon shift as a fry cook and I'm late now."

"How did Mrs. Noren know I'd happen to be standing on this particular corner?" I asked.

"She overheard you on the hall telephone telling somebody named Jackson that you would meet him here at two o'clock. The point is, this Sally Brentwood, whoever she is, is waiting desperate for that package. Meanwhile I gotta go."

The Longacre is only a few blocks away. Still, if I leave, maybe I'll miss you. So I went in the cigar store on the corner and spoke to this fellow. I said if he sees a tall, nervous character with squinty eyes who looks like he's supposed to meet somebody, ask him if he's Jackson, and if he says yes, tell him I'll be back in about four minutes.

I know. You waited over an hour. But don't hold me responsible. After all, this redheaded superintendent's wife had done me many a favor. Professionally she is a dressmaker by trade, and has often turned over the collars of my old shirts so you couldn't tell them from new. As for the plumber Freddie —— But I'm getting ahead of myself. I guess I hadn't got halfway down the block, going east, before a guy in one of those detective suits—New York detectives

(Continued on Page 78)

Every time the Yanks hit a homer, Mazie went wild.

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The Sense of Truth

By ALEXANDER ELIOT

From the shadow-measuring and tub-sitting of the ancient Greek scientists to antibiotics, cyclotrons and satellites has been a fabulous advance. Where once rode classical thunderheads of intellection, white against the sky, we have dark torrents of numbers and symbols innumerable as raindrops and mingled with the fitful play of man-made lightnings, earthquakes and germs. Near miracles lie stacked like dishes stories high in the brains of giant guardian computers. Yet the loftiest experiments remain those of people. Thomas Jefferson still says more than the bulletins from Cape Canaveral. Christ on the cross flew higher than an astronaut ever will.

Each man that lives is an experiment, self-controlled. He is both crucible and chemist in himself. Let him but open his own heart and mind, and the cosmos pours in upon him. He must distill what he can. To realize this plain fact of the human condition can be like awakening from a dream into real life.

They say that the ancient Greeks put man at the center of the cosmos; but nobody put him there—it is his cosmos. Granting that in thought a man may travel far from his own center, which is the center of his cosmos, and granting even that he may stop off at aesthetic, philosophical, religious or scientific planets far removed from the mother earth of his own experience, experience brings him home; and in himself he remains the center of it all. Therefore aesthetic and philosophical refinement, religious revival and scientific advance can do little to heal our sick culture. A sick culture is made up of sick selves; we have to heal ourselves.

Madness and death—these things we face, and we are too heavily armored to face them. *CONTINUED ON PAGE 51*

About the Author

Alexander Eliot is best known for his monumental art history, *Three Hundred Years of American Painting*; yet that work represents only a fraction of his interests. A novelist (*Proud Youth*) and art critic (*Time*), Eliot is chiefly obsessed by what he calls "the ultimate problem: understanding with the heart." Last year saw publication of his *Sight and Insight*, a philosophy of art-in-life and life-in-art. He is now working on *Elements and Kingdoms*, which will explore the wisdom to be gained from direct contemplation of nature.

Eliot's forebears played distinguished roles in the flowering of New England and Harvard University. He himself makes frequent visits to his home ground, but prefers living in New York City. Eliot travels abroad extensively with his wife and three children for the purpose, he explains, "of trying to rediscover the world with the help of my wife's mind and my children's eyes." Photograph by Larry Fried

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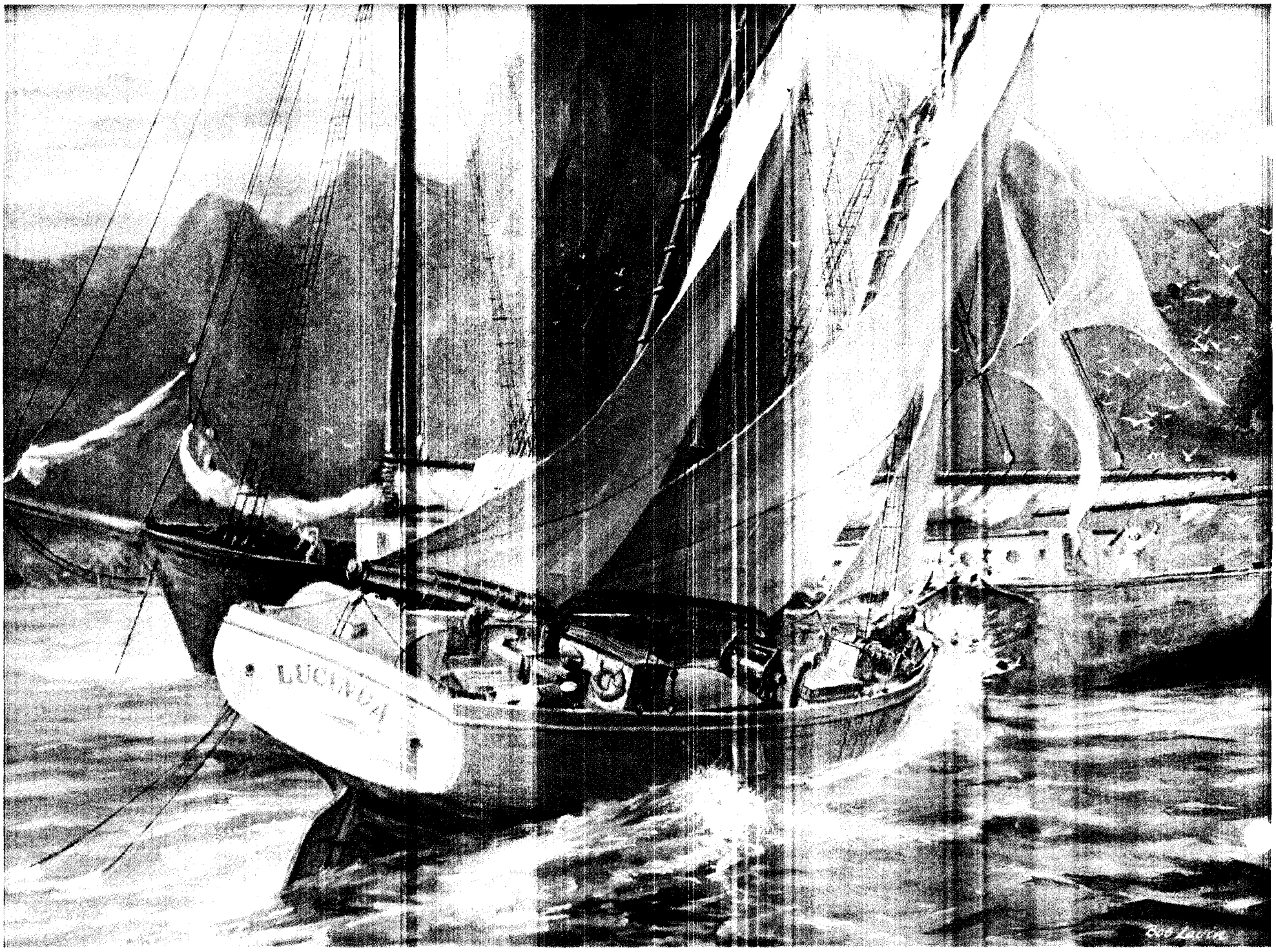

The crash and shudder of the collision
sid Slim Jim along the wet deck.

THE PEARLS OF SIBUGILA

By OLAF RUHEN

The vessel carried a captive human cargo. There was only one way to stop her—by running her down.

Somewhere in the wide Pacific, Slim Jim Hadwell knew, there was a fortune waiting for him. And he swore to himself he'd have it under his hatches before the first year of the twentieth century brought in his twenty-fifth birthday. He had three years to go and he thought he had it made, though so far his only assets were a little ketch on which he still owed more money than it was worth and a cargo of smoked mullet he thought he could sell to the gold miners of Woodlark Island.

Smoked mullet was tame pickings in those blood-soaked waters where slavers and pirates still kept a foothold, where there were savages to fight and sharks and crocodiles and, more often, the sun-soaked drowsiness of flower-scented ennui. But food was food, and men still needed it. There's many a fortune based on cargoes even less romantic than the smoke-yellowed fish that Slim Jim had traded for on the remote little island of Sibugila in the Coral Sea; and a few shrewd hardheads round the ports gave it as their opinion that young Hadwell had his wits about him.

Slim Jim could use his wits, all right; he worked as hard at his trading as any pick-swinging miner on his claim. And he had as well the joys of adventuring among the islands, the beautiful lands, the always differing people and the spice of danger in brushing the unknown in the coral-studded seas. He had the profits well in mind besides. But when he thought of profits he thought of them not in terms of sacks of coin or bars of gold or figures in a ledger, but embodied in a vision of the laughing lips, the curly brown hair, the eager blue eyes of Lucy Lee James, who lived on the other side of the world. She was always with him, though she

(Continued on Page 60)

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By Dean Jennings

The Case of the ANGRY ACTOR

Hot-tempered Rod Steiger, a newcomer of prodigious acting talents, works best only at emotional white heat. And his private life is downright bizarre.

Mr. Sydney Boehm of Twentieth Century-Fox, a producer whose central nervous system has survived the annoying idiosyncrasies of countless movie stars, recently began work on a thriller called *Seven Thieves*, in which the lead is played by Rod Steiger.

One particularly tense day in the first week of shooting—a sparring period during which some stars, producers and directors seriously contemplate belting one another—Boehm doubled up with a mighty pain in his middle and rushed to his doctor.

"Syd, you've got an ulcer," the medico said. "I thought you were used to these things."

"This is different," Boehm snapped. "This is a Rod Steiger ulcer."

Happily for all concerned, the picture was finished without further friction. The gnawing subsided in the Boehm viscera, there were apologetic handshakes all around, and Steiger moved on to another lot where, if past pyrotechnics are any criterion, he will sooner or later raise somebody's blood pressure.

Rodney Stevens Steiger, a sort of pearl-making irritant in Hollywood oysters, is a handsome six-footer whose weight fluctuates between 190 and 240 pounds. He has short curly hair and smoldering brown eyes, and occasionally looks as though he belonged on the *Ben Hur* set along with the other gladiators. A rebellious ex-sailor who has parlayed prodigious talents and $12,000 worth of psychoanalysis into cinema triumphs, he has a record few Hollywood newcomers have ever matched.

"Show business," he said recently with remarkable candor, "is a glamorous, vicious and dirty business. But I like it."

Evidently the admiration is mutual.

Now, a brief three years after the *Motion Picture Herald* named Steiger as "The No. 1 Star of Tomorrow," he is probably earning $300,000 a year, not counting picture investments, and is being pursued by excited directors who haven't seen such a range of genuinely violent emotions (Continued on Page 94)

Steiger and his bride, British-born actress Claire Bloom. They live an un-Hollywoodlike life of Spartan solitude in a weather-beaten old house at Malibu Beach, Calif.

Before their marriage last September Steiger and Miss Bloom costarred in the Broadway play *Rashomon*.

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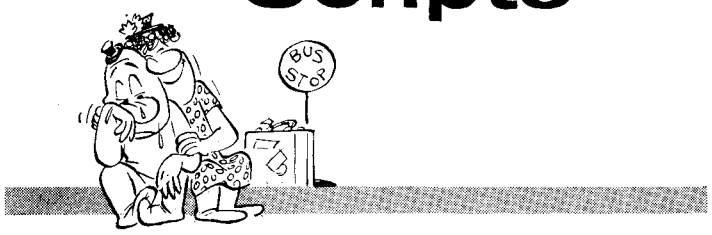
Post Scripts



Art News on the Local Scene

Maple Street this week hosted several noteworthy exhibitions. Here is what the critics had to say.

THE ART OF THE PORTRAIT. In addition to its permanent exhibit of portraits—such as *The Graduation* and *First Long Pants*—the Mrs. George Hashmark Gallery offered a special showing, *The Childhood of a Hashmark*. Honored guests were the subject and his friend, Alice Parkwell.

Works were gathered from as far as the attic, and included such rarely seen items as *The Bumped Nose* and *The Falling Diaper*.

Said critic George Hashmark Jr., "Boy, what an exhibition! I mean, couldn't we just have played bridge or something?"

CHINA AND SILVER OF ALTOONA, PA. Elderly curator Alma Pinkney offered a private showing of her collection for Henry Fergus of Sunny Cow Dairies, Inc. The exhibit featured many of the china and silver markings most cherished by collectors, such as "St. Louis Exposition," and "New York World's Fair—1939."

According to reviewer Henry Fergus, every minute of the show was absorbing. "There was this leaky buttermilk carton on my truck," he said, "and before I could get out, it went right through the whole order book."

FASHION DESIGN, 1960. An impressive display of recent additions to the Helen Murk Collection (Spring Dress Division) required the entire couch in the living room. The *première* drew fashion authorities from some of Maple Street's leading houses—such as 423 and 507.

Said critic Myrna Busch, "This exhibit proves Mrs. Murk is becoming one of Maple Street's most imposing figures in fashions. I'd guess she was up to at least Size Eighteen."

RONALD M. DEUTSCH

"I just came in to get warm."

SHIRVANIANS

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Mein Grossfader's Fable Tellen

DER FIGHTEN ROOSTERS

Ein grosser rooster ben fighten ein smallisch rooster mit pecken und slashen mit der spurs. Ach! Soonisch das smallisch rooster ist kaputen!

Mit winnen der fighten, das grosser rooster ben flappen der wingers und braggen mit loudisch cockerdoodlen. Himmel! Der boasten ist awfulisch, und das rooster ben claimen der selfer ist sooner beaten all der birdfolken!

Ein strongisch eagle ben hearen der braggen und boasten. Mitout warnen, der eagle ben downswoopen und upsnatchen das kaputen rooster!

Der Lesson: Smallisch roosters ben tender.

DAS HUNTER UND DER RABBIT

Ober und ober ein hunter ben tracken der beasters und winnen der chasen. Finalisch der junglefolken ben holden ein meeten mit asken, "Vas ist der reason das hunter ben winnen?"

Ein wiser owl ben pronouncen, "Mit meeten das hunter, der beasters ist exciten der selfers und getten in ein stew. Avoiden der exciten ist der answer."

Ein cottontailer rabbit ben claimen, "Meinself ist sooner meeten das hunter und heeden der gooten advisen."

Mit meeten das hunter, der rabbit ben avoiden der exciten. Ach! Das dummkopf nicht ben avoiden der buckshotten!

Der Lesson: Even mit avoiden der exciten, rabbits ben getten in ein stew.

DAS OLDISCH CROW

Ein oldisch crow ben upfedden mit hunten der food. "Ich ben disguisen meinself und eaten mit der chickens in der barnyarden," das crow ist declaren.

Mit onputten der disguisen, das crow ben sneaken insiden der henhaus und foolen der chickens und der farmer und der frau und der youngischers. Ach! Der eaten ben goot und der liven ben softisch!

Suddenisch, kinfolkers ist comen, und der frau ben outrushen mit catchen das oldisch crow und fixen der supper. Himmel! Der visiten folkers ist upturnen der snooters mit refusen der eaten!

Der Lesson: Foolen all der folkers nicht ben simplisch.

DAS FOX MITOUT EIN TAIL

Ein fox ben hippety-skippen ober der countrysiden, und suddenisch ein trap ben shuttengesnappen mit offcutten der tail. Ach! All der foxers ben laughen mit outpointen das fox mitout ein tail.

"Dummkopfs!" das fox ben yellen. "Mitout ein tail ist stylisch, und all der smartisch foxers ben sooner joinen meinself."

Ach, du lieber! Der foxers ist rushen pellmellen mit sticken der tails insiden das trap!

Der Lesson: Der trapper ben oberloaden mit foxentails.

DAVE MORRAH

I'm So Brilliant it Hurts My Eyes

For years I saved my money
For the well-known rainy day,
But never had to use a dime
Of what I'd put away.
And so, convinced there'd never be
The need for which I'd meant it,
The day before the cloudburst came
I spent it.

HAL CHADWICK

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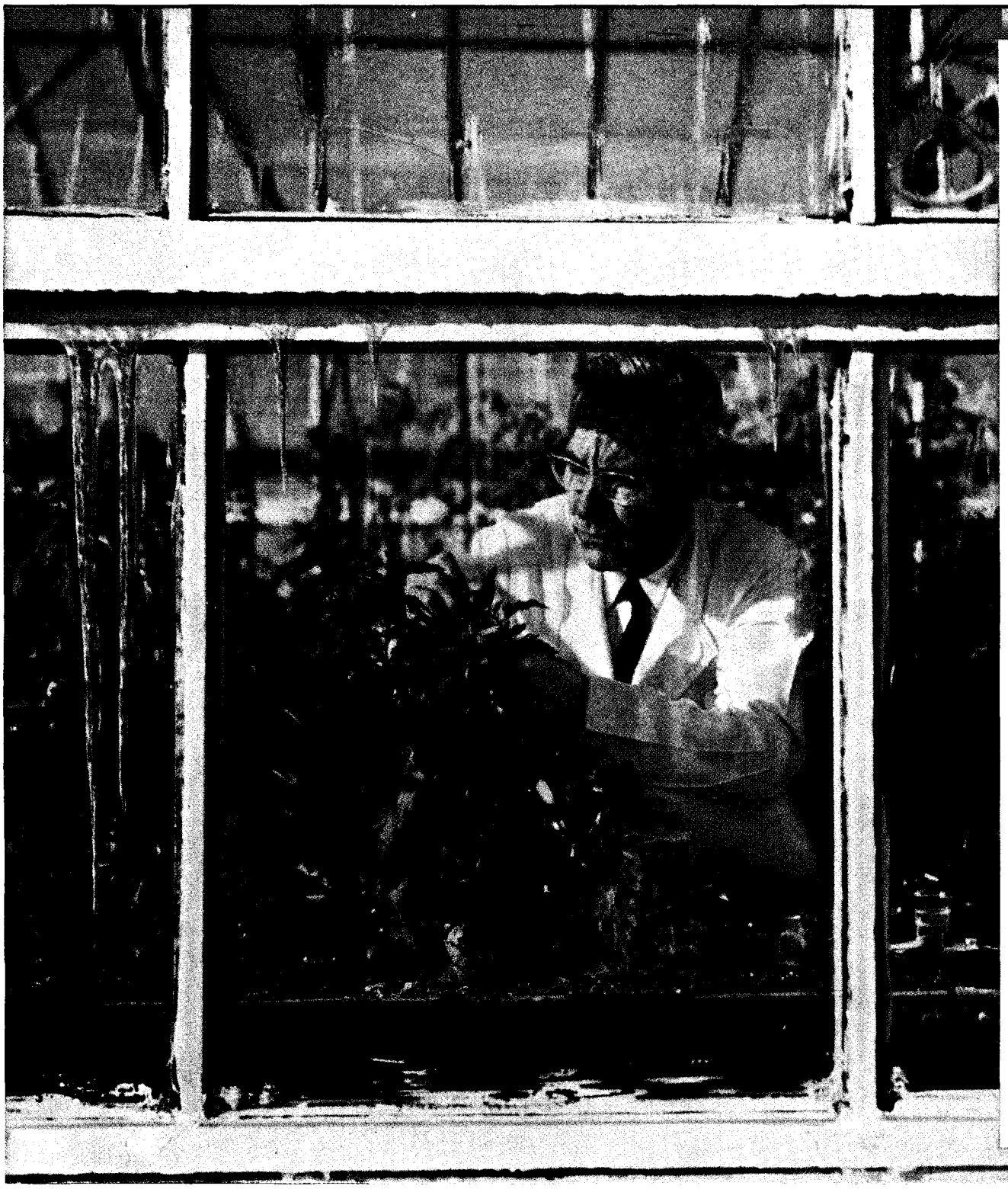
"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."



Famous Campbell Tomato—result of 50 years of research.

Even the shape of okra has been changed for better cooking qualities.

Peppers . . . tailor-made to be sturdy, thick-walled, with a deep, rich color.

A special kind of carrot, selected to grow big and be bright orange inside.

Remaking Vegetables is a fine art at Campbell's

. . . One more reason why Campbell Quality means better eating for you

At Campbell's, a number of plant scientists like this one (most of them Ph.D.s) spend their time the year around improving the vegetables used in Campbell's cooking.

Through research, more value

Two new varieties of the Campbell Tomato are the result of 11 years of work. What makes them truly remarkable is their great resistance to cracking. Which means extra tomato quality and quantity for our chefs to work with.

This is one of the many things that help Campbell's keep flavor up and prices down. Good proof of this is the fact that Campbell's Tomato Soup, though even more delicious, is priced the same today as 9 years ago.

Okra, tamed for greater flavor

Take the Campbell okra. It was once the ornery cuss of the vegetable world with sharp spines to make picking a difficult business. But now it's a reformed character.

Campbell scientists developed a spineless variety that also has more appealing color and more uniform quality. Now it's next to no trick at all to pick Campbell okra at the peak of its flavor and tenderness.

Even the best is never good enough

This search for something better goes on endlessly at Campbell's. It's what we mean when we say: "To make the best, begin with the best, then cook with extra care."

- Soups
- Frozen Soups
- Tomato Juice
- Pork & Beans
- V-8 Cocktail Vegetable Juices
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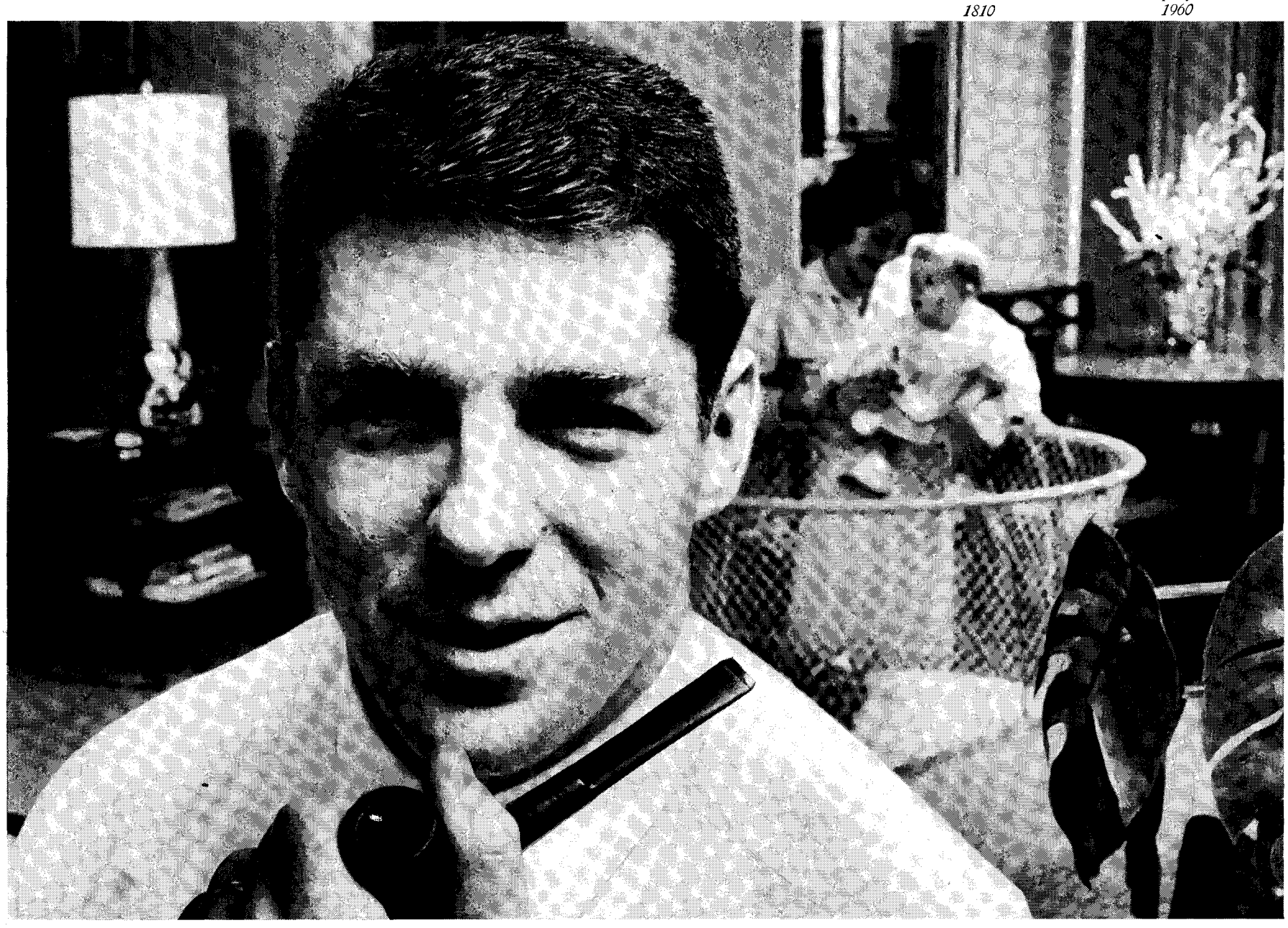

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The door crashed open, and Tempest sprang into the room.

The Monitor Affair

For this man, killing was a pleasure.

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

"We must see to it," said Ross Lane, "that this queer craft of Ericsson's never takes to the water."

Lane, Carlotta Ouverard and Capt. Hugo Tempest were Confederate agents. Their mission was to thwart the construction of the *Monitor*, the revolutionary armored warship that John Ericsson, the brilliant Swedish inventor, had designed for the Union Navy. Rebel officials knew that the *Monitor*, once built, might prove a formidable adversary for their own ironclad, the *Merrimac*.

The one Yankee aware of the rebel activity was Eric Nelson, Ericsson's young assistant. He had encountered the conspirators in the home of Madame Ouverard while courting her niece, Yvonne. And he had also stumbled upon the scene of a murder perpetrated by Captain Tempest aboard Tempest's sinister ship, *Curlew*.

V

Eric Nelson, on those nights when he did not stay in Greenpoint, made it a practice to return from the ferry slip to his room by way of Thirty-second Street. That house on the south side of the street—where he had seen the bold arrival of Madame Ouverard in her carriage, where he had seen Captain Tempest, where he had heard the name of Jefferson Davis given as the password—was a magnet attracting his curiosity. He would saunter past that residence, his eyes fixed on the doors and windows. But these spyings were without result. The face of the house remained blank. Its windows were hidden by blinds; no one entered its doors. It might, for all Eric could observe, have been but a temporary meeting place, now abandoned and tenantless.

But on an evening in October, after a day spent with John Ericsson in Tom Rowland's shipyard with the inventor's partners, Bushnell, Griswold and Winslow—who supplied the money for the building of the *Monitor;* and in placing orders to Delamater and Company for machinery and to other firms for the iron plates which were to form the little warship's armor—Eric was rewarded for his watchfulness.

Visibility was yet clear that early evening as he turned into Thirty-second Street. From the next street beyond he saw coming the huge figure of a man made to seem more enormous by his plug hat and frock coat. This individual approached with heavy tread. The face was the face of one

(Continued on Page 73)

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The Overlooked Islands

(Continued from Page 29)

volcanic origin. While the volcanic islands have practically no ground water, Anegada has a constant supply.

Anegada's fresh-water springs rise in funnel-shaped cavities called "slobs," and a slob may be found within a few feet of the beach or a salt pond. The island is carpeted with a growth of low shrubbery, and its population of some 300 natives (no Europeans live there at present) makes a living of sorts by fishing and farming the thin but fertile patches of soil cover. In order to grow on Anegada, the occasional loblolly or turpentine trees must find a hole in the coral. In order to be decently buried, the forward-looking citizen hews his own resting place out of the coral while he still is able to handle a pick, a chisel and a sledge.

It takes a skillful pilot familiar with the area to maneuver even a small native sloop across Anegada's encircling shoals and between the coral heads to the lagoon hard by the island's one settlement. The village, aptly enough, is named Settlement. Though this inhospitable coast line discourages casual visitors, the island's shoals and its giant Horse Shoe Reef, which extends eight miles to the south, have attracted a number of permanent guests.

A recent count has identified 180 wrecks on the jagged coral barrier. Most of these disasters occurred to eighteenth- and nineteenth-century sailing vessels; trading vessels from Europe and slavers on the middle passage from the African coast, pushed along by the westward-setting equatorial current and the shifting trades of the latitude, often struck the shoals while searching for the narrow passage just south of the reefs which leads to the larger Leeward Islands. Shipmasters from northern Atlantic ports, conning the horizon for the mountain peaks of the islands to the south, often overlooked low-lying Anegada in darkness or bad weather and found themselves on the reefs in the middle of what had apparently been open sea. All these miscalculations now lie at three to six fathoms, washed by the waters of the aquamarine surf which encircles Anegada.

VIRGIN GORDA: Twelve miles to the south of Anegada lies the "Fat" Virgin, which derived its name from the bulk of its main section. Attached to this main section, with its rounded crown towering 1400 feet above the surf, is a peninsula which terminates in one of the world's most interesting geological formations. Here a mass of huge, seaworn boulders—some of them the size of a three-story house—tilt precariously against one another to form a sort of giant's playground. By crawling and climbing, the determined visitor can reach a series of grottoes beneath these monsters; here the sea washes in to form shadowed pools spotlighted here and there by shafts of sunlight filtering through the arching roof of boulders. A delightful and exciting morning can be spent exploring this sea-washed labyrinth—wondering if you can find your way back through the wandering passages and speculating on what would happen if a slight movement of the earth (the Virgins experience occasional tremors) unbalanced the boulder pile above you. The local name for this experience is The Baths.

Most of Virgin Gorda's population of 400 natives is concentrated in a small village called Spanishtown, which lies just to the north of The Baths. Lacking most of the amenities of twentieth-century living and any regular communication with the other main islands of the British group, Spanishtown has just about forgotten the clock and the calendar.

SALT ISLAND: Following the southern arm of the island chain we come to Salt, where a small beach village of twenty Virgin Islanders work the islands' main salt pond. Once a year, usually in February, the British administrator and the local fishing population gather on the beach at dawn. The administrator gives a speech, a policeman fires a gun, and everyone rushes to the pond and starts scooping up the salt pan. The general public is allowed two days to collect salt; after that the rights to the pond revert to the Salt Islanders. One fifth of all the salt collected goes to the Crown and is held as a reserve.

DEAD CHEST: This uninhabited islet, little more than a green hilltop rising above the shoal waters, bears a name familiar to every youngster who ever intoned, "Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest, Yo-Ho-Ho and a bottle of rum." Stevenson, who never saw the British Virgins, is said to have found the name in Charles Kingsley's account of his trip to the West Indies in the 1870's. The added word in the island name might have been either a mistake or a whimsical flourish by Kingsley, for nineteenth-century charts label the island Dead Chest. In either form, the name is appropriate, for the British Virgins were a haven for Dutch and British buccaneers during the seventeenth century.

PETER ISLAND: An L-shaped island, some four miles from tip to top, Peter gained local renown as the home of one of the colony's most personable and singular citizens. Charles Brudenell Bruce, a descendant of James Thomas Brudenell, the Earl of Cardigan, who committed one of history's greatest military bloopers in leading the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, came out to the islands from England twenty-five years ago in search of a climate which would be kind to his chronic bronchitis. Marrying a Danish girl, Bruce gradually acquired about half of Peter Island's thousand acres and lived there for two decades in somewhat defiant isolation. The Bruces' six children grew up on the island, five water miles from their nearest neighbor, roaming its lonely hills and bays and beaches like young goats. It must have been an idyllic childhood, but as a permanent way of life it obviously left something to be desired, for the children, now grown, have scattered and show no inclination to return to their insular barony.

Bruce, in his seventies, recently sold his part of Peter Island and now lives across the channel in Road Town on Tortola, where he fills the dual roles of elder statesman and the colonial administration's unofficial conscience with Voltairean candor. Bruce's proudest boast is that though he was sent out to the islands to die, he has outlived all the prophets of his doom. He still has his cough.

NORMAN: Every group of Caribbean islands has its story of buried treasure. Norman Island, which is about three miles long and shaped something like a seahorse, is the British Virgins' entry in the treasure derby. The local story (which no one takes very seriously) is that a stranger appeared off Norman in a sailing yacht sometime during the 1890's and anchored off the western tip of the island, where the sea washes some water-level caves. Following a roughly worked map, the stranger headed for the mouth of one of the caves. A short time later he reappeared, his dinghy laden with an ancient chest filled with gold doubloons. Then he sailed away, leaving nothing but the legend behind him.

Though the story of Norman's treasure cave may be apocryphal, there is apparently more substance to the account of the origin of the island's name. Sometime during the buccaneering period, it seems, an English pirate crew member named Norman was deposited on the island as a punishment for killing one of his shipmates. The island then, as now, was uninhabited, so Norman faced a lonely and somewhat uncertain future. In some manner (perhaps with the help of wild goats with which buccaneers often stocked islands) Norman survived and was subsequently able to board another pirate vessel which anchored off the island. Showing commendable initiative, Norman managed to slaughter the officers and convince the crew that he was a man with a future. He thereupon sailed off to a life of profitable sin and left Norman with his name.

JOST VAN DYKE is a reminder that what are now the British Virgins were first invested by Dutch seafarers and buccaneers in the middle of the seventeenth century. The Dutch buccaneers were driven out by English pirates in 1666, and a few years later the islands were annexed by the British Crown. Jost Van Dyke's three square miles—mostly hills, with small level areas in coconut groves bordering a number of deserted white-sand beaches—supports some 300 natives with its cattle pasturing, coconuts and garden plots.

With its tiny neighbor, Little Jost Van Dyke, this island was the scene of one of the several Quaker settlements which dotted the British Virgins during the latter part of the seventeenth and the early part of the eighteenth century. Most of the Friends, who found the West Indies a convenient way station on the sailing-ship route between England and William Penn's colony, were farmers and slave-holding cotton planters.

Little Jost Van Dyke was the birthplace in 1744 of one of the most distinguished of the Virgin Island Quakers. John Coakley Lettsom was educated in England, where he briefly studied medicine. Returning to Tortola to settle his family estate, the young doctor freed the slaves on his several plantations. Returning to England, Lettsom completed his medical training and became one of the most distinguished physicians of his day. Lettsom can be remembered as the subject of a piece of doggerel attributed to the Scottish peer, Lord Erskine:

> I, John Lettsom
> Blisters, bleeds and sweats 'em,
> If, after that, they please to die,
> I, John Lettsom.

Dr. William Thornton, a contemporary and a friend of Lettsom's, studied medicine in Scotland and returned to the islands to practice in 1790. Thornton, though without architectural training, was interested in design; and when he heard that Secretary of State Thomas Jefferson had advertised for plans of a Capitol building to be erected in Washington, the young doctor immediately set to work on a design. Thornton's plan was the one finally accepted, and thus our national Capitol was designed as an avocational project by a Quaker physician under the tropical sun on a British island 1500 miles away.

BEEF is one of a group of four islands lying off the eastern end of Tortola, the main island of the British group. Possessing one of the islands' best shallow anchorages, Beef was once a pirate headquarters. With a lookout posted on the island's 700-foot peak, the buccaneers could relax and refit in quiet, protected waters of Trellis Bay while they waited for victims, competitors or justice to show a sail. From a piratical point of view, the beauty of Beef Island and its Trellis Bay was that it offered the buccaneers eight distinct island passages by which they could reach the open sea.

During the middle 1700's, when piracy among the islands became too speculative to be profitable, Beef became a Quaker cotton plantation. With the passing of slavery in the British islands and the breakup of the large estates, Beef was allowed to revert to its wild state and became the home of the herd of semiwild cattle—thus acquiring its present name. Today Beef is on its way back again through the enterprise of a group of British Jamaicans: a small hotel occupies the tiny island in its Trellis Bay, a boatyard and a group of resort cottages line its crescent of beach, and a rudimentary airstrip (the only one in the British Virgins) provides a landing place for small touring aircraft and the Island Air Inc. charter service which flies from Puerto Rico and St. Thomas.

MARINA CAY, nestling under the steep flanks of Great Camanoe Island, a few miles north of Beef Island, is a six-acre islet which attained a modest fame some twenty years ago as the scene of an experiment in tropical-island living by an American writer and his bride. The Robb Whites and love conquered all on their lonely bit of (*Continued on Page 47*)

"I'd keep an eye on him if I were you."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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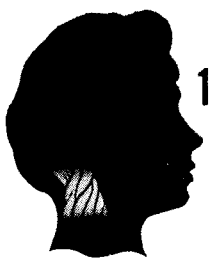
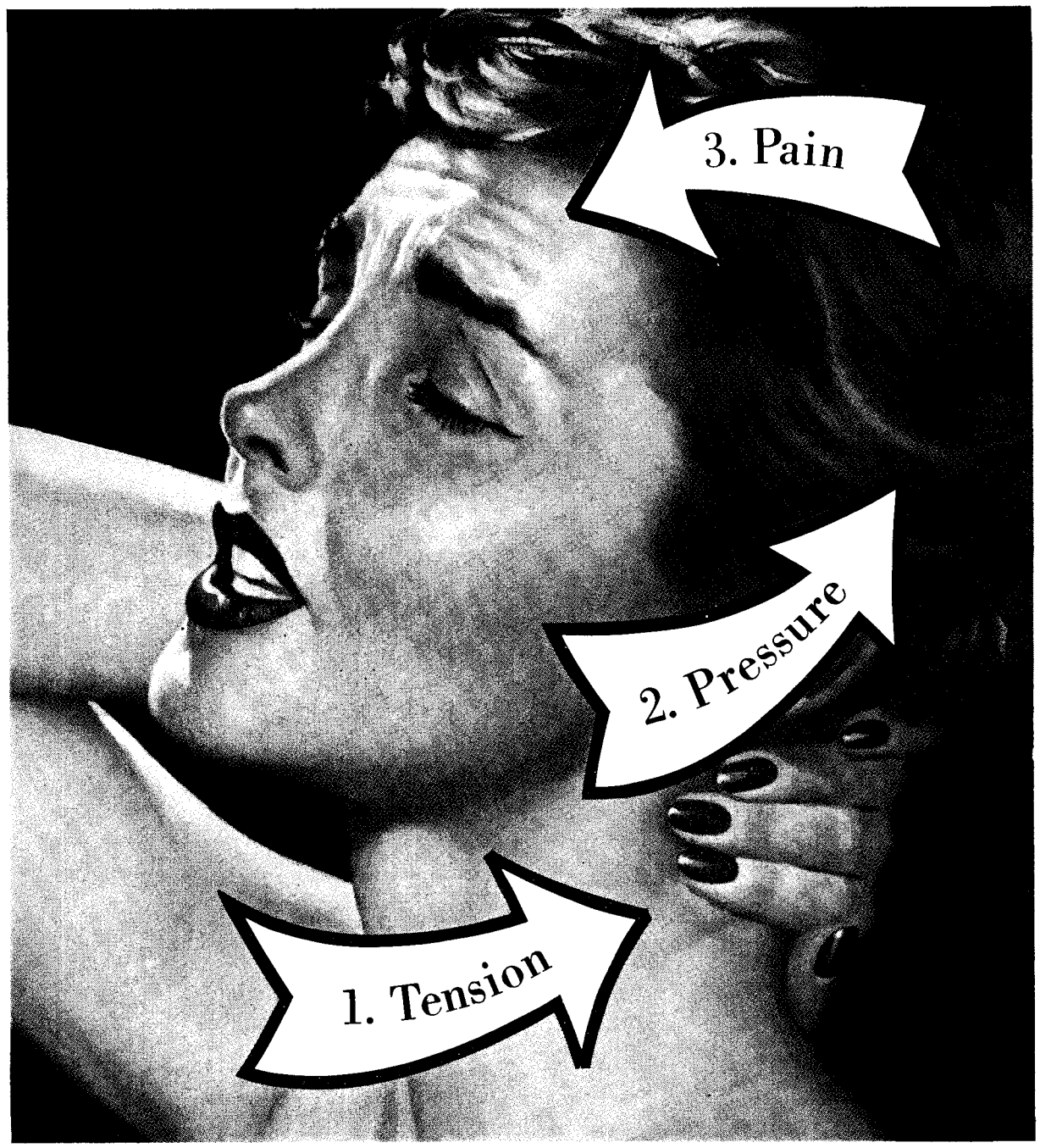
How Tension Headaches Start



1. Tension
Nervous tension builds up in neck and scalp muscles.

2. Pressure
Tension puts painful pressure on nerves and tiny blood vessels in the head.

3. Pain
Tension and pressure cause headache pain. Anacin contains special medication (not found in aspirin or any buffered aspirin) to relax tension, release pressure and relieve pain fast.



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3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients in····

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(*Continued from Page 44*) leased paradise, riding out storms, logistical problems and lean living for several years until White was called back into the Navy for World War II. Their experience produced an entertaining book, *Our Virgin Isle*, subsequently made into an English movie. The little house the Whites built still perches on the side of the island's crowning hill. Marina Cay, once again deserted, is now American-owned.

GUANA ISLAND is the site of the only American-owned resort in the B.V.I. Beth and Louis Bigelow, a New England couple, bought the 750-acre island twenty-three years ago and have labored perseveringly to create an attractive main building and cottages which accommodate about two dozen guests. The resort operates as a club and serves its members and their guests. The clubhouse, built on a saddle between two hills, looks down on one side on one of the most beautiful beaches in the Caribbean and on the other on the broad reach of the Atlantic. The problems of building a resort on your own tropical island are limitless; in the Bigelows' case everything from jeeps and refrigerators to cement and nails had to be brought in small boats from American St. Thomas, twenty-seven sea miles away.

TORTOLA is the main island of the British Virgins. Eleven miles long and averaging three to four miles in width, Tortola, can claim the colony's highest peak (1780 feet), its only town and about 80 per cent of the island chain's total population of 7700 natives and thirty-three whites. The rounded summit of Mt. Sage, which can be reached by footpaths and donkey trails, rewards the climber with a topknot of tropical-rain forest and a panorama of the entire Virgin archipelago. At the foot of the eastern slope of Mt. Sage lies Road Town, the metropolis and administrative center of the colony.

Road Town is as unassuming as its name. A mile-long paved road skirts the edge of one side of a large harbor, leaving just enough level ground to accommodate facing rows of nondescript dwellings and shops catering to the local trade. Her Majesty's Government is represented by the solid, two-story administration building, which faces the wharf, and the white square of Government House, which stands on a slight eminence above the town. There is a boatyard, flanked by mangroves, at one end of town and an agricultural station, flanked by mangroves, at the other. There is a town dock—in need of repair. A few buildings cling to the steep hillside rising from the single street, one of them the concrete skeleton of a small hotel which has been six years in the building. Somewhat shabby and somewhat bemused, Road Town is, both geographically and temporally, the patent end of empire. Here, and in a hundred places like it across the dark lands, the dream sputtered out.

Though it wears its hapless plight upon its sleeve, Road Town has developed certain compensations for its lack of natural attractions. Like a plain girl, its charm derives from its personality, which combines the informality, the friendliness and the stanch individualism of a frontier settlement. Road Town's permanent white colony of some two dozen residents can claim—in addition to such traditional outpost-of-empire types as the retired brigadier, the Colonial Service Administrator, the Anglican parish priest and the elder sons of landholding families—several individualists who would add grace notes to any community. One of these is thirty-two-year-old Norman Fowler, a highly energized American with English family connections and a substantial independent income.

Young Fowler reached the islands ten years ago at the helm of a forty-foot yacht he sailed from England. Interested in the mythopoeic mind and fascinated by the primitive culture of the colony's outer islands, Fowler first established an experimental farm on Anegada. This project and a subsequent shark-fishing and processing business on a co-operative basis both failed because of the Anegadans' disinclination to work beyond the day's needs. Fowler, a mixture of entrepreneur and intellectual, subsequently moved to Road Town, where he established a weekly newspaper and the colony's first cinema.

Tortola's best-known citizen is a lady whose intransigent individualism pales even the forthrightness of the redoubtable Brudenell Bruce. Millie Hammersley, fair, flamboyant and fortyish, arrived in Road Town nine years ago with a show-business background which reputedly included a routine as a fan dancer. With her husband, a one-time London stockbroker, British naval officer and Olympic fencer, Millie runs one of the town's two small hotels in a fashion which stimulated F. C. Othman, the late United Features columnist, to acclaim her caravansary as "the doggondest hostelry, bar none, ever to insult a prospective guest."

An evening as a guest of Millie's Pink Hotel, overlooking the Road Town harbor, can be one to be remembered. Combining a bludgeonlike wit and a completely uninhibited conversational style with a fondness for the customer's side of the bar, Millie presides over a one-ring circus in the hotel's public room. The main—and only—feature of this often raucous entertainment is Millie—Millie in full voice pounding at an ancient piano, Millie loudly and happily insulting one and all and Millie being antic. One of Millie's bits of play involved ferrying a white horse to the neighboring American island of St. Thomas for the annual Mardi Gras parade. Millie rode the horse as Lady Godiva, to the interest of all. On another occasion Millie was cavorting among her guests in a leopard skin (for reasons which seemed quite appropriate at the moment) when the Crown administrator appeared on the scene. Millie complicated an already embarrassing situation by taking a nip at the official leg. Relations between the Government House and the hotel were strained for some time.

Though Millie's virtues and faults as an innkeeper can be debated, the lady has surely added to the gaiety and gossip of the British Virgins. As an insular Elsa Maxwell, Millie's high jinks should earn her a cluster for the O.B.E. she was awarded for entertaining British service personnel during the last war, because the B.V.I. has had little to laugh about for the last century. Since 1837, when the official emancipation of the slaves led to the dissolution of the cotton plantations, the colony has suffered from a hopelessly deficit economy. With no industry, an agriculture hampered by lack of rainfall and primitive farming methods and few tourist facilities, the islands now depend upon Crown subsidies for some 70 per cent of their public expenditures. Currently, the Colonial Office in London supports the colony to the extent of about $350,000 a year.

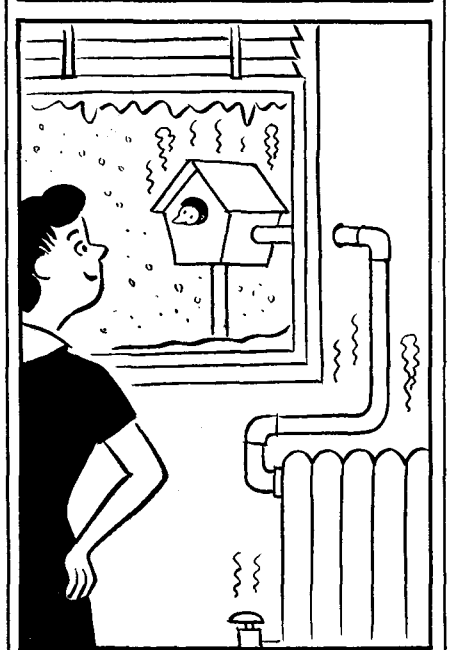
Both progress and the expansion of Caribbean tourism have been making shy advances to the B.V.I. during the last five years. The phenomenal development of the British Bahamas to the north, the example of American St. Thomas, where a thriving resort and tourist industry and a steady stream of cruiseboat stopovers are the mainstays of the insular economy, and the general recognition that there is a lot more where all this came from have inevitably turned the entrepreneur's attention to the truly virgin territory of the British Virgins.

The current revolution in air transport has added a note of urgency to all planning in the Virgins. Jet schedules recently established between New York and Puerto Rico place the islands four hours by air from New York and about six hours from the Midwest. When a jet-sized airport is constructed in the American Virgins, the half-hour shuttle flight from Puerto Rico will be cut from this travel time. Helicopter service would bring the most isolated of the British islands within minutes of such a terminal.

Most of the B.V.I. development to date has either been of the bits-and-pieces variety or is still in the planning stage. In Road Town, Fowler's enterprises have been matched (*Continued on Page 51*)

"He willed his brain to Johns Hopkins. Big deal!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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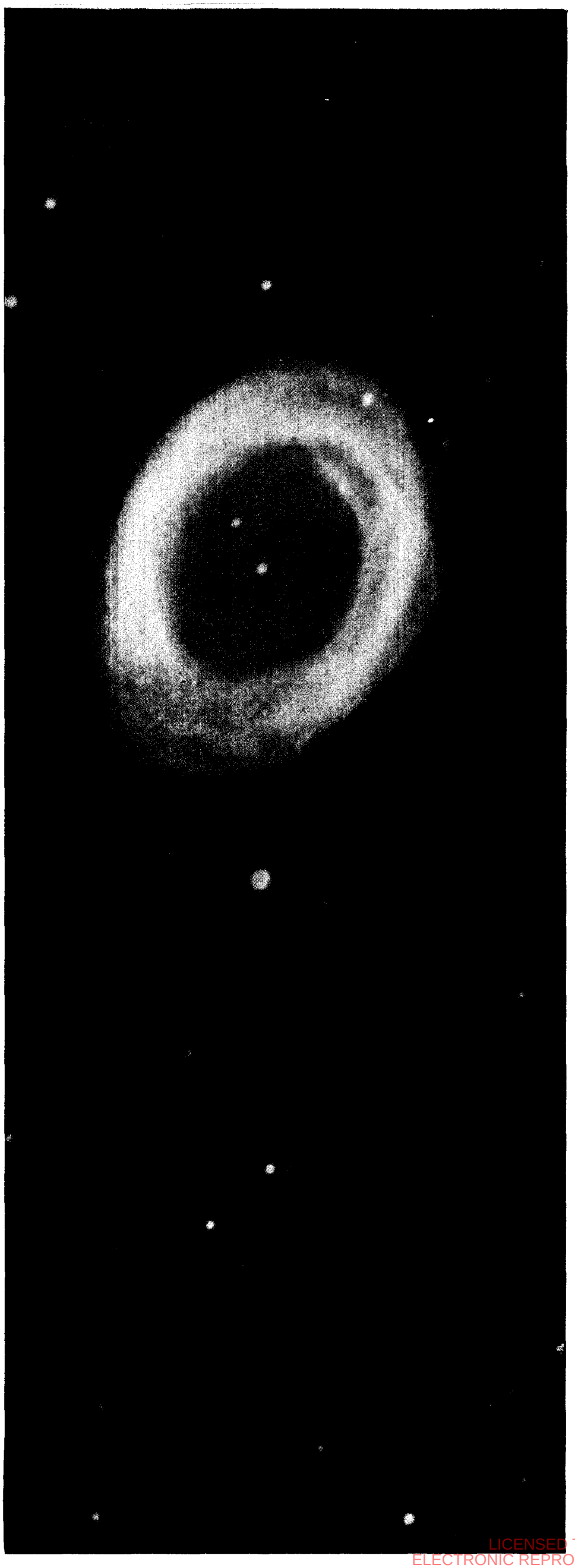

vision/avenir

"If men are ever to journey to the planets
"Pour que l'homme puisse un jour atteindre les planètes et les
and the stars, we shall need to know years in advance
étoiles, il devra connaître, des années au préalable, les effets
the biological and psychological effects
biologiques et psychologiques que produisent le rayonnement
of cosmic radiation, extreme temperature variation,
cosmique, les variations extrêmes de température, l'absence de
weightlessness, meteoric collision,
pesanteur, les collisions météoriques, l'air synthétique, la
synthetic air, disorientation and illusions
désorientation et la transposition de l'espace et du temps. D'ici
of space and time. New aerodynamic forms
quelques années, des conceptions nouvelles d'aérodynamique
and new applications of atomic power may
et des applications nouvelles de l'énergie atomique permettront
within the next few years make possible
peut-être une exploration méthodique des couches supérieures
the sustained exploration of earth's upper atmosphere
de l'atmosphère terrestre, qui apprendra à l'homme ce qu'il doit
that will tell us what we need to know
savoir avant de se hasarder pour la première fois dans l'espace."
before our first human step into space."

reality/réalité

The USAF Atlas, designed and built by General
L'Atlas de l'Armée de l'air des Etats-Unis, conçu et réalisé
Dynamics Corporation's Convair Division, will
par la Division Convair de la General Dynamics Corporation,
put into orbit the first of this country's
placera en orbite le premier astronaute américain
manned capsules (Project Mercury); will help
(Opération "Mercure"), aidera à lancer des sondes munies
send instrumented probes deep into space
d'instruments au plus profond de l'espace interplanétaire
(Atlas-Able); boost heavy satellites into
("Atlas-Able"), ainsi qu'à mettre des satellites lourds en
polar orbit (Projects Midas and Samos);
orbite méridienne (Opérations "Midas" et "Samos"),
and launch space vehicles for moon
et propulsera des engins spatiaux d'exploration
and planetary probes (Project Centaur).
lunaire et planétaire (Opération "Centaure").
In addition, scientists of General Atomic Division
En outre, l'équipe scientifique de la General Atomic Division
are studying (Project Orion) the feasibility
étudie la possibilité d'utiliser des impulsions nucléaires
of using controlled nuclear pulses to propel
ménagées pour envoyer dans l'espace un astronef de 1.000
into space a ship weighing 1,000 tons.
tonnes (Opération "Orion"). En attendant, l'Atlas, premier
Meanwhile, Atlas, America's first operational
engin balistique intercontinental mis en service aux
Intercontinental Ballistic Missile, with
Etats-Unis, capable de transporter une tête atomique sur plus
a capability of delivering an atomic warhead
de 10.000 km à une vitesse de 25.600 km à l'heure, demeure
at 16,000 mph over a range exceeding 6,000 miles,
un des principaux moyens de prévenir une guerre nucléaire.
remains a major deterrent to nuclear war.

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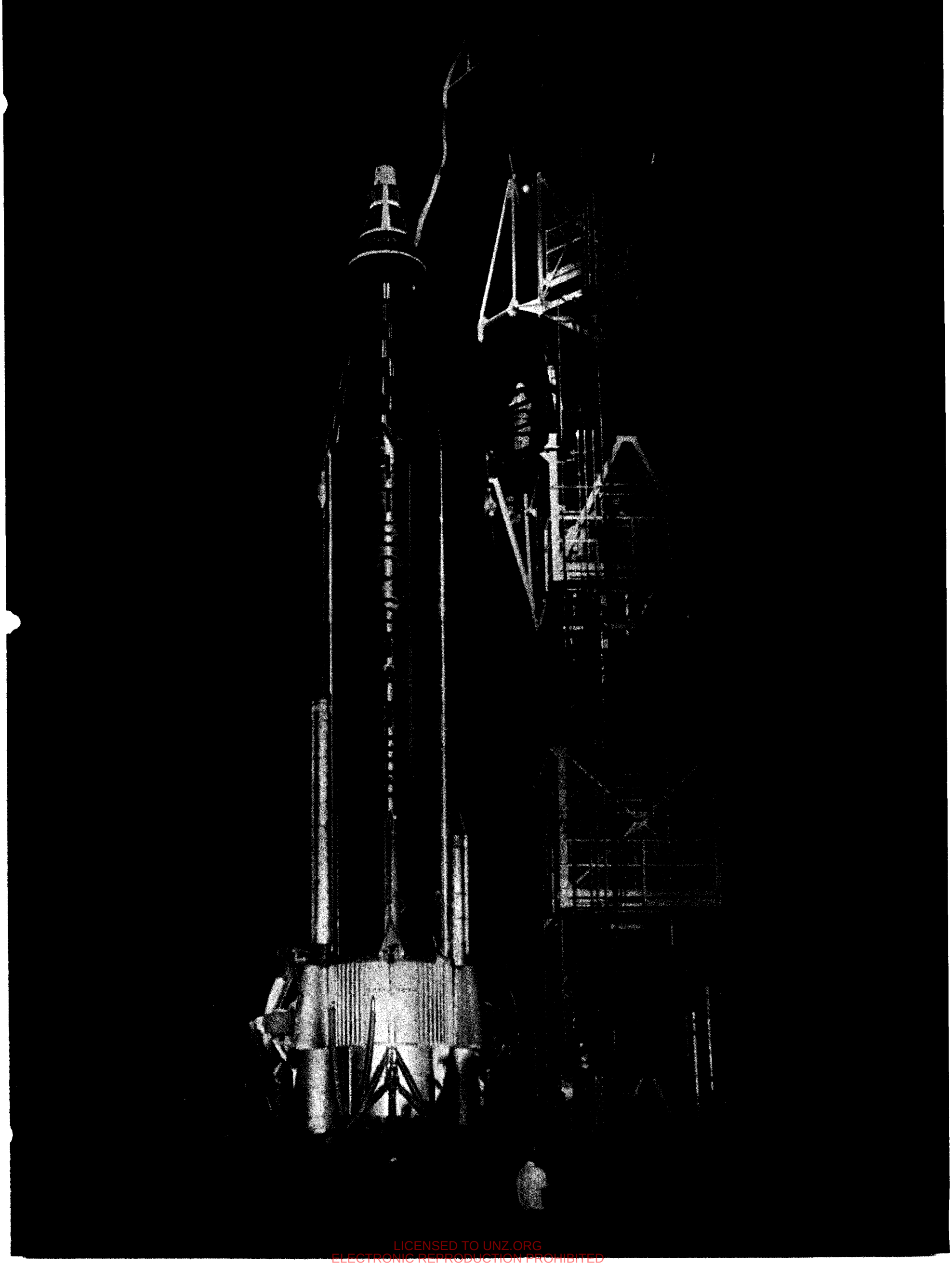

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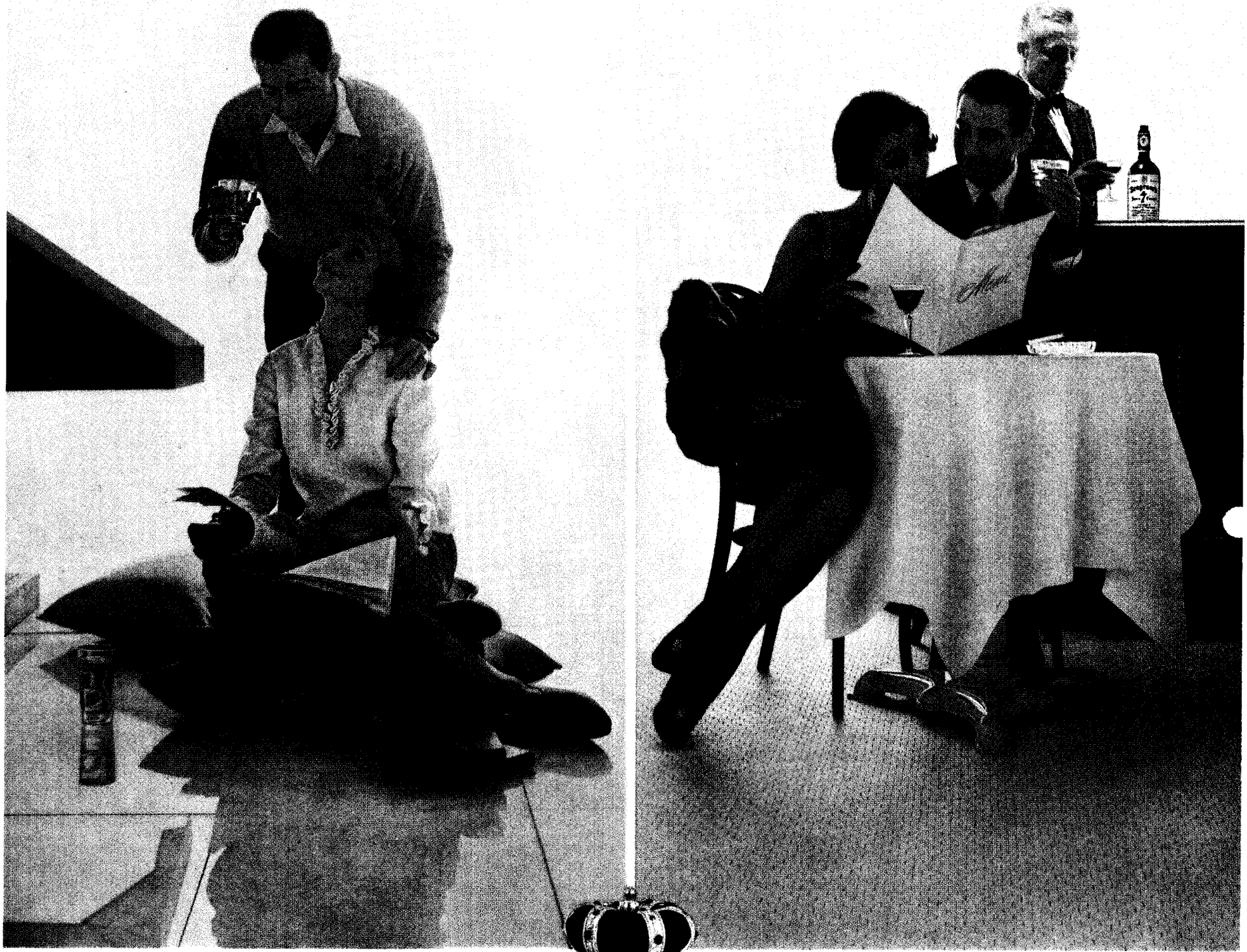

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(*Continued from Page 47*) by the construction of a second small hotel, the Treasure Isle, run by the Roys, a Scotch-English family long resident in the islands. Recent government construction has provided the town with electricity around the clock and a refrigerating plant, and a few months ago public radiotelephone communication was established with the outside world. A third small hotel, now in its sixth year of inch-by-inch construction, is the dream child of two New Yorkers, a textile executive and an interior designer.

Sir Alan Cobham, pioneer English flier and now an aeronautical industrialist, has made the most substantial individual contribution to the colony's economy. Sir Alan's long romance with the islands culminated several years ago in the purchase of most of Peter Island from Brudenell Bruce and of several smaller properties. Cobham has also acquired the Tortola boatbuilding yard (locally famous for its native sloops) and the adjacent marine machine shop and he has established a soft-drink bottling works.

Sir Alan's most recent investment in the colony is the *Youth of Tortola*, a fast, sixty-five-foot, twin diesel yacht which makes daily round trips between Road Town and American St. Thomas. The *Youth*, until recently the colony's only regular public-transportation link with the outside world, makes the twenty-seven-mile run in just under two hours, carrying light freight and first- and second-class passengers at four dollars and two dollars a head.

Several months ago the interisland ferry service provided by the *Youth* was supplemented by an American-owned hydrofoil. The twenty-ton wave skipper, aptly named the *Flying Fish*, is ideally suited to the relatively protected water routes between the islands. Skimming along at thirty to forty miles per hour, the hydrofoil links St. Thomas, St. John and Tortola in a trip that takes less than an hour.

Laurance Rockefeller, who purchased a substantial part of neighboring St. John and presented the land to the American people as a national park, is another figure in the B.V.I.'s hopes for the future. Conservationist Rockefeller has purchased a bay and beach property on Virgin Gorda for possible private development and holds options on another twenty-five acres near The Baths which he intends to give to the island government for use as a public park. Another individual contribution is to be made by William Bailey, a St. Thomas lawyer who owns forty-acre Buck Island off the eastern tip of Tortola. Bailey plans a cottage-type resort which will serve tourists and vacationers in the winter and double as a schoolboy camp during the summer months.

As this brief survey of things to come (maybe) suggests, the British Virgins have for some time been living on modest hopes for a modest future. This past spring these hopes suddenly became quite immodest. The Intercontinental Development Corporation, dedicated to the development of what it calls "economically immature" areas on a profit basis, chose the B.V.I. as the subject of a pilot program for similar projects it hopes to launch in Africa and the Middle East. Intercontinental's biracial board, which includes several New England business leaders and two native Tortolans who have made good in New York, can draw upon its directors' experiences with Puerto Rico's "Operation Bootstrap"; in fact, the B.V.I. proposals were inspired by that successful self-help program.

Intercontinental's original B.V.I. proposals provided, in general, for taking over the colony's economic development, subject to the control of a local development authority. In return for contributing the know-how and an initial, five-year investment of $3,500,000, an Intercontinental subsidiary, the British Virgin Islands Development Corporation, was to be granted exclusive development rights in certain fields for a ten- to fifty-year period, broad tax exemptions and full convertibility of the dollar and pound sterling in their operations. B.V.I.D.C.'s proposed fields of activity were the development of resort and tourist facilities, the establishment of light industries, handicraft shops and food-packaging and marketing operations, the chartering of a bank and the control of certain organizations necessary to the construction and servicing of their projects. Granted such incentives, the Development Corporation anticipated that the first five years of its program would create 1200 jobs in the B.V.I. and increase the average annual family income by $350.

The idea of private capital and corporate management assuming responsibility for what amounts to the economic development of an entire colony is a concept which should be startling to any student of government. If such a program should succeed, with even a nominal return to the investors and with any substantial improvement in the islanders' economic lot, the British Government would be faced with a most embarrassing question: Why did the Colonial Service, with all its resources, fail to do the job?

In Road Town, the initial Intercontinental proposals were received with shocked amazement—Road Town had never suspected that anybody cared. Once the shock wore off, the ogre of monopoly grants raised its head. Intercontinental made some hasty revisions in its proposal, and the program now explicitly excludes exclusivity in any rights granted the Development Corporation. This left the British Virgin Islanders and the officials of the Colonial Office in London with the comparatively simple problem of looking what might or might not be a gift horse in the mouth. At this writing (after a year of contemplation) London has not spoken, and no permissive legislation has been passed by the island government. Meanwhile, Intercontinental has successfully bid in ninety-nine-year leases on three small Crown-owned islands off the northern tip of Virgin Gorda and has undertaken to spend $350,000 in turning the islands' 230 acres into a managed resort community, with work to begin this year.

Whatever happens to the grandiose Intercontinental project, the task of getting the B.V.I. off the economic hook will be a challenging one. A limited labor pool and a lack of raw materials promises to circumscribe light industry and handicraft projects, while the scarcity of fresh water and the up-and-down nature of the terrain will always limit pasturage for the island's fine Red Polled cattle and handicap its gardening enterprises. This leaves tourism, backed by agriculture, as the main hope for the colony.

The significant feature of any island tourist development is that such projects demand choice sites which usually embrace ocean frontage. This consideration introduces the interesting fact that the Crown owns almost half of the 40,000 acres of land in the B.V.I., including many of the best beaches. There is little private land available for sale in the colony because land ownership is one of the few real values recognized in the islands. Private holdings are also plagued with confused titles—a situation dating back to the early 1800's when a London company sold the native workers small parcels of the moribund estates without bothering too much about the boundaries. Whether private or Crown-owned, any land in the colony acquired by an alien must be developed to an extent and within a period established by the local legislative council. A bill now before the legislature would make all sales of land to nonresidents (whether British citizens or aliens) subject to approval of the governor in council—thus considerably broadening government control of land sales.

This specter of real-estate speculation and the consequent inflation of land values has long been a tiger on the back of the Colonial Service. The experience of other Caribbean resort islands has shown that land booms inevitably result in native resentment and social dislocation. The native landholder, no matter what his short-term gain, invariably feels that he has been cheated as he watches land prices continue to spiral. Sale of property also results in a loss of identification in the native community and forces the former landholder into the labor pool in what is often a buyer's market.

These reservations, shared by the thoughtful members of both the native and white communities in the B.V.I., are heightened by the fear that a quasi-official body such as a government-sponsored development corporation, with its favored position for land acquisition, may have neither the will nor the skill to control the pace of the island's development. These anxious citizens point out that too much too fast, particularly in the unpredictable business of tourism, might dislocate the islands' simple, centuries-old pattern of survival and leave them with nothing but the shattered remnants of some entrepreneur's dream. Other Jeremiahs fear that even induced prosperity might exact too great a cost—that a rapid, forced blending of the native and alien cultures may leave the islanders unhappy and frustrated social hybrids wandering vaguely between the worlds of rice-and-peas and Scotch-on-the-rocks at five.

Can what is locally known as the "Yonkee" businessmen move the British Virgins' lagging clock ahead without breaking the works? Will success spoil the B.V.I.? Can a brave new island world be built to a timetable? Perhaps the answer has already been given. As Capt. Ben Johnston, the rock-hewn Cornishman who skippers the *Youth of Tortola*, once remarked in explaining the vagaries of his schedule, "Tortola time is a certain sort of time—it's elastic!"

The Sense of Truth (Continued from Page 36)

Madness we call a disease, yet our sanatoriums are very like our jails at one end of the social scale and retirement paradises on the other; they are play streets roped off. The symptoms add up to the same old withdrawal from reality.

The idea of killing oneself can have much sweetness. To be "half in love with easeful death" is quite all right subjectively. Let a friend take the plunge, and we are horrified. With death the possibility of human understanding ceases. My friend is gone; I remain with my question. But if he had been run over, say, would I feel so bad? We all get run over sooner or later, one way or another. Since death comes from another world than our world of the living, it must always have an accidental quality. Yet the ancients called "dying well" the very height of philosophy. Clearly they were not talking about raw courage. The wise man holds his life complete, knows it complete with each passing moment and therefore faces death with equanimity.

Aristotle said that tragedies ought to be concerned with renowned families only. He was speaking of the stage. In real life, however, all those whom we really know and love are heroes to us; they are of noble family, the human family, and their deaths are tragic—because life is tragic, as it is lived now.

The death of a bird does not seem tragic; it has lived its life complete. Those ducks on the pond will take flight again in a day or so; they have a thousand miles or more still to go, and on the way many will be shot down. Couple by couple they swim and feed now in a kind of bliss. Instinct brought them here and will blow them on. Resistless, they ride the winds of instinct, and the winds and they are one, the pond and they are one—it is all one and all complete continually. For just an instant a jet liner, Europe bound, casts its shadow athwart the pond. The people in that plane are borne on the winds of circumstance, not instinct; and if the plane should fall—tragedy.

Thought, like the jet liner, casts its shadow now and then athwart the still and central truth, but only for a moment. Thought travels far and far away. Finally alighting in strange countries, it forgets to trust itself—naturally enough. For the nature of pure brainwork is to be swift, far-reaching and sharply limited.

Who could ever surmise the totality of this pond? What mind could encompass it? Beginning with the day it first began, what have been its weathers and its creatures? What of its microscopic life and its plants? What of all the thousands of men, from Indian times, who stood where I stand now; what have they felt and thought and acted out along the edges of this pond? White water lilies, dark-leaved, ride the wind-purpled pond at rest. We see them as if in a dream, but they are real. There was once a great painter of water dragons who worked only from hearsay. Taking pity on his blindness, a real dragon swam up out of the pond and appeared to the artist—who died of fright.

Life as we live it is tragic because it is unreal. Born to reality, living to penetrate reality, we refuse even to believe in it.

What has been the relation of science to reality? The ancient Greeks paced out certain measurements of earth and built from there. They drew, of course, on Egyptian surveying methods, developed to keep track of the constantly changing relations between the Nile and the land. Underlying all the changes, the Egyptians had found, were certain unchanging geometric principles. These the Greeks refined, clarified and organized. Greek geometry still is taught—more or less by rote—to school children. We learn geometric principles (*Continued on Page 54*)

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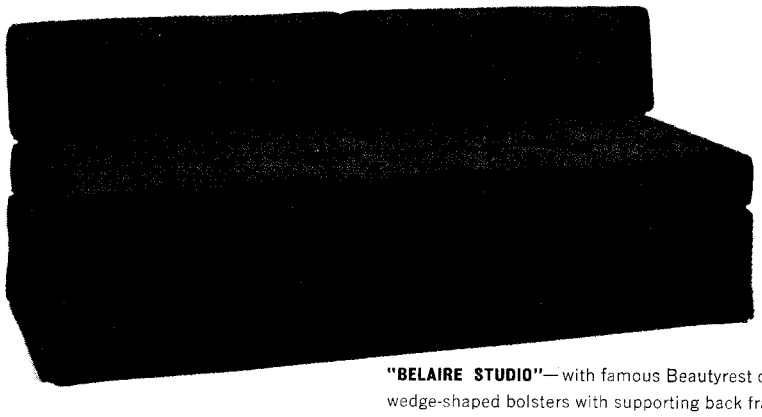

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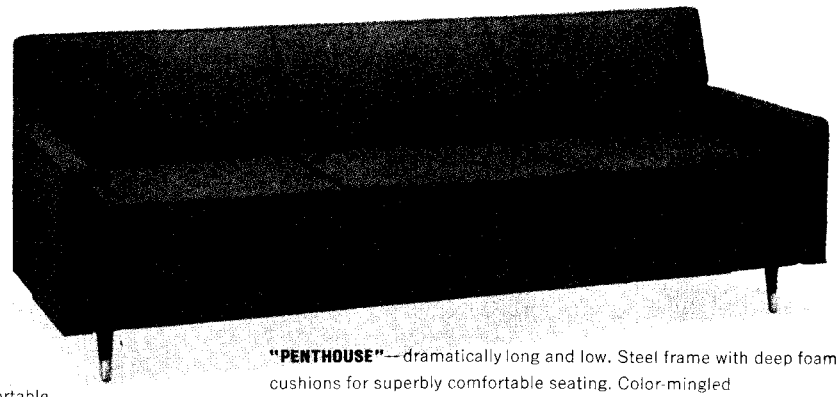

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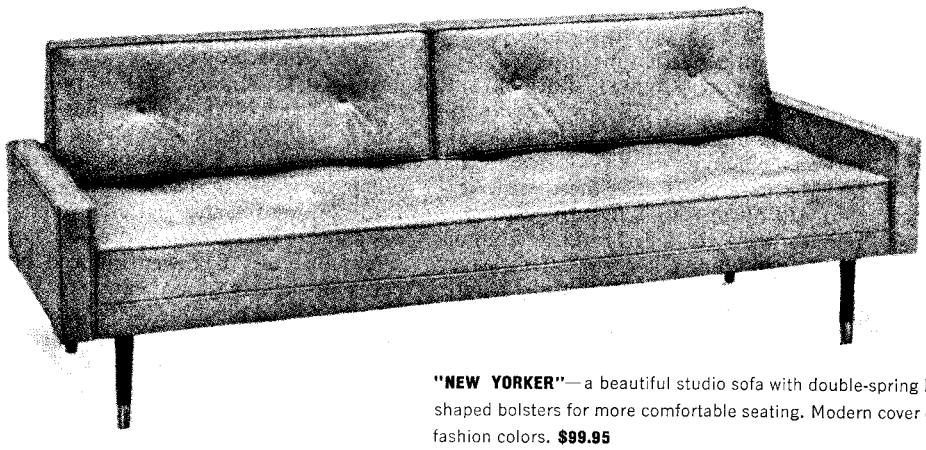

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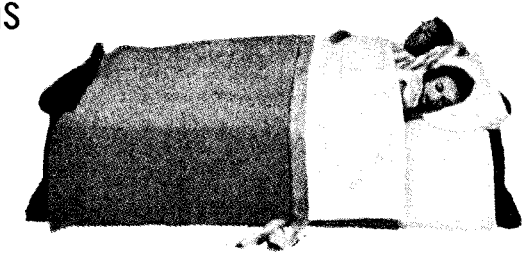

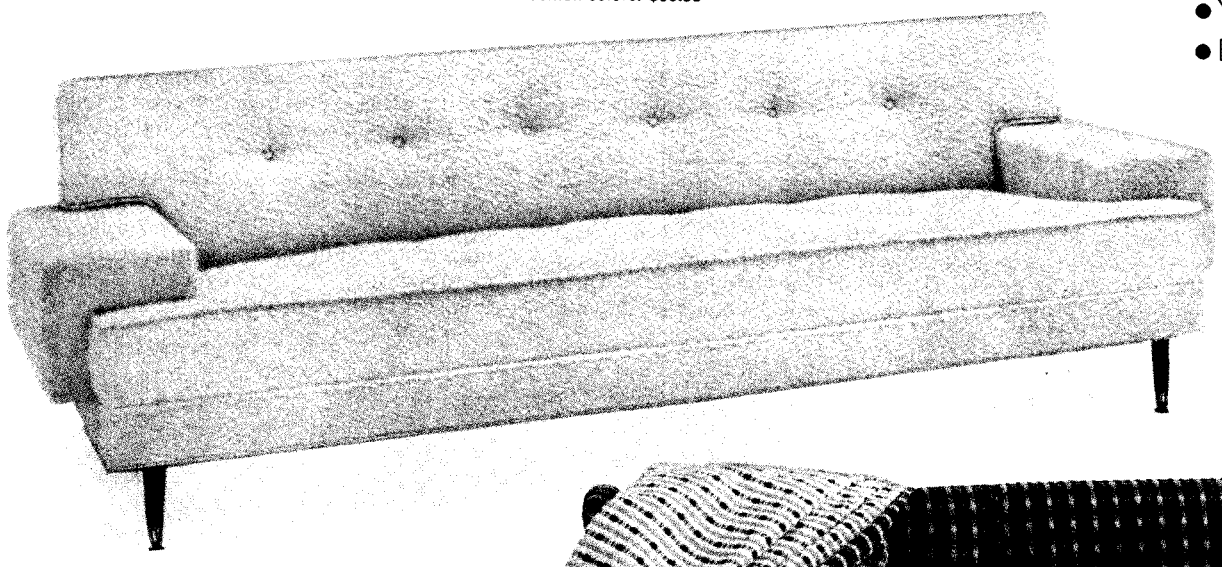

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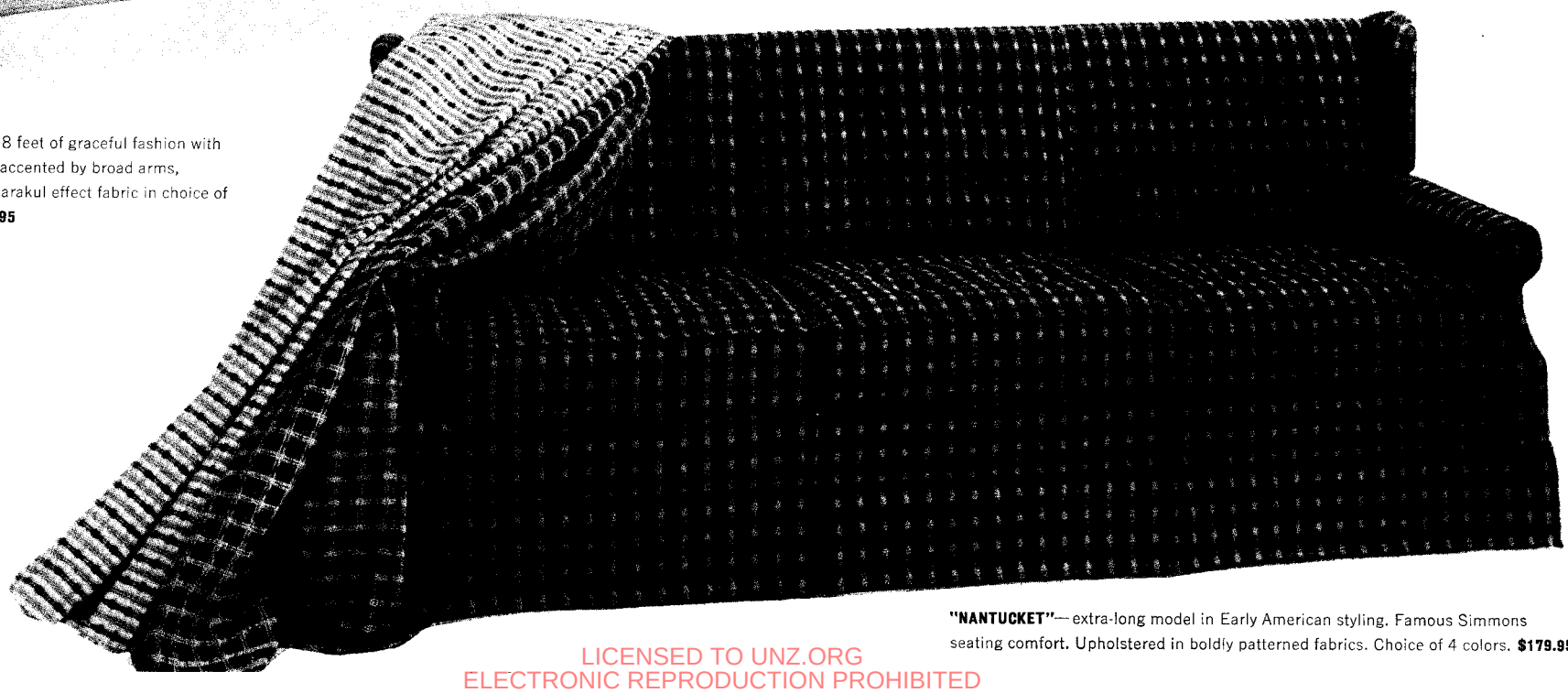

"NANTUCKET"—extra-long model in Early American styling. Famous Simmons seating comfort. Upholstered in boldly patterned fabrics. Choice of 4 colors. **$179.95**

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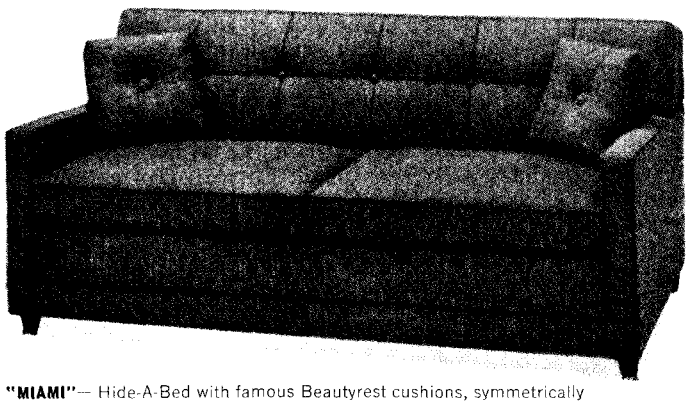
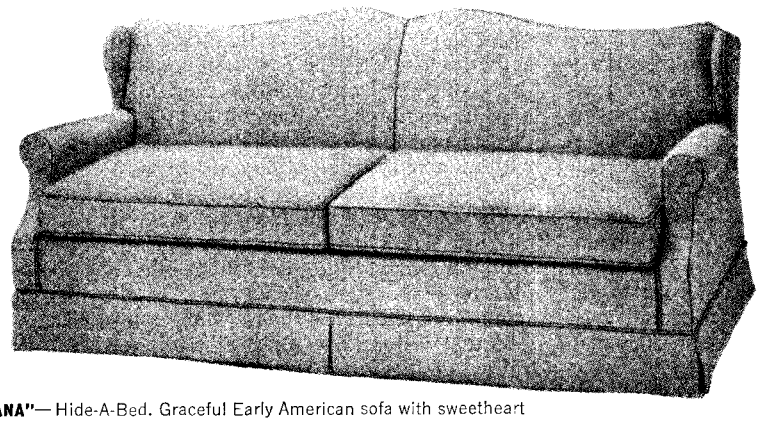


"MIAMI"— Hide-A-Bed with famous Beautyrest cushions, symmetrically tufted back, handsome corner cushions. Upholstered in smart new fabric. Choice of 4 colors. **$199.95**



"AMERICANA"— Hide-A-Bed. Graceful Early American sofa with sweetheart back and deep Beautyrest cushions. Homespun tweed cover in choice of 5 colors. **$269.50**

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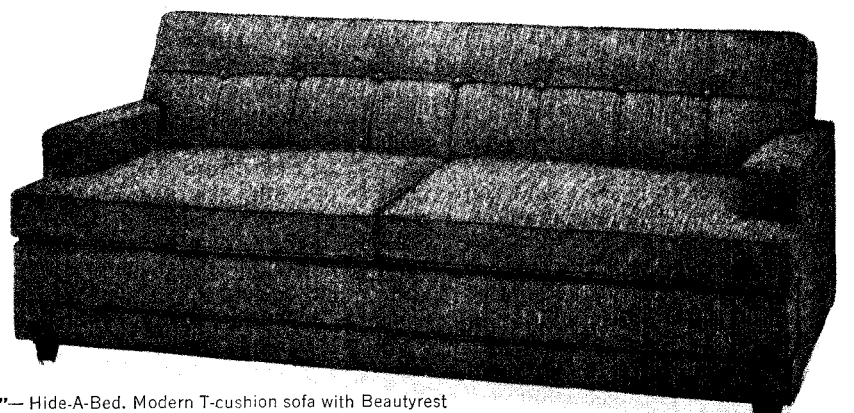

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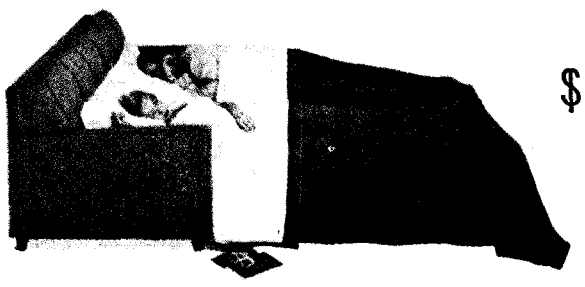

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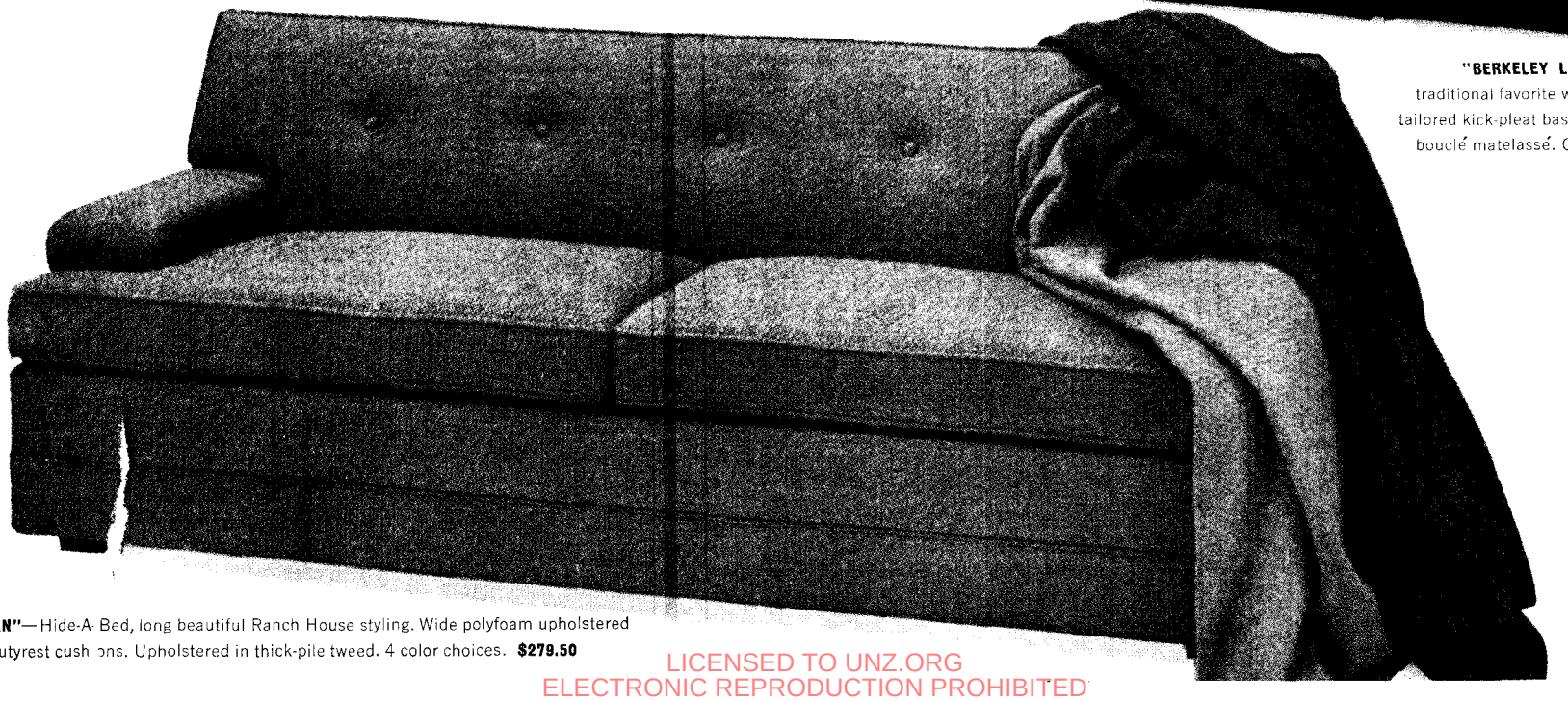

"SUBURBAN"— Hide-A-Bed, long beautiful Ranch House styling. Wide polyfoam upholstered arms, Beautyrest cushions. Upholstered in thick-pile tweed. 4 color choices. **$279.50**

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(*Continued from Page 51*) as facts merely, but the Greeks saw them as absolutes, awesomely pure and eternal.

On cloud terraces of mind the Greeks laid the speculative foundations of science. Then there were the medieval and Renaissance alchemists, who failed apparently for lack of rigor. They multiplied their problems in the laboratory as a nervous cook heaps on spices. Often, too, they felt a mystical rapport with their materials and, instead of watching the pot, they would be praying. Modern science rests on more strictly controlled experiments. The bulk of its equipment is designed to eliminate extraneous factors. Moreover, until a few years ago the experimenter himself was considered fairly extraneous to his experiment. But now science is beginning to demonstrate increased respect for human experience—that is, for what happens between the experimenter and the experiment being performed. The eyes of science continue to peer bleakly into laboratory experiments as if from outer space, or now and then peek into a sort of mailbox for messages. Yet the minds behind those chill eyes burn with a newly subjective urgency that no mere data can satisfy.

Calculating machines, which were supposed for a moment to make human calculations comparatively suspect, are proving suspect themselves. Being peculiarly a prey to "noise" or static in various elusive forms, they seldom get precisely the right answer to difficult questions. And when the machine's answer is way off, the question must be rephrased. This requires putting the seer back into science. Only men who can guess very close to hidden truths ask rewarding questions.

What fabulous answers flow to our control rooms! What new worlds appear! The alchemist's old dream is child's play compared to this—not worth the candle. The physicist makes things more potent than gold, and he finds facts past prophesying. Yet he will be the first to point out that not even science can penetrate far into nature. Any man's conceptions are limited, the argument runs, to what his five senses tell him. Truth, pragmatically considered, is what can be proved. Man obviously is far too limited a creature to construct an all-inclusive theory of reality; and even if he had the theory, he could never build a laboratory complex enough to prove it. Science shines ever brighter in an ever-widening darkness, illuminating far more problems than it penetrates. There is such a thing as the scientific predicament.

Also there is such a thing as the sense of truth. What can never be proved in a laboratory may be proved in any moment of a man's own life. Blue is blue and a triangle is a triangle. One can know these things, however, without sensing their truth. The sense of truth comes with human experience in time and space. It comes with growing blue morning-glories or constructing a sailboat. Then, oddly enough, the absolutes of the Greeks, the subjective protoscience of the Middle Ages and Renaissance and finally the strict data processing of modern science all merge in one's mind. So also do the five senses through which reality pours. A man remains his own best chemist and crucible. Acting on this, he has the sense of truth.

An eminent physicist has taken issue with me here. After a recent conversation between us he sent me the following note: "My link with you is through our common belief in the reality of the subjective and the joy of the immediate. We part company when you become abstract and want to give me a sense of truth. To me it is as welcome as an extra head. My own concern is more for beauty. I would rather contemplate a mature oak in the gentle rain than comprehend the chemistry of chlorophyll or the action of gravity."

That is his viewpoint and, with all due respect, I find it a sentimental one—not only sentimental but also symptomatic of our times. Truth and beauty are like brothers; it is we who divide them. The scientist muses dumbly on a tree while the poet wistfully shrugs off simple mechanics and chemistry. The moments when music and meaning merge—when truth and beauty join—are continuous. It is our fault that we feel them so rarely.

A man's best moments embrace two activities at once—the first aesthetic and the second intellectual. Only at such times may he comprehend the chlorophyll in the foliage and the gravity in the rain without losing sight of the vision as a whole. Goethe said that any form correctly seen is beautiful. He had the sense of truth. The old Masonic sign that appears on United States one-dollar bills—the eye in the apex of a pyramid—well symbolizes scientific vision, which is intellectual vision. The sense of truth requires besides this a more sensuous, varied and personal view of nature, which might in its turn be symbolized by the Chinese calligraph for the word "see"—an eye on legs.

The ancient Chinese recognized not four elements but five. They found the same four that Empedocles noted and then inscrutably added wood. I have never seen a reason given for this. Perhaps they wanted five elements to balance the five senses. And wood carries in itself the principle of growth, which the classical elements, taken separately, lack.

Heraclitus, a father of science as we know it, moved in the opposite direction from the Chinese. He boldly reduced the elements to a primal one—fire. Heraclitus lived in Ionia on the coast of Asia Minor, between Athens and Suss. Presumably then his thought was colored in part by the fire-worshiping Persians. Logical and extreme, he taught that a pond with migrating ducks and water lilies, or an oak tree in the gentle rain, or what you will, are all composed of one and the same fire—that saint and fire are one, that air, sea and land are all ablaze continually, and that humanity is a sort of sparkling.

Physicists find this proposition increasingly plausible and attractive. It has simplicity on its side and also finality. Fire, as Blake sang, "gives its light and gives its heat away." The second law of thermodynamics spells eventual exhaustion—a cold "heat death"—for the entire cosmos.

Mathematically considered, order tends to disorder. Thus, in a famous example, a perfectly stacked deck of cards gets increasingly disrupted when shuffled. Yet scattered seeds will create new order. Here is a conflict which contemporary science tends to resolve in favor of hopelessness. Nature may seem to be a sweet and graceful dancing of life with death; but, science says, the pattern of the dance has all been determined to lead us back through chaos to certain destruction. In classical times such determinism gave rise to stoicism—"Whatever will be will be"—a philosophy for slaves. The latest breed of stoics—"logical positivists"—are, if anything, even less positive and more abject.

Science measures, predicts, exploits and manipulates the course of things. Hence scientists are tempted to consider truth nothing but a conglomeration of things, about which we happen to have ideas. This temptation they generally resist, and for an excellent reason. If truth exists only on the material plane, whence come our ideas? From the realm of illusion?

Religion and philosophy concern the spirit; hence men of the cloth or of cap and gown are tempted to think of truth as a purely spiritual thing, a matter of ideas to which the physical world corresponds. But if the correspondence between spiritual and material be exact, where lies the distinction between them? And if, on the contrary, it be inexact, then is matter false? In the Orient, and sometimes in the Occident as well, the philosophers' answer to this question has been, "Yes, matter is false or, rather, illusory." But as Samuel Johnson demonstrated, a stubbed toe suffices to upset that notion.

Another down-to-earth observation of Doctor Johnson's was that in putting on a pair of pants it makes no difference which leg goes in first. That idea applies precisely to the quest for a sense of truth. One may begin with either material or spiritual reality, so long as one ends with both together. In the end, the sense of truth requires only a firm hold on the fact that the tree in the rain and the tree in the brain are both true—and that each completes the other.

In a surviving fragment Heraclitus noted that all things are determined and that men must act as if they were not. I should like to expand Heraclitus' statement as follows: All mere things, perhaps, are determined. Yet men must act as if *they* were not. So long as any man possesses and acts upon the sense of truth he learns freedom.

Look at the rising sun; there God does live,
And gives His light, and gives His heat away,
And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive
Comfort in morning, joy in the noonday.

The best poets are those who speak comprehensibly of incomprehensible things. Scientists, on the other hand, speak in riddles about things that soon will be understood by all. Science is becoming a cult; let us learn everything we can from it except its pride, obscurity and chill doubts. The scientist is a man of arcane, special and hard-won lore. His heavy load of learning may oppress and darken his mind. To treat him as the rightful custodian of nature would be unfortunate. Nature belongs to all men, as every scientist who has a poet in him knows.

Just as much as science needs poetry, so does poetry need science. The sad fact, however, is that only a handful of scientists "find time" to read Blake or even Shakespeare, and only a handful of poets "find time" to acquaint themselves with the rudiments of physics or biology. The rest let lack of time turn them into half-minded men.

Who are the contemporary poets? Mostly script writers, copy writers, song writers, speech writers, publicists and columnists. Gibbon, describing the secret rot of Rome's Augustan age, remarks in passing that "a cloud of commentators darkened the land." It is the same today. Again, as in Rome, the so-called major poets are more scholars than poets. They look backward. They conclude. This holds for Joyce, for Pound, for T. S. Eliot's "Shakespeherian Rag."

Better a forward-looking science than mere scholarship, and it may well appear, over the years, that the enduring poets of the twentieth century have been men of science. One thinks of Freud and Jung. Dante's *Divine Comedy* is a poem which he intended partly as a treatise. Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams* on the other hand is a treatise which, despite the author's intentions, becomes poetry. What dates in each is like a discarded snakeskin, sloughed off by the living truth.

Man's greatest discoveries are always made in nature—in living nature—by men for whom knowledge and feeling merge. Newton, needless to say, did not invent gravity, he discovered its principle in nature. Yet the run of scientists tend to treat nature as the living proof of science, and this is not the same thing at all. The high-school science student finds himself a million or more light years out in space, and the chances are that he will never return. Meeting experts on every plane except the human, he learns to think of the very elements in which man moves and lives, the very elements of which mankind is shaped, as mere abstractions. There now exist in scientific terminology more than 100 "elements" and about a third as many "elementary particles." Their infinitesimal differences have got to be recognized; meanwhile, they have ceased to be elementary. For me the elementary elements remain the classic ones that I experience.

In chemistry water is H_2O. But H_2O is only a formula relating to water. Water is water, different all the time—in clouds and cups, cascades, birdbaths, puddles, Mississippis, gulfs and mountainous ocean, and in ice cubes and the garden hose. The Navajo Indians have dozens of nouns for water, being a desert people. There is water in the body—rivers of all kinds entwined. (*Continued on Page 56*)

"They do a lot of entertaining."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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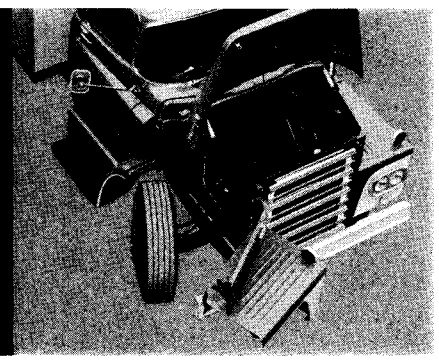

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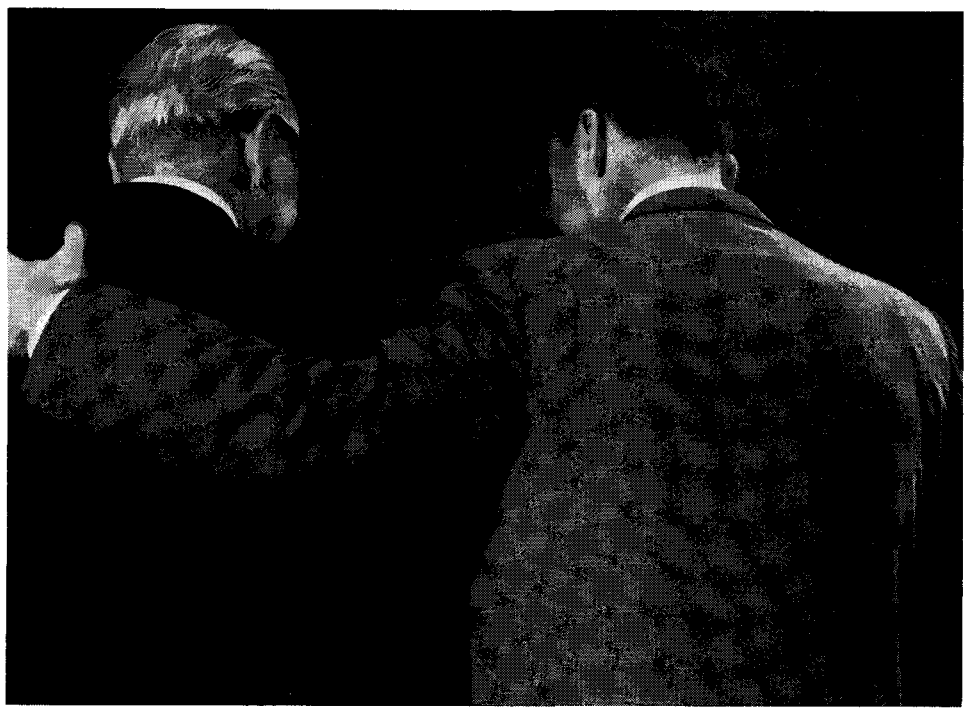

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(*Continued from Page 54*) Heracles once broke the horn of a river rival, wrestling, and with Apollo's aid, Achilles bore down frothing Scamander. Gentler waters also come to mind—Undine, the water babies and that mermaid who cautioned a little boy to undress lest he get wet. One thinks of baptism, holy drops, and then raindrops racing down a train window, tears, drops of sweat and the pure globes of water carried home like bubbles from a sacred spring.

Or take fire, that holiest of elements, poured into this world from the sun, which is our life. A city man's closest contact with fire may come with lighting cigarettes. Or if the furnace goes out on a winter's day, he may descend for a disgusted look at the ashes. But to know how far one has fallen from the real element, one has only to think of Roman candles and pin wheels when a boy, or in autumn of the live burning of the leaves on the trees. Or one may chance to glance into the sun, or to think of fire-defying heroes such as Siegfried, or that grim Roman who burned off his own hand to prove a point of honor. Joan of Arc knew fire, knew it well. Such nostalgic and heroic associations would be just the beginning of fire conceived as a whole experience. They say that if the sun were encased in ice forty feet thick, it would melt all that ice in a minute. Some calculation! From the "Greek fire" that preserved Byzantium to the razing of Hiroshima, fire has remained the very brow of war. And all the iron sinews of this age are fire-forged. Poets take to the fiery element as naturally as salamanders—Homer, Virgil, John of Patmos, Dante, Milton, Blake. There are the many, many ritual uses of fire, from yule log to Olympic torch. On Persian peaks the Magi nurtured deathless flames. God spoke to Moses from a burning bush. These are but flickering, fiery thoughts.

The whole joy and purpose of living is living—that is, experiencing reality. Children know it well and, in general, they live best. A child's feeling about life is as immediate and ephemeral as life itself. He neither knows nor needs to know that he will die; he lives as if each hour might be his last, and thus he learns more every hour. Whereas we who set ourselves to learn some one thing for future use find it harder every day. Better perhaps to do as the child does and bring everything we have to present experience, to experience in depth.

"Count no man happy," said Solon, "until he be dead." I would count those happy who are happy and also ready for death. To store up riches, fame, power or knowledge unused is to blink away the prospect of death and be made a sad fool at the end. Happiness is a little boy dancing about a lawn sprinkler on a June afternoon.

To see that boy in sun and splash is to know that one has never experienced the Elgin marbles at the British Museum, simply because *they* are indoors. We should have more respect for the interplay of elements and kingdoms in nature. Not only are the marbles themselves such an interplay—between animal and mineral—but they need as well the blessing fires of sun and moon and the waters of heaven. If out of doors they weather away over the centuries, let them.

Museum people frequently refer to their collections as "material," meaning primarily material for scholars. Scholars themselves are material for scholarship, and scholarship in my view is material for one thing only—the deepening of direct experience. Everyone has felt the sudden, sweet, intense delight that comes with first seeing an inspired painting or poem. To derive everything possible from the masterpiece, there must follow hours of contemplation and cool study. One learns as much about the thing as one can and then goes on to speculate, not stopping at knowledge either. Finally one puts all that one has learned and imagined out of mind, to gaze with fresh eyes. Only then can understanding come and delight return to stay.

I have an ancient Athenian coin of silver, a drachma commemorating the Battle of Marathon. The warrior-goddess shines and smiles in my hand. I toss her, and she comes down the owl, symbol of dark, swooping thought. Who sculpted this? Who struck it off? Who has held it and spent it, and for what things? My first still pleasure in the beauty of the coin turns to adventure on the blood-and-silver seas of history. I think of Marathon, the air alive with arrows and the dying runner with his eternal message. I think of Socrates, that hard old optimist, and his teasing ways. He may have held this coin and pressed his thumb to the goddess's lean, smiling cheek. This drachma may have purchased Scythian slaves or ivory from India or perhaps a fat black wine-skin, filled with forgetful music, from next door. It was one of a heap in a door-yard game of knucklebones. It stopped a dead man's tongue once; Charon brought it back. And I, coming back to present life now with the coin still in my hand, see it as if for the first and last time. It was beautiful before; but now, how much more beautiful! And more than ever an object. To contemplate a thing deeply and imaginatively will never adulterate that thing in itself. Quite the contrary; put thought away, gaze again upon the thing in itself, and it shines truer than before. Putting the drachma back in my pocket, I close my eyes and watch it rise on the horizon of interior vision. It casts its light upon the waters of my soul. I have experienced this coin, and the experience comprises a totality.

Heraclitus can be known in part, and his thoughts either proved or disproved. But my drachma cannot be known or disproved; it can only be experienced. It is not a thought center but a life center, as mysterious as was the pond with its water lilies and migrating ducks. Both purple pond and silver coin remain forever beyond intellectual comprehension, in their entirety, and yet rest easily within the heart. We can never hope for totalities of knowledge; yet we can have, often, totalities of experience. It is a matter of trusting the experience—not myself, not the object of my experience, but the experience itself.

The sense of truth arises from such trust. For truth is nature, and nature is experience. THE END

For readers who may wish to pursue the subject further, the following books are recommended:

Eliot, Alexander
Sight and Insight
McDowell, Obolensky
$3.50

Plotinus
The Enneads
(Stephen MacKenna translation)
Pantheon Books
$12.50

Boehme, Jacob
Six Theosophic Points and Other Writings
University of Michigan Press
$1.65

Nietzsche, Friedrich
Thus Spake Zarathustra
Modern Library
$1.65

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My Adventures as an Illustrator

(Continued from Page 33)

in Southern Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Kentucky and West Virginia. I returned the bills unpaid, with affidavits proving I'd been home all the time. Most of the hotelkeepers made no reply, but one man did write to describe the fake Norman Rockwell.

The impostor had arrived at the hotel with a sketchbook and a copy of my latest *Post* cover under his arm. When he signed the register, using my name, the desk clerk inquired if he was by any chance *the* Norman Rockwell, the artist. The impostor modestly admitted that he was. The clerk told the hotel manager, who asked the impostor if he would mind giving a little talk at the Rotary luncheon the next day. The impostor didn't mind at all. He made a nice speech describing

remember our family's moving from uptown New York to a house in Mamaroneck when I was nine or ten. There was a candy store about four blocks away, and some kid was always yelling, "C'mon, last one to the store's a rotten egg." Jarvis always came in first; I always came in last, puffing and blowing.

My only distinction was the ability to draw, and I drew every day, gradually forgetting about my narrow shoulders and long neck and pigeon toes. But don't think that I was as gloomy as a squashed blueberry. I sailed a dory with Jarvis, I helped build a bobsled, I went camping, and I belonged to the Fortnightly Club. Our aim was cultural uplift; the other members were older than I, and only let me in to pair me off with a girl who had

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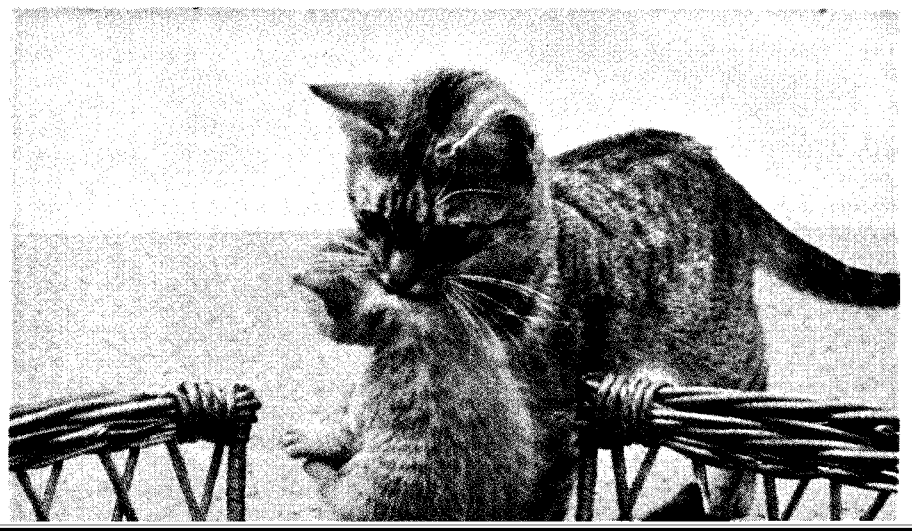

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friend, Ethel Barrymore, out sketching. The minister suggested me.

That summer I spent every Saturday afternoon with Ethel Barrymore and her friend. We would paddle out in a canoe to Hen Island, or some deserted beach, where I'd set up the easels in a sheltered spot and show the ladies how to hold the brushes or mix the paint. That must have been a sight—me, a long, gawky kid bending over the famous Ethel Barrymore, guiding her shapely hand across the paper, my great Adam's apple churning up and down. She was young and beautiful then, and very gracious, and I was almost dumb with admiration.

In the fall I bought the mail route out to Orienta Point from another boy for twenty-five dollars. The mailman didn't go out that far, so most wealthy families on the point paid a boy twenty-five cents a day to pick up their mail at the post office and deliver it. I was soon making $2.50 a day. I also tutored the two sons of one of my customers. This side line brought a visitor to our house, a fat, middle-aged gentleman wearing bristly tweeds, spats and a derby. When he rang our bell, I opened the door.

"Norman Rockwell?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"The pedagogue?"

"I only tutor two boys," I said. "I'm not a peda——"

"Stop!" he said, banging his cane on the doorstep. "I am prepared to pay well for your services at my academy."

He handed me a pamphlet describing Pennington's Academy for Boys: Headmaster, Dr. J. J. Pennington (here followed a long list of degrees, honors, prizes and testimonials); and under that, Instructor in English, French and Athletics, Norman Percevel Rockwell.

"I have," said Doctor Pennington, "taken the liberty of including your name in the list of pedagogues."

"But I can't speak French," I said.

"Neither can the boys," replied Doctor Pennington.

The upshot was that I was engaged on the spot to teach French, English and athletics at Pennington's Academy during the summer session. The headmaster agreed to pay me twenty-five dollars a week, a princely sum, and provide one meal a day. It would pay for my art tuition. During my first year in Mamaroneck High School I had been going to New York every Saturday to study art at the Chase School. I wanted to quit high school and study art full time.

The next Monday I rode my bicycle to Pennington's Academy, a stucco mansion surmounted by gabled turrets. Doctor Pennington handed me a French grammar, and off I went to begin my career as a teacher of French, my only advantage over my students being that I had a textbook and they didn't.

The trouble began during athletics class. One of my students was bigger and stronger than I was. "Let's box," he said. I refused. "Yellow!" he said. I pretended I hadn't heard him. This went on all summer. I avoided a showdown until the last day of school, when he just pitched in and gave me a shellacking.

It was hard to maintain discipline with this fellow threatening to beat me up all the time, but the other children were all right. I took them for rides in the school's leaky motorboat. I gave swimming lessons. We spent a month building a model airplane out of bamboo, wire and wrapping paper.

The first time I asked Doctor Pennington for my money he said, "Saturday, my boy, Saturday. Bank closure." The second time, a Friday, he mumbled something about "dividends-tuitions-late-week-after-next." The third time he took me into his confidence: Rich people were notoriously neglectful, but he would fall upon the parents in tomorrow's mail.

I never got a cent. The whole summer was shot—a long, hard summer too. Quitting high school in my sophomore year, I went off to art school with barely enough money to get me through the first term.

When I enrolled at the National Academy School of Fine Arts I was sixteen years old. After two months of drawing from plaster casts—Venus, Hercules, The Discus Thrower—I was promoted to the life class. The model took the same pose every morning for two weeks. At the end of the period the instructor graded the students' work, giving the best drawing No. 1, the second best No. 2, and so on. The following Monday the No. 1 student selected the position from which he wanted to draw the model. Then the No. 2 student chose his place, then No. 3, and so on. As a newcomer I had no number at all. After all the other students had taken their places, I found room in a far corner. The model was lying on her side. All I could see were the soles of her feet and her rear end, so that's what I drew during my first two weeks.

I didn't study long at the National Academy. It was stiff and scholarly—no illustration, only fine arts—so I switched to the Art Students League. My first day at the League I was standing at the bulletin board trying to decide whom I should take life class with: George Bridgeman or Kenneth Hayes Miller. I knew nothing about either man and was too shy to ask the other students. Finally, trusting to luck, I signed up with Bridgeman.

As I soon learned, George Bridgeman was the academic drawing teacher, while Kenneth Hayes Miller was an extreme modernist. If I had signed up with Miller, I might be a modernist now. I guess it's a good thing I didn't, because my strong point is the painting that tells a story.

In those days there wasn't the cleavage between fine arts and illustration that there is now. We thought of an illustrator as a recorder of history and the contemporary scene, as an interpreter of the classics—Shakespeare, Dante, Milton. Illustrations of the classics by Edwin Austin Abbey, Gustave Doré and Arthur Rackham were in themselves classics.

Actually the golden age of illustration was passing away. Abbey, Howard Pyle and Frederic Remington died while I was in art school. Most of the other great illustrators were long since dead, and the market for fine illustration was shrinking. Illustrators, as a friend of mine said, were getting to be businessmen with a knack for drawing.

At the Art Students League afternoon sessions began at one o'clock. After the model had undressed behind a screen, the monitor would pose her and we'd set to work. At twenty-five-minute intervals the monitor would say to the model, "Rest." Then the model would pull on slippers and a flimsy kimono. Sometimes she'd sit behind her screen during the five-minute rest period, but usually she'd walk among us, looking at our work and chatting. One, a Russian girl, strolled among us nude, smoking a cigar and commenting in broken English on our drawings.

During my second year I was chosen to be monitor of Mr. Bridgeman's class. Monitors got their tuition free, and all I had to do was pose the model and keep order in class when Mr. Bridgeman was absent. On Friday afternoons monitors of the different classes, seven or eight men, would meet to select models for the next week. Once we selected a squat, bowlegged, muscular young woman. The next Monday, when I said, "Rest," she did a cart wheel off the stand and another back onto it. Getting warmed up, she ran through a series of flips, bends and somersaults, while we sat there open-mouthed.

Finally she stopped and explained that she was a circus bareback rider—"I don't work in winter, but I've got to keep in trim." All that week, during the rest periods, she performed for us. We never got used to it. It shakes you up to see a nude doing cart wheels.

We worshiped George Bridgeman. He was a short, stocky man, his hair was always rumpled, his clothes mussed and untidy. He liked his liquor, smoked big black cigars and swore a great deal. When he wanted to explain some difficult point of anatomy, he'd haul a skeleton out of his locker and hold it up by a brass ring in the skull. "It's a damned wonderful thing," he'd say. "Take the pelvis. Or the rib cage. Every little bone and muscle working together. . . ."

Then he'd hand the skeleton to me, to be stuffed back into his locker. It was a terrible job. I'd push leg bones and arm bones against the ribs and carefully shut the door; but just as I was about to slam down the latch, an arm would come rattling through the crack. Finally I discovered that the skeleton would stay put if I draped the arms over the coat hooks in the locker.

The profiteering of Doctor Pennington had left me with barely enough money to get through my first semester at art school, so I took a job as a night waiter at a restaurant on Columbus Circle. One day, as I was complaining about the dullness of waiting on people, Harold Groth, a fellow student, said, "Why don't you come down to the Metropolitan Opera with me and be a supernumerary?" It seemed like a good idea. "Meet me at seven tonight," he said. "And bring a suit of long underwear."

That night, backstage at the opera, some fifty supers lined up, all in long underwear, to receive costumes from the wardrobe attendant. The attendant tossed me a loose blouse and baggy pants; the opera was *Boris Godunov*. The costume was foul—ridges of dirt in the seams, greasy blouse, the collar caked with scum. "It's not so bad with the underwear," said Groth. "You'll get used to it."

During the two years I worked at the Met I was the victim of numerous mishaps. In one opera Groth and I were detailed to carry Emmy Destinn, an enormous soprano, very busty and weighing at least 250 pounds, off stage. As I recall it, she had swooned because her lover, played by Enrico Caruso, had just been shot. The first time we had no trouble. Groth, who was a husky fellow, grabbed her under the arms and I took her legs. One night we got turned about. Groth picked up her feet, but I couldn't budge my end. While I wrenched and heaved at her soft shoulders, she giggled up at me, and the orchestra played the same passage over and over. Caruso, who was lying close by, chanted, "One-a, two-a, heave, boys." I strained, red-faced and puffing. The stage manager yelled from the wings, "Change ends, you fools, change ends!" So I went around and got her by the feet, and Groth and I staggered off with her.

Caruso liked Groth and me. He was a good caricaturist, and maybe he felt we were kindred spirits. I remember in *Aïda* we used to be the guards who led Radames (Caruso) down into the tomb. Once down there—the "tomb" was a little room under the stage—we'd sit with Caruso while he, or Radames rather, died of suffocation. There was a light which blinked in time to the music so that Caruso would know when to groan. We'd show him our work, and he'd make caricatures of the other singers, every so often letting out a great, booming groan, sort of offhand, without taking his pencil from the paper.

In the morning at art school we studied the work of the great illustrators. Thomas Fogarty, who taught the class, was slim, polite and practical about teaching. One day he found me sitting alone in the lunchroom at the League, staring listlessly at my coffee cup. He asked if anything was wrong.

"I just don't seem to be getting anywhere," I said.

"How old are you?" he asked.

(*Continued on Page 60*)

"No more for me, thank you, I'm being driven home."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Latest style in Albany, New York

THIS IS A HARD HAT. It's worn by men who get things done. It's the perfect symbol for the new spirit in New York State...a spirit that's working to create more and better job opportunities by encouraging business to grow.

Focal point of this new spirit is the capital city of Albany. The city is alive with "doers." Successful business and professional men who gave up positions of responsibility in their own fields to help Governor Nelson Rockefeller make New York State an even better area for companies to locate and grow, an even more rewarding place to live, work and bring up a family.

You'll see and feel the work of the hard-hat "doers" in many ways. In the interest in streamlining the administration of laws affecting business . . . in the new survey of New York's business climate...in the new study of taxation ...in new approaches to plant financing...and perhaps most of all in the understanding you'll find when you come to Albany to talk over industrial opportunities in New York State.

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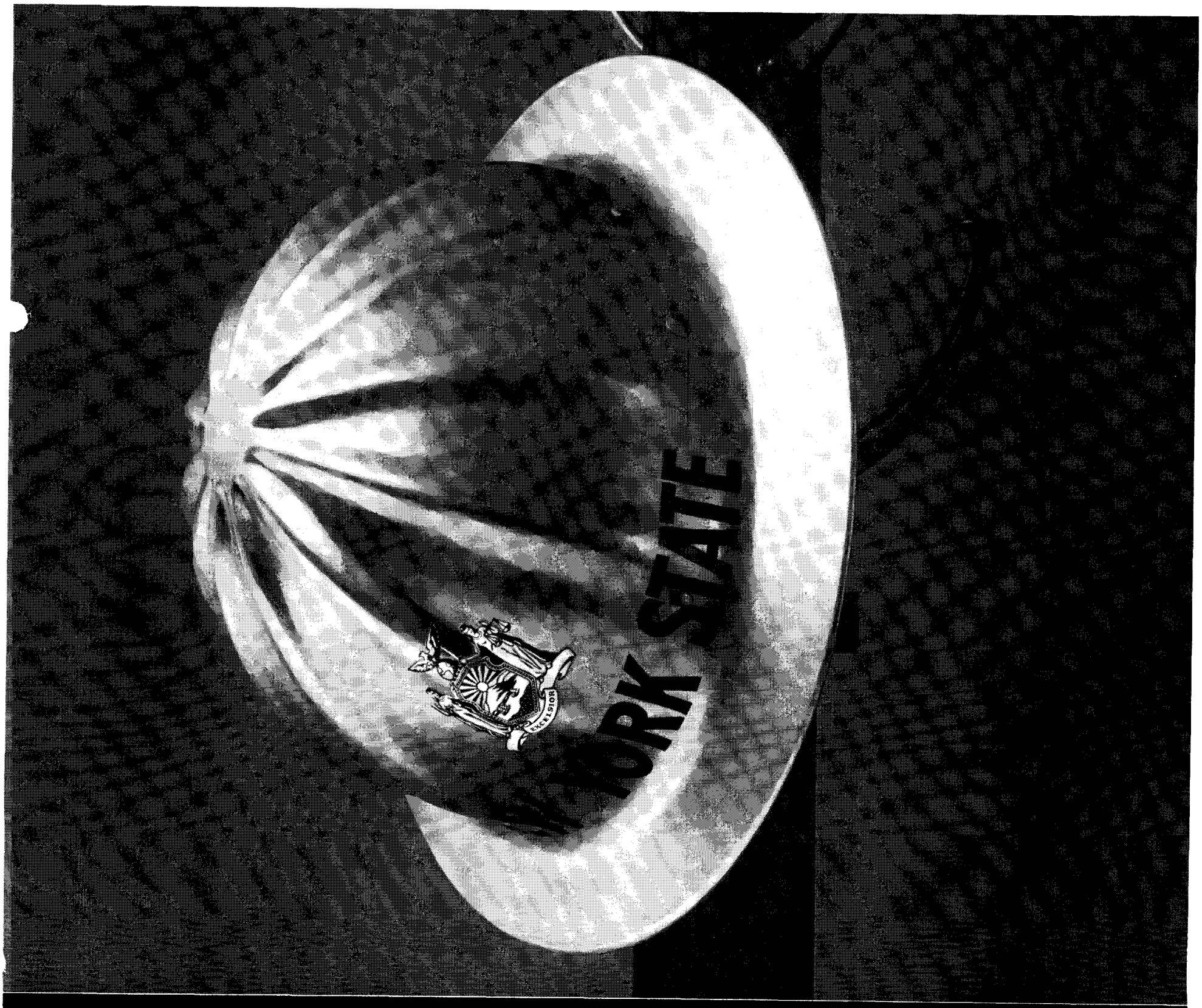
Mr. McHugh will provide you with free, up-to-date reports on sites, labor, transportation, markets, raw materials, water. These comprehensive reports are sent to you in strictest confidence. Write Keith S. McHugh, New York State Department of Commerce, Room 1611, 112 State Street, Albany, N. Y., or phone HObart 2-7511.



GET UP TO DATE ON NEW YORK STATE
where they're talking the businessman's language

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(*Continued from Page 58*) I told him I was seventeen and three quarters. He laughed, and tipped me off that the Paulist Fathers on 59th Street needed a few drawings for a Christmas booklet—Santa Clauses, angels, cherubs with trumpets. After I did that job, Mr. Fogarty steered me to others. Once I drew in the backgrounds—trees, grass, people strolling—on almost a hundred photographs of tombstones for the catalogue of a tombstone company. I had to letter in the inscriptions, too, but that was fun. I used the names of my fellow art students: "In beloved memory of Arthur Young." Or, "Weep not long for Harold Groth, he sings with angels."

I also did what they call Surgical Orders, drawings of different parts of the body for medical textbooks. Every smidgen helped. Then Mr. Fogarty sent me down to McBride, Nast & Co., and they gave me a children's book to illustrate. I did ten or twelve illustrations and was paid $150.

On the strength of that, my first really professional job in illustration, I rented a studio, going halves with E. F. Ward, another art student, in the attic of a brownstone-front house on the upper West Side. The entry was a trap door in the third-floor ceiling. The room was small, without windows, but there was an overhead skylight.

Right off we noticed that there was something queer about that house. At nine in the morning there wouldn't be a soul stirring. Along about noon someone would begin to play a piano downstairs. Every so often one of the girls who lived in the house would come up to our attic in a dressing gown to smoke a cigarette and talk. They didn't seem to have anything to do, but they were pleasant girls, a bit older than we and quite pretty.

About three months after we'd moved in my father came to see me. He climbed the stairs, shut the trap door carefully and said, "Do you realize that you have a studio in a house of prostitution?"

We moved out the next day, shambling down the street with our easels and paintboxes, rather shamefaced, because the girls had come out on the stoop and were waving and calling good-by to us.

One day Edward Cave, the editor of *Boys' Life*, the Boy Scout magazine, asked me to illustrate a handbook on camping. Pleased with the way I handled the assignment, he began to give me stories to illustrate for *Boys' Life*. Then he made me art director of the magazine, at fifty dollars a month. I had to do the cover and one set of illustrations for each issue, interview other artists, assign stories and approve the finished jobs.

With my illustrations for *Boys' Life* and two books as samples, I began to make the rounds of the book publishers and better children's magazines—*St. Nicholas*, *Harper's Young People*, *American Boy*, *Youth's Companion*. I had a business card printed. In the center, in bold capitals, was my name: NORMAN P. ROCKWELL. Running down the left side of the card was a modest description of my talents: "ARTIST, ILLUSTRATOR, LETTERER, CARTOONIST; sign painting, Christmas cards, calendars, magazine covers, frontispieces, still life, murals, portraits, layouts, design, etc." I tacked on "etc." because I didn't want to miss any job through selling myself short.

Armed with this card and the callowness of youth, I tramped around from art director to art director seeking assignments. It was rumored among art students that Will Bradley, the art director of *Collier's*, favored artists from San Francisco. When I heard that I rushed over to *Collier's* and sent in my pictures to Mr. Bradley with a note: "Just in from San Francisco."

He came right out and shook my hand. "Well, from San Francisco, eh?"

"Just off the train, Mr. Bradley," I said.

"Whereabouts in San Francisco did you live?"

I'd never been west of Jersey City. The only thing I knew about San Francisco was that *Sunset* magazine was published there. So I said, "Sunset Street, sir."

"Oh," said Mr. Bradley, looking puzzled, "Sunset Street, eh? I don't believe I know it. What district is it in?" I looked around for the exit. "The Sunset district," I said.

"I see," he said, not looking puzzled any more. "You'll have to excuse me a minute, I'm expecting a telephone call," and he went back into his office. He knew I wasn't from San Francisco and wanted to give me a chance to escape. I took it, and I didn't bother to wait for the elevator either; I went out the fire exit and down the stairs.

Many of my forays into the offices of art directors were successful. William Fayal Clarke, the editor of *St. Nicholas* magazine, gave me several stories by Ralph Henry Barbour, a famous children's author of the time. The *Youth's Companion*, *American Boy* and other juvenile magazines assigned me stories regularly. Almost all the pictures I painted for these magazines were in black and white, or brown and white. I took all the work I could get and enjoyed every job. I was an illustrator.

My father had sold the house in Mamaroneck and moved us—my mother, my brother Jarvis and me—into Mrs. Frothingham's boardinghouse in New York City. For studio space I rented the second floor of a brownstone front beside the boardinghouse. After working there all morning, I'd go back to the boardinghouse for lunch. The men of the house never came home at midday, so I was alone with the wives. They would troop downstairs frowzy with sleep—seven or eight of them in silk wrappers, their hair stuffed haphazardly under boudoir caps or hair nets. After the third or fourth cup of coffee, the chorus of complaints would begin. Mostly they complained about their husbands, who had, of course, been working for three or four hours before their wives got out of bed.

One sweltering evening, in May of 1912, I suddenly realized that I'd had enough. The next day I left to spend the summer in Provincetown, on Cape Cod, studying under Charles W. Hawthorne. That summer was an idyllic interlude. I lived the life of a Bohemian artist, painting what I pleased, forgetting my career, editors and the commercial rat race. I had a grand time. In the fall, when I returned to New York, the children's magazines began to assign me stories and covers regularly. I was earning from fifty to seventy-five dollars a week, a lot of money in those days.

Then I met John Fleming Wilson, author of *The Man Who Came Back*, a best-selling book that became a successful Broadway play. It was all about a man who went from drink to worse, until finally in an opium den in Hong Kong he met a beautiful girl who reclaimed him. Wilson's life had resembled his fictional character's, but I didn't know that when we met.

He asked me to join him in a Central American adventure, and I jumped at the chance. "I'll make you famous overnight," he promised. An older man would have known there was something fishy about the offer, but I was too young to notice.

"How soon can we start?" I asked.

Next week, in the third of eight articles, Mr. Rockwell describes how he managed to break into the big time at the age of twenty-two.
—THE EDITORS

The Pearls of Sibugila (Continued from Page 38)

was six months away by ship—or three, if he were lucky.

When he made that fortune he'd convert that picture from a vision to a reality. He'd go to England and bring his Lucy back; and in the meantime he was happy with his dreams.

On this particular morning, with his crew of careless natives battening down hatches and himself at the wheel, he was far too absorbed in his dream. He was overconfident, too, in the course that German Joe, the trader who lived on Sibugila, had mapped out for him to clear the harbor passage; and with his ketch *Lucinda* bowling along at a reckless six knots, he hit the big coral pillar dead center, snapped off the mainmast and shuddered to a swinging stop in a confusion of wreckage.

He woke from his dream in a flash. He ran forward from the wheel, leaping the debris of rope, timber and canvas that cluttered the deck and spilled into the sea; he saw the shapely bow of *Lucinda* broken and smashed. The heavy stempost was splintered through and seven or eight planks were sprung away. The massive column of coral that had reared from the sea bottom twenty feet down had snapped off and sunk to a final resting place. *Lucinda* was settling by the head. Straight away he took in all the elements of his predicament—he observed that he had not yet cleared the harbor; that a few hundred yards to starboard was a sheltered beach; that the tide was high but still rising and the wind was drifting him toward the shore.

He shouted orders and used his hands. With axes and machetes they chopped the mast and rigging clear and dropped the mass overboard. And with the mizzen they worked the boat in toward shore, sinking though she was. When they were a little closer they used poles, making every foot they could. And when her keel finally found the bottom, her deck was still dry—though her holds were water filled. They ran an anchor out up on the beach. And finally, checking the report of his Melanesian boatswain Peter, Slim Jim himself went overboard, swam carefully underwater all round the hull and satisfied himself that the beach beneath was clear of rock.

After that there was the mast to recover. Its replacement was the least of his problems. It was broken clean near the base. He could trim it and reset it in a wooden tabernacle on the deck and adjust the rigging to suit.

He was busy enough, but there was time to reflect upon the perfidy of German Joe, whose ramshackle residence and trade store was a palm-thatched hut at the head of the harbor. German Joe, a comic-opera figure dressed always in cotton pajamas, a wide straw hat, heavy leather boots and a Turkey-red twill cummerbund with a pistol and a sheath knife stuck into its folds, had proved neither help nor hindrance in the weeks in which Slim Jim had been buying his fish from the native canoes—twenty fish for twopence worth of tobacco, a hundred and twenty for a trade-store knife—and supervising the smoking process, which occupied a hundred sapling grids built over a hundred coconut-fiber fires in three of the coastal villages.

Walking from village to village, or awaiting the return of the fishing canoes, Slim Jim often saw German Joe. But the trader, who had a schooner somewhere at sea, seldom carried conversation past a grunt and a nod. Slim Jim wondered how he made a living; he was not popular, and his store carried only a meager stock.

But he'd been pleasant enough just before *Lucinda* sailed. He'd come swaggering down to the beach where Jim was embarking the last of his cargo with canoes. "Full hatches, eh?" he queried.

"Yes, it's a good cargo."

"I vish you luck vid it. Now I show you safe passage. You made me a big fright vhen you came in; you sailed over der shallows—too much stone. Der good channel is close along der cliff; to der south. See, I draw you map."

He unrolled the paper he'd been carrying in a great red hand and displayed a neat, hand-drawn and accurate-looking chart, with shallows shaded and depth figures printed in.

"Someday I mark der channel mit poles," he said. "It lies here—you haf no vorry."

Slim Jim appreciated the gesture. The island had not been officially charted yet; and when he raised his anchor and set sail he found the deep channel just where German Joe predicted. Now, looking at the wreck of his ship and his hopes, he realized he had been played for a sucker. The trader's motive was clear enough. German Joe had a good harbor on his island with a good deep-water channel that was, it was now clear, marred by a few high pillars of coral rising from the deep. Perhaps there had been just the one; in that case German Joe was luckier than he deserved. It was more likely there were several. And sooner or later, with those tactics, by using other men's ships as battering rams, German Joe would clear the channel and make the island safe for his own vessel. It had been done before.

If Jim had taken it easy, kept his speed down to a minimum and posted a lookout at the masthead, as he should, he could have avoided the big pillar. But it was too late now for regrets. Instead, work was indicated—and work at a furious level. As the tide ran out, he waterproofed the gaping section of bow with canvas and pig fat—the pig had to be purchased first from the crowd of interested villagers. Luckily he had hoarded his trade goods—his tobacco and steel—and it took only a trio of bush knives to have a roofed shelter made ashore and his cargo carried there, for the mullet was little affected by salt water.

By the next tide he was able to raise the ship to a higher level on a grid of heavy saplings; he then planned his repairs. His two best boat boys, Peter and Luck, now began to prove their worth. With them he ranged the island, looking for timber stanch enough to repair the stempost, and some planks. The trees were all strange to him; most of the larger trees were of the fig species, (*Continued on Page 62*)

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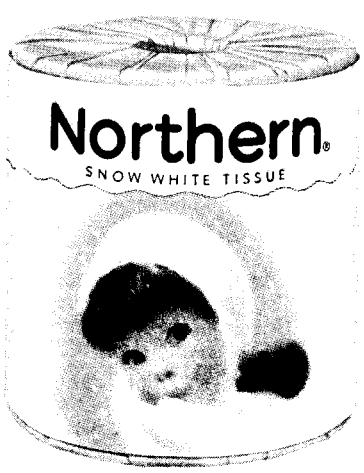
A furry mitten
white as snow
Is not the softest
thing I know



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(*Continued from Page 60*) which he could recognize and reject. Others he cut into with an ax and found soft and sappy in their structure. The timbers the natives used for their canoes were useless—most were brittle when he tried them. He was about to settle for the timber available in a stand of giant mangroves when he found a grove of trees growing on rocky, upthrust shelves of coral formation on the northern side of the island. They were beautiful trees; the trunks, when cut, yielded chips that resembled teak.

His tools were limited to the usual ship's carpenter's selection of axes, adzes, augers, clamps and drawknives. With these he had to fashion the curved stempost, rabbeted all its length on both sides to take the planks and scarfed beneath to make a strong junction with the keel. He had everything for the underwater work measured and made ready ashore. When he finally stripped the canvas from the broken hull, a fury of final effort in the season of neap tides might, if he were lucky, make it possible for him to mend his ship without constantly flooding it. This was important, for while the wreck was on the beach he lived aboard.

He had accomplished a great deal of this preliminary work when the four lesser members of his crew deserted him, leaving him only Peter and Luck. It was more of a betrayal than a desertion. Before long the island gossip, retailed through Peter, told him they had joined forces with German Joe. He felt the defection keenly, the more particularly because hardly any of the possible island replacements knew more than two or three words of English. But he hired three bright and willing lads to take their place and very shortly was glad that he had. For these were adzmen, canoe builders; and as long as he kept them under a close survey they showed themselves peculiarly adept at cutting and shaping timbers and the wooden pegs he needed to fasten them.

He called them Marco, Bill and Tulia, in approximations of their native names. They were laughing lads, singing and joking all day long. And he was sorry that the language difficulty prevented him from sharing their enjoyment. They always wore fresh flowers in their hair and flowers and seashells and ribbons of dyed pandanus at the belts which secured their palm-sheath loincloths. They were always freshly bathed in the sea and they were clean-shaven.

Their presence made things easier, for in the afternoon their friends came to cook their meals—giggling girls as flower-bedecked as the boys, girls dressed in fiber skirts patterned and parti-colored in bright reds and yellows or soft grays and greens. They came in from the sea mostly, in small, dancing canoes; and with them came fruits in baskets and plugged coconut bottles filled with cold, clear lime-water from some island cave and a cargo of small round mud oysters from the sheltered bay.

They roasted the oysters on beach fires and sat down to the feast, inviting Slim Jim to eat first, with a quaint and courteous deference. At about his sixth or seventh oyster he bit into a pearl, momentarily jarring his teeth. The natives burst out laughing as he took it from his mouth and stared at it in disbelief. It was a substantial pearl, faintly tinged with smoky-pink color. He'd been long enough in the Pacific to know that such a pearl had value. But its surface was not clear. The nacre had clouded; it had been ruined by the roasting on the fire.

Suddenly the immensity of his find was apparent. It was not a single pearl he had here, but a bay full of pearls—a bay enclosed by an island inhabited by pearl divers of the very best caliber. Even while he sat marveling, one of the girls spat out another pearl, and it rolled away unheeded on the sand. The pearl in Sibugila was no more than a disease of the oyster, a hindrance to good eating—not to be compared for value with the sweet-scented mint flowers the girls wore tucked in their bracelets, or the yellow daisies and the red hibiscus that ornamented their hair.

Slim Jim took his knife and laid it beside the pearl, motioning from one to the other. The natives caught his meaning and immediately began searching the sand for discarded pearls. But he shouted so emphatically to them to stop that they understood, and they looked at him inquiringly. On some of the canoe platforms were still a few heaps of uncooked oysters, being saved for breakfast or a midnight meal, perhaps. He walked over and opened one after another. He had to open about twenty before he found a pearl; but he found one, tiny and flawless. He gestured till he found the owner of the canoe—one of the girls. He took her by the hand, led her to the canoe and placed the pearl in her small pink palm. Then he took the pearl from her and gave her in its stead a knife. He would have given her something of greater value—in spite of its size the pearl was probably worth more than all his trade stock lumped together—but he had nothing else on the beach. The knife was enough.

The excitement that arose from his action was intense. Immediately the whole company began to search the uncooked oysters. The process was concluded in a few moments and yielded four pearls, two of them large, and one of these of apparently good quality.

Early next morning the bay was dotted with canoes and the black heads of swimming men and girls. Slim Jim had to double his promises to Marco, Bill and Tulia to keep them on the job. In every canoe a worker kept opening the retrieved oysters; each time a pearl was found the divers would re-embark and paddle furiously to the beach, where Jim awaited with a pile of trade goods. By night he had bought thirty-one pearls, and at least five were worthwhile gems. By night, too, he had completed his preliminary arrangements for the repair—his stempost, planks, knees and treenails were in shape, he had bought hanks of pandanus fiber for calking from the old men of the nearest village; and all he had to do was await a favorable tide.

His dreams of fortune now had a sounder basis. His main concern was that his stock of trade goods would not last for many days of such intensive pearl recovery. And it was imperative that he sail soon for Samarai with his pearls and his smoked fish and stock up with sufficient trade goods to enable him to return and make a killing. He knew that his arrival with the pearls would start a rush. When competition came to the island, he would no longer be able to buy a pearl for a machete or a few sticks of tobacco, and the fortune would go to the man who consistently bid higher than anyone else.

The morning that he started on the repairs, German Joe's schooner returned to Sibugila. The *Eider* surprised him; it was larger than he thought, bulky and slow, but efficient. It passed nearby his little beach, negotiating with extreme care the deep-water channel in which he had come to grief. He could see no white man among the crew, which seemed to be commanded by a half-caste, possibly a Chinese. He noted that the *Eider*'s crew took a great deal of interest in the *Lucinda* on the beach, and he thought grimly that they would soon realize how their channel had been improved.

His own concern was to get his repairs as close to completion as possible that day. He had no real hope of finishing them, but he thought that with luck he could have the planking in place and roughly calked before nightfall and thus be able to keep the water out. The strengthening work, the elbows and knees, he could add on the following day. He suspended trading operations altogether to complete the work. And when nightfall brought the tide creeping up to its peak, again his ship was fully enclosed. A heavy blustering southeast breeze had backed the tide up to a height unusual at that phase of the moon, and the last thing he did that day was to make good use of this to refloat the *Lucinda*. He was as happy as a boy when she slid into deep water, for he had her under control again. There were a few slight leaks at her bow that he thought would take up as the calking swelled; in any case, they were nothing the pumps could not handle.

It was after dark when he ate a quick meal with his crew on the beach. The laughing girls and the hangers-on did not appear, and Marco, Bill and Tulia seemed disconcerted by this. But Slim Jim was too tired to feel any curiosity; and long before the others had finished eating, he had retired to his bed.

Just as he was going to sleep he thought of a reason for the absence of the islanders.

They've probably gone to look over German Joe's new stock, he thought. And after a while, *I suppose they'll offer him pearls now, and when I get back he'll have a monopoly on them. Well, every man for himself.*

And with that thought and with the immense self-confidence that came from youth and from achieving the almost impossible, he dropped off into a heavy sleep that even the gusty wind and the lively dancing ketch did not disturb.

The sun was already up when he came on deck to haul a bucket of water for his morning wash. That was more than he could say for his crew, for only Peter and Luck were visible.

"Where are all those men of mine?" he demanded from Peter.

"They dance last night. This morning, I think, plenty sore head. They danced for German Joe. Big sing-sing."

"You didn't go?" Slim Jim was surprised. Peter and Luck seldom stayed away from anything.

"I go," Peter admitted. "He don't want me, send me away. 'Get out of here,' he say. 'Go back your boss.' Big sing-sing, though, my word. Plenty betel nut, plenty tobacco. Plenty dancing, too—German Joe he bring out plenty rum."

"Rum? He gave them rum?"

"Plenty rum, boss." Peter grinned ruefully. "None for Peter. None for Luck. He sent us home."

"But he surely didn't give them rum, Peter. He traded them some rum for something."

"No got." Peter denied this vigorously. "He don't trade anything. He got this barrel rum—much as anyone wants."

"There'll be some sore heads today all right," Slim Jim said, trying to envisage last night's scene on the sand before the trader's shanty—the befuddled dancers and the wild soft-throated singing.

He supposed that even when his crew appeared they wouldn't be of much use to him—it would not be safe to entrust delicate adzwork to a Marco whose hands were shaking in the aftermath of unaccustomed liquor. He made a meal of some of the smoked mullet and began to plan his day's work. While he was eating, he saw German Joe's schooner at the head of the bay, setting staysail and reefed main. And in a short while she came stepping delicately downchannel, the stiff breeze moving her along strongly in spite of her limited canvas.

He wondered a little about her. The *Eider* had made a short stay indeed in Sibugila, considering that the island was her home port. There had hardly been time to transfer her cargo and take on the accumulation of whatever it was the trade store bought. She sailed on down the bay and past the final cape. She turned southwest—heading, perhaps, for Samarai—and began to set her remaining sails to take the best advantage of the breeze. She was a heavy and slow ship. The additional canvas made less difference than it should have. But he appreciated the fact that she could be a money-maker; time meant little, far less than an ample cargo space, to traders in the islands.

He watched while she got smaller in the distance. He'd hardly turned away when Peter caught his elbow.

"They throwing some fellows overboard, Boss Jim," he said.

He swung around, and it was true. While he watched, groups of tiny dark figures milled back and forth between the hatches and the rail. And each time, a figure went flying over the ship's side. Even at that distance they could see that the victims of these actions were alive and active. It wasn't likely that they would come to much harm, for the people of Sibugila could swim as naturally as they could walk, and these were indeed swimming—a line of dark heads, tiny spots on the blue ocean, showed erratically against the wake of the schooner.

"They women, Boss Jim," Peter observed.

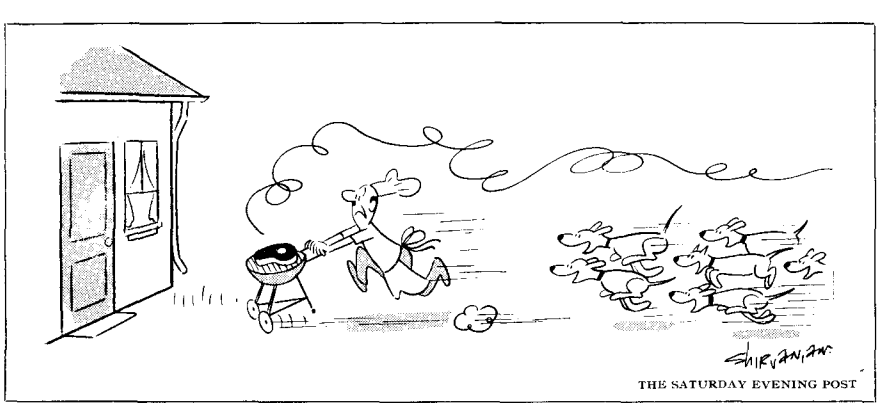
"What is it, Peter? What's happening?"

"Blackbird, boss. Carry the men to work somewhere; women they t'row away—old men too. Rum got them all on board. Now German Joe lose what he don't want."

"Blackbirding? You're sure?"

"Yes, boss." Peter was unperturbed.

It explained a lot of things. German Joe had found a trade as lucrative as pearling—the virtual enslavement of natives to sell to the sugar plantations of Queensland. It explained his small and ramshackle store, his large and efficient schooner. It explained his indifference to Slim Jim's trading operations—he obviously fancied himself after bigger game. On these secluded islands, blackbirding was a safe enough trade; the peace-loving natives seldom planned reprisals, for their memories were short, and their sense of communal (*Continued on Page 64*)



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(*Continued from Page 62*) responsibility not overwhelming. The profits were high, and the expenses small. And the blackbirders themselves did not care that it was a trade in misery and heartbreak—that only a small percentage of their captives would ever return to happy island homes.

"He got a big cargo," Peter said conversationally. Schooner travel had sophisticated him, and it was obvious that he had not much personal animosity against German Joe even though he could just as easily, at that moment, have been battened down with the rest under the *Eider*'s hatches.

"He must have got Marco and the others," Jim remembered.

"That's right, Boss Jim."

Slim Jim swore. "Let's get this packet under way."

"You going to chase him?"

"He's not stealing my men, Peter."

But even as the blocks screamed to the run of the tackle falls and the sails lifted, he realized it was a crazy thing to do. He was armed with nothing more than a ship and some determination, and, of these, the ship was far from sound. Nevertheless, he was stubborn. If nothing else, he would follow the *Eider;* the law, where it existed, was with him, and it might be possible to do something for the captives. In any case, he had to return to port.

His determination hardened when he passed the first of the swimmers thrown overboard from the *Eider*. It was a girl, and she was swimming strongly. There was less than a mile to the shore, so he left her to swim—it was no more than a pleasure jaunt for most of these people. She swam in the native style, taking a deep breath at the surface, then traveling a considerable distance underwater. He had heard the method to be a protection against sharks, and certainly the appearance of sharks in normal circumstances did not worry the islanders.

More swimmers were behind, swimming in groups as a rule, all steadily making toward the shore. One group shouted, begging help, and he brought the ketch up into the wind. There were three girls supporting a man crippled in the leg. When they came alongside he helped the man aboard, but the girls farewelled him and swam for the shore. The cripple looked his thanks, speaking volubly. The next group also had a man incapacitated—a strong middle-aged man with a fresh cutlass slash across the shoulder bleeding freely. His companions were glad to get rid of him, it was clear; the blood would have brought sharks without fail.

"Why didn't German Joe leave these people behind at the beach, the women and the cripples?" Jim demanded.

"Maybe they could cause trouble. This way he can throw them out, one at a time. No fight," Peter explained.

The rude, callous logic of this shocked Jim. In the next three miles they passed more than eighty swimmers. They brought five aboard, including three women, two of these quite elderly. But he had heard of other slavers who weeded out their captives thus—but far out to sea, where the rejects had no chance of returning to their own or any island, so that they could take no adverse reports back with them. And to this extent German Joe was at least a little better than his fellows. But with his nearly wrecked ship under him, his newly recruited crew imprisoned on the schooner far ahead, Slim Jim was not in the mood to make allowances, and a black hatred of the trader commanded his actions.

The schooner had an initial lead of at least five miles. She was hull down, with only her peaked canvas showing; but it was soon apparent that, sailing close into the wind, the *Lucinda* was the faster ship. The wind was a hard, driving southeasterly; the course was close to southwest, and the short choppy seas, hard and steep, punched at *Lucinda*'s port bow. It was too hard a test for a stempost as yet unstrengthened with internal knees, and before long the undermanned ketch was taking water heavily through the new structure. But even the women could help at the pump and they did. A little past noon the *Lucinda* had shortened the gap to the *Eider* to something under a mile. But the leaks had increased. The constant punching had probably displaced some of the calking, and reluctantly Slim Jim let her fall away a couple of points off course to the westward. The action gave her a slight increase in speed which only partly compensated for the divergence in direction, but it saved the worst of the strain upon the timbers.

Throughout the rest of the afternoon, the ships pulled away from each other. Toward dusk a thin break that was an island appeared on the horizon. They could not sail at night in safety, and it appeared inevitable that the *Eider* would find an anchorage here. Here also the *Lucinda* must anchor, and Jim carried on until a course on the other tack would bring him under the lee of the land; then he changed course. The wind, which he

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had expected to die with the dying day, seemed to have strengthened instead. On the new course he could see how badly his repairs had stood up to the waves.

The stempost was working against the planks, the planks were working against one another, moving in the rabbeted slot in the stempost; and when he hung over the bow to inspect, he could see places where the calking had fallen out and beards of pandanus fibers streamed away. They were taking more water now than the pumps could handle, even though he accelerated the action of pumping to the limit he and his crew could handle. They had a woman on the wheel now, Luck was in the crosstrees looking out for coral reef, and even the man with the slashed shoulder, bandaged now but in considerable pain, took his turn at the pump handle. There was not much chance that the *Lucinda* could continue the voyage. It would be essential to strengthen the repairs without delay. Slim Jim, with a heavy heart, occasionally fondled the leather bag of pearls now slung about his neck and wondered about their value—whether they could pay for the ketch and outfit him again. He had more immediate worries. At the rate *Lucinda*'s hull was settling in the water, the only chance to save her would be to put her on a beach.

The sun was lipping the horizon, the holds were half filled with water, and he had little time left to him as they slid under the shelter of the island and came upon the *Eider* swinging at anchor. Behind her was a sheltered beach, the nearest beach and the only one available. Ahead of them, though, was jagged reef, so that they had to make one tack more to reach the beach; and the tack brought them within fifty or sixty yards of the schooner.

As they drew up, Slim Jim saw German Joe and his Chinese skipper standing loosely by the rail and grinning widely—German Joe still in pajamas and red cummerbund, the other man in trousers hacked off roughly at the knees. Both of them held rifles in their hands, and it was this crowning gesture which determined Slim Jim's next actions.

His fury, his disappointment and his anger welled up in him. He shouted to Luck in the crosstrees to come down and to his makeshift crew to take themselves below. Then he swung the wheel hard over to point his bow directly at the flat, unprotected planking just aft of amidships.

For fifteen seconds that seemed like fifteen minutes the suspense held, a suspense when nobody breathed. Then the two men raised their rifles, and the shooting started. They had only one target—Slim Jim at the wheel. But he had the partial protection of his own masts, and so the two men shooting at him separated, one running to the bow, one to the stern to take him in a cross fire. For more seconds he hung on, grim and determined. Then a bullet flecked the wheel, and he dived for the shelter of his bulwarks.

The crash and shudder of collision slid him along the wet deck. He started to rise, looked up and saw his masts crack and break and, with the slow inevitability of trees falling, take their spreads of faded brown canvas into a parabola of blanketing destruction.

Before they hit, he was on his feet. The Chinese had thrown his rifle away and was running. The last he saw of German Joe was a flash of red cummerbund being enveloped in a wreckage of canvas. Then immediately the two ships began to settle.

Jim's crew followed him over the *Eider*'s rail. They copied him when he seized a belaying pin from the rack and began to beat away the wedges that locked the hatch cover on the *Eider*'s foredeck. By the grace of God the wreckage had not covered it. They were working in water by the time they had finished. The covering planks floated away as they cleared them, and from the hold poured a horde of brown-skinned natives, frightened and trembling.

At the end, they had more time than they thought—time enough to cut away the canvas that enveloped German Joe. And the beach was not very far; they could swim it easily enough. There was no sort of resistance—Slim Jim had too many allies among the natives he had freed, and the rifles were underwater. Both ships had settled too deep for salvage; the masts of the *Eider*, half their length above water, proclaimed the fact. But they were alive and safe; and somewhere on the island there would be canoes, and perhaps the ships' dinghies could be regained.

In the dark some of the natives found materials for a fire, and others scattered in search of food, perhaps, or shelter. German Joe squatted on the beach, glowering silently for a time. When he spoke he was sullen.

"That was a silly thing to do, boy," he said. "Vot did you do it for? Vot did you get? You lost yourself a ship. Now you start again, mit not'ing, same as me."

But Slim Jim Hadwell knew better than that. He had a bag of pearls. He had an island full of friends. And he had a vision that was brighter than ever before, a vision of curly brown hair and soft blue eyes. He had hope and confidence and he knew that what he'd done was right. There'd be another ship, another cargo—and it would have a skipper that men could trust.

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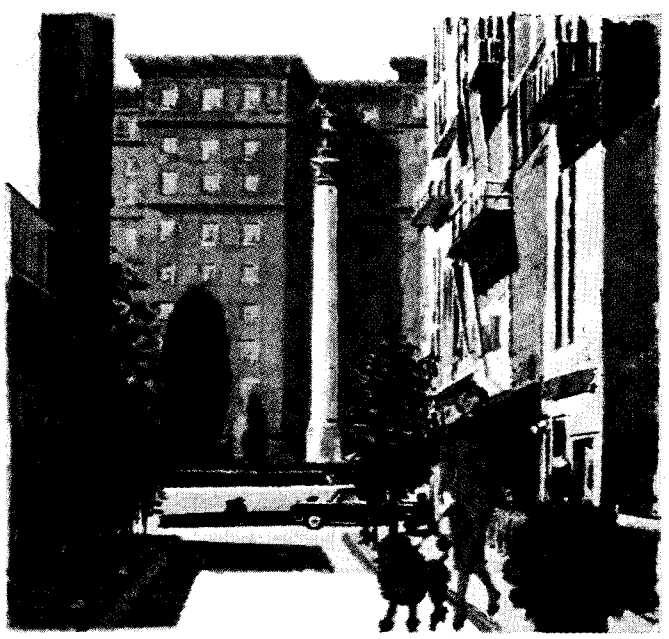

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Night Without End (Continued from Page 23)

when the temperature inside the cabin rose above freezing point. But I had them on—long underwear, woolen shirt, breeches, silk-lined woolen parka, two pairs of socks and my felt cabin shoes—in thirty seconds flat. In latitude 72.40 north, eight thousand feet up on the Greenland icecap, self-preservation makes for a remarkable turn of speed. I crossed the cabin to where no more than a nose showed through a tiny gap in a sleeping bag.

"Wake up, Joss." I shook him until he reached out a hand and pushed the hood off his dark, tousled head. "Wake up, boy. It looks as if we might need you."

"What—what's the trouble?" He rubbed the sleep from his eyes and stared up at the chronometer above his head. "Midnight! I've been asleep only half an hour."

"I know. Sorry. But get a move on." I recrossed the cabin, passed by the big radio transmitter and stove and halted in front of the instrument table. The register showed the wind east-northeast, velocity fifteen knots—near enough seventeen miles per hour, but on a night like this, with the ice crystals and drift lifting off the icecap, clogging and slowing up the anemometer cups, the true speed was probably half as much again. And the pen of the alcohol thermograph was running evenly along the red circle of forty degrees below zero—seventy-two degrees of frost. I thought of the evil combination of these two factors of wind and cold and felt my skin crawl.

Already Jackstraw was silently climbing into his furs. I did the same—caribou trousers and parka with reindeer fur-trimmed hood, all beautifully tailored by Jackstraw's wife; sealskin boots, woolen mittens and reindeer gloves. I could hear the plane quite clearly now, and so, too, I could see, did Joss. The deep, even throb of its motors was plain even above the frantic rattling of the anemometer cups.

"It's—it's an airplane!" You could see he was still trying to convince himself.

"What did you think it was—one of your precious London double-deckers?" I slipped snow mask and goggles round my neck and picked up a flashlight from the shelf beside the stove. It was kept there to keep the dry batteries from freezing. "Been circling for the past two or three minutes. Jackstraw thinks it's in trouble, and I agree."

Joss listened. "Engines sound O.K. to me."

"And to me. But engine failure is only one of a dozen possible reasons."

"But why circle here?"

"How the devil should I know? Probably because he can see our lights—the only lights, at a guess, in fifty thousand square miles. And if he has to put down, which God forbid, he stands his only chance of survival if he puts down near some human habitation."

"Heaven help them," Joss said. He added something else, but I didn't wait to hear. I wanted to get up top as quickly as possible.

To leave our cabin, we had to use a trap door, not an ordinary door. Our cabin, a prefabricated, sectioned structure that had been hauled up from the coast on tractor sleds during the month of July, was deep-sunk in a great oblong hole that had been gouged out from the surface of the icecap, so that only the top few inches of its flat roof projected above ground level. The trap door, hinged at both ends so that it could open either upward or downward, was reached by a short steep flight of steps.

Tonight the ice cracked easily. I got my shoulder under the trap, levered upward against the accumulated drift of snow above and scrambled out.

I was prepared for what awaited me up top—the gasping, panic-stricken feeling of suffocation as the warm air was sucked from my lungs by that deadly, numbing cold—but even so I wasn't sufficiently prepared. The wind speed was far higher than I had feared. I turned my back to the wind, breathed into my reindeer gloves, slipped on my snow mask and goggles and straightened. Jackstraw was already standing by my side.

... ...

Symbol for Winter

By Margery Mansfield

Not the storm howling, early
dusk and snow,
But the thick walls that keep
the winter out,
Children, drying off, their
rubbers in a row,
House and hearth and the
larder stocked,
Rooms ablaze with light.
Interlocked
Are old and new, against the
arctic night.

House, standing for age,
wisdom, tradition,
Knowledge from the past,
cookies in the crock,
Love that is protection.
House, a hen with chicks
beneath her wing,
Who peer out, eager to escape
in every direction,
And scatter,
As soon as spring, gentle
deceptive spring ——
Spring is a different and more
dangerous matter.

... ...

The wind on the icecap never howled or shrieked. It moaned, instead, a low-pitched, unutterably eerie ululation—a requiem for the damned, if ever there was one, the agony of some soul lost in torment. That same moan had driven men mad before now: Less than two months previously I had had to send our tractor mechanic, a completely broken youngster who had lost all contact with the last shadow of reality, back to our Uplavnik base. The wind had done that to him.

The throbbing roar of big airplane engines, surging and receding as the wind gusted and fell away, like surf on some distant shore, was very close now. Although the sky was overcast, there was no snow that night—at any time heavy snowfalls, strangely enough, are all but unknown on the Greenland icecap—but the air was full of millions of driving, needle-pointed ice spicules that swept toward us out of the darkness to the east, clogging up our goggles in a matter of seconds and stinging the narrow exposed area of my face between mask and goggles.

The plane was flying in an anticlockwise direction, following, it seemed, the path of an irregular oval, for the sound of its motors faded slightly as it curved round to north and west. But within thirty seconds it was approaching again, in a swelling thunder of sound, to the southwest—to the leeward of us, that was—and I could tell from Jackstraw's explosive ejaculation of sound, muffled behind his mask, that he had seen it at the same moment as myself.

It was less than half a mile distant, no more than five hundred feet above the icecap, and during the five seconds it remained inside my line of vision I felt my mouth go dry and my heart begin to thud heavily in my chest. No SAC bomber this, nor a Thule meteorologic plane, both with crews highly trained in the grim craft of arctic survival. That long row of brightly illuminated cabin windows could belong to only one thing—a transatlantic or transpolar airliner.

"You saw it, Doctor Mason?" Jackstraw's snow mask was close to my ear.

"I saw it." It was all I could think to say. But what I was seeing then was not the plane, now again vanished into the flying ice and drift, but the inside of the plane, with the passengers—heaven knows how many passengers, fifty, seventy?—sitting in the cozy security of their pressurized cabin with an air-conditioned temperature of seventy degrees Fahrenheit, then the crash, the tearing, jagged screeching that set the teeth on edge as the thin metal shell ripped along its length and the tidal wave of that dreadful cold, one hundred and ten degrees below cabin temperature, swept in and engulfed the survivors, the dazed, the injured, the unconscious and the dying as they sat or lay crumpled in the wreckage of the seats, clad only in thin suits and dresses. . . .

The plane had completed a full circuit and was coming round again. If anything, it was even closer this time, at least a hundred feet lower, and it seemed to have lost some speed. I wondered just how effective the pilot's windshield wipers would be against these flying ice spicules.

And then I forgot all about that, forgot all about everything except the desperate, urgent need for speed. Just before the plane had turned round to the east again and so out of the line of our blinded vision, it had seemed to dip and at the same instant two powerful lights stabbed out into the darkness. I grabbed Jackstraw's arm and put my head close to his.

"He's going to land! He's looking for a place to put down. Get the dogs, harness them up." We had a tractor, but heaven only knew how long it would have taken to start it on a night like this. "I'll give you a hand as soon as I can."

He nodded, turned and was lost to sight in a moment. I turned, too, cursed as my face collided with the slatted sides of the instrument shelter, then jumped for the hatch, sliding down to the floor of the cabin on back and arms without bothering to use the steps. Joss, already completely clad in his furs, but with the hood of his parka hanging over his shoulders, was just emerging from the food and fuel tunnel which led off from the other end of the cabin, his arms loaded with equipment.

"Grab all the warm clothing you can find, Joss," I told him quickly. I was trying to think as quickly and coherently as I was talking, to figure out everything that we might require, but it wasn't easy—that intense cold numbed the mind almost as much as it did the body. "Sleeping bags, blankets, spare coats, shirts, it doesn't matter whose they are. Shove them into a couple of gunny sacks."

"You think they're going to land, sir?" Curiosity, anticipation, horror—each struggled for supremacy in the thin, dark, intelligent face. "You really think so?"

"I think they're going to try. What have you got there?"

"A couple of fire bombs." He dumped them by the stove. "Hope they're not solid."

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"Good boy. And a couple of the tractor extinguishers. Fire axes, crowbars, canes, the homing spool—for heaven's sake don't forget the homing spool—and the searchlight battery. Be sure to wrap that up well."

"Bandages?"

"No need. Seventy degrees of frost will freeze blood and seal a wound quicker than any bandage. But bring the morphia kit. Any water in these two buckets?"

"Full. But more ice than water."

"Put them on the stove—and don't forget to turn out the stove and the lights before you leave. Pile the rest of the stuff up by the instrument shelter."

I found Jackstraw, working only by the feeble beam of his flashlight, outside the lean-to, drift-walled shelter that we had built for the dogs from empty packing cases and an old tractor tarpaulin.

"How's it coming?" I shouted.

"Easy." I could almost see the crinkling grin behind the snow mask. "I caught most of them asleep, and Balto is a great help—he's in a very bad temper at being waked up."

Balto was Jackstraw's lead dog—a huge, ninety-pound, half-wolf, half-Siberian, direct descendant of and named for the famous dog that had trekked with Amundsen.

"I'll leave you to it then. I'll get the searchlight." I made off toward the mound of snow that loomed high to the westward of the cabin, broke step and listened. I turned back to Jackstraw, my face bent against the knifing wind. "The plane—have you heard the plane, Jackstraw?"

Jackstraw straightened, pulled off his parka hood and stood still, hands cupped to his ears. Then he shook his head briefly and replaced the hood.

"My word!" I looked at him. "Maybe they've crashed already."

Again the shake of the head.

"Why not?" I demanded. "On a night like this you wouldn't hear a thing if they crashed half a mile downwind."

"I'd have felt it, Doctor Mason."

I nodded slowly and said nothing. He was right, of course. The frozen surface of this frozen land transmitted vibration like a tuning fork. Maybe the pilot had lost his bearings, maybe he was flying in ever-widening circles trying to pick up our lights again, but there was hope.

I hurried across to where the tractor, sheeted in tarpaulin, lay close in to the high snow wall that had been cut down the middle of a drift. It took me a couple of minutes to clear away the accumulated snow at one end and wriggle in under the tarpaulin. There was no question of trying to lift it—its impregnated oils had frozen solid, and it would have cracked and torn under any pressure.

The searchlight, fixed to a couple of bolts on the tractor hood, was held down by two quick-release butterfly nuts. In these latitudes quick-release was a misnomer—the nuts invariably froze after even the briefest exposure. The accepted practice was to remove one's gloves and close mittened hand round the nuts until body heat warmed and expanded them enough to permit unscrewing. But there was no time for that tonight. I tapped the bolts with a wrench from the tool box, and the steel pins sheared as if made from the cheapest cast iron.

I crawled out at the foot of the tarpaulin, searchlight clutched under one arm, and as soon as I straightened I heard it again—the roar of airplane engines, closing rapidly. They sounded very near, very low, but I wasted no time trying to locate the plane. Head lowered against the wind and the needle-sharp lances of the flying ice, I felt rather than saw my way back to the cabin hatch and was brought up short by Jackstraw's steadying hand. He and Joss were busy loading equipment aboard the sled and lashing it down, and as I stooped to help them, something above my head fizzled and spluttered into a blinding white glare. Joss, remembering what I had completely forgotten—that dousing our cabin lights would have robbed the pilot of his beacon—had ignited a magnesium flare in the slats of the instrument shelter.

We all turned as the plane came into our vision again, to the south, and it was at once apparent why we had lost all sight and sound of it. The pilot must have made a figure-eight turn out in the darkness, had reversed his approach circle and was flying from east to west. Less than two hundred feet up, undercarriage still retracted, it passed within a couple of hundred yards of us like some monstrous bird. Then the twin oval pools of light from the headlights slipped away to the left as the plane banked sharply to the right and came curving round clockwise to the north. I knew now what the pilot was intending and my hands clenched helplessly inside mittens and gloves. But there was nothing I could do about this.

"The antenna!" I shouted. "Follow out the line of the antenna." I stooped and gave the sled its initial shove as Jackstraw shouted at Balto. Joss was by my side, head close to mine.

"What's happening? Why are we ——"

"He's coming down this time. I'm sure of it. To the north."

"The north?" Not even the snow mask could hide the horror in his voice. "He'll kill himself. He'll kill all of them. The hummocks ——"

"I know." The land to the northeast was broken and uneven, the ice raised up

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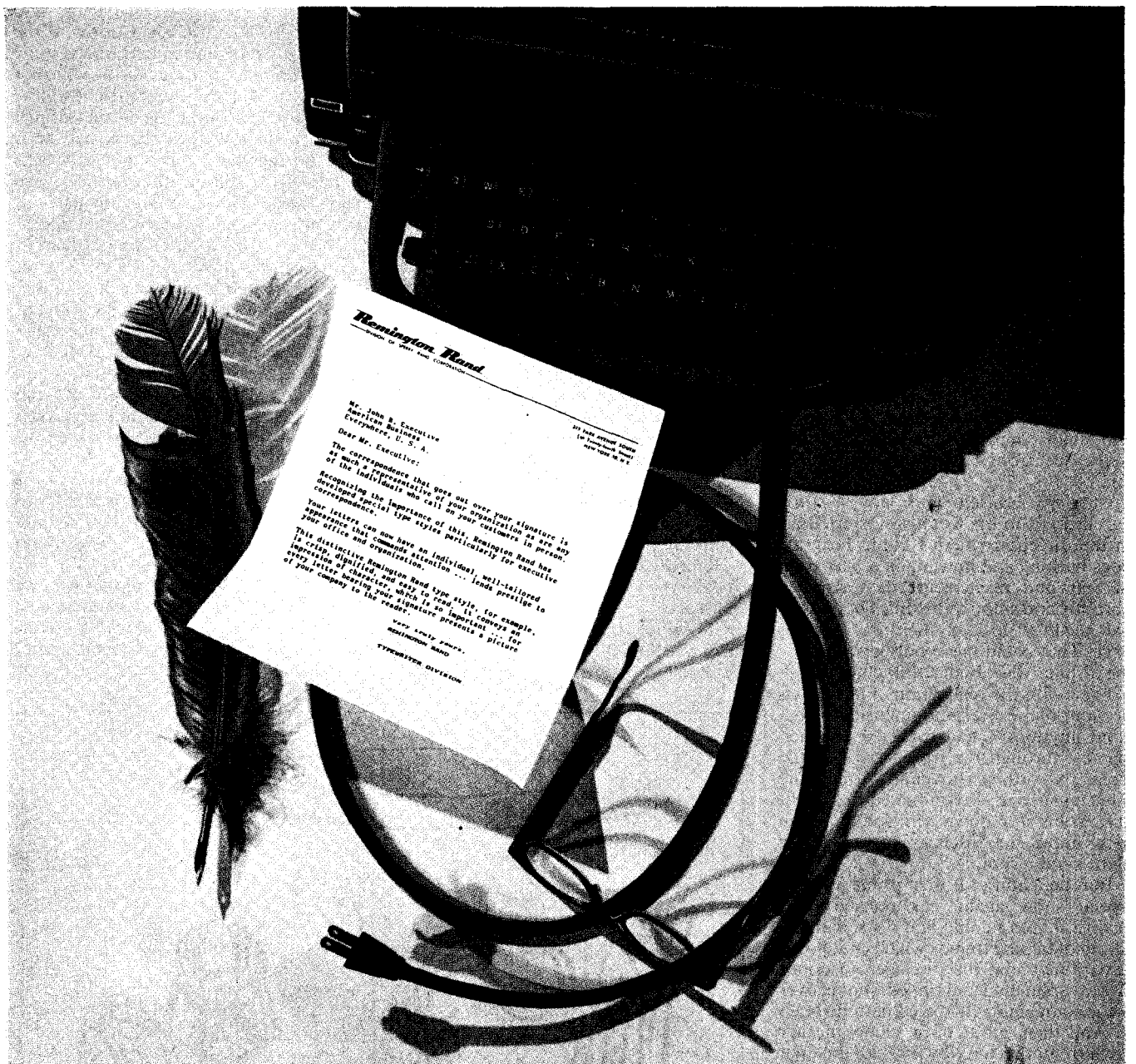
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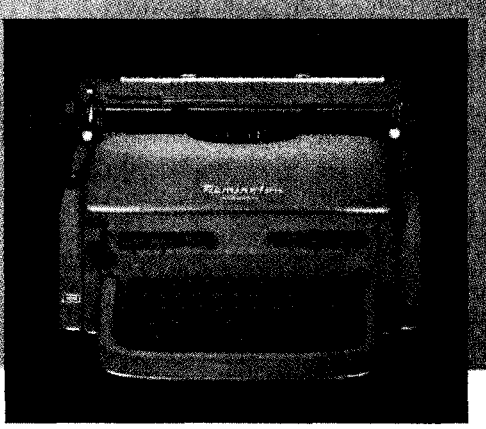

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by some quirk of nature into a series of tiny hillocks, ten, twenty feet high—tiny, but the only ones within a hundred miles. "But he's going to do it, all the same. A bellylanding with the wheels up. That's why he reversed his circle. He wants to land upwind to give himself the minimum stalling ground speed."

"He could land to the south, into the wind." Joss sounded almost desperate. "It's a billiard table there."

"He could, but he won't." I had to shout the words to make myself heard above the wind. "He's nobody's fool. He knows if he lands to windward of us, even a hundred yards to windward, the chances of finding our lights, our cabin in this weather just don't exist. He's got to land upwind. He's just *got* to."

The radio antenna, rime-coated now to almost fifty times its normal size, sagging deeply and swaying pendulumlike in the wind between each pair of fourteen-foot poles that supported it, stretched away almost two hundred fifty feet to the north. We were following the line of this, groping our way blindly from pole to pole and almost at the end of the line when the roar of the aircraft engines, for the last few seconds no more than a subdued murmur in the night as the wind carried the sound from us, suddenly swelled and increased to a deafening crescendo as I shouted a warning to the others and flung myself flat on the ground. The dark shape of the airliner swept directly over us.

Like a fool, I immediately leaped to my feet to try to get a bearing on the vanishing plane and was literally blown head over heels by the tremendous slip stream from the four great propellers, slid helplessly across the frozen crust of the snow and finally landed on my back almost twenty feet from where I had been standing.

Cursing, bruised and not a little dazed, I got to my feet again, started off in the direction where I could hear the dogs barking and howling in a paroxysm of fear and excitement, then stopped abruptly and stood quite still. The engines had died; all four of them had died at once. That could mean only one thing—the airliner was about to touch down.

Even with the realization, a jarring vibration, of a power and intensity far beyond anything I had expected, reached my feet through the frozen crust of the icecap. No ordinary touchdown, that. The pilot must have overestimated his height and set his ship down with force enough to crumple the fuselage, to wreck the plane on the spot.

But he hadn't. I was prone on the frozen snow again, ear pressed hard against it, and I could half hear, half feel a kind of hissing tremor which could only have come from the fuselage, no doubt already splintered and ripped, sliding over the ice, gouging a furrowed path through it. And then, all at once, came another earth tremor, severer by far than the first, and I heard clearly, even above the gale, the sudden sharp sound of the crash, the grinding, tearing scream of metal being twisted and tortured out of shape. And then, abruptly, silence.

Shakily I rose to my feet. It was then I realized for the first time that I had lost my snow mask—it must have been ripped off as I had rolled along the ground. A bad business, indeed, but there was no help for it.

Joss and Jackstraw were still trying to quiet the dogs when I rejoined them.

"You all right, sir?" Joss asked. He took a step closer. "Good Lord, you've lost your mask!"

"I know. It doesn't matter. Did you get a bearing on that plane?"

"Roughly. Due east, I should say."

"Jackstraw?"

"A little north of east, I think." He stretched out his hand, pointing straight into the eye of the wind.

"We'll go east." Somebody had to make the decision, somebody had to be wrong, and it might as well be me. "We'll go east—Joss, how long is that spool?"

"Four hundred yards. More or less."

"So. Four hundred yards, then due north. That plane is bound to have left tracks in the snow; with luck, we'll cut across them."

I took the end of the line from the spool, went to the nearest antenna pole, broke off the four-foot-long flaglike frost feathers—weird growths of the crystal aggregates of rime that streamed out almost horizontally to leeward—and made fast the end of the line round the pole. I really made it fast—our lives depended on that line, and without it we could never find our way back to the antenna, and so eventually to the cabin.

We started off at once, with the wind almost in our faces, but slightly to the left. I was in the lead, Jackstraw came behind with the dogs, and Joss brought up the rear, unreeling the line from the homing spool against the pressure of the return winding spring.

Without my mask, that blinding, suffocating drift was a nightmare. I was coughing constantly in the superchilled air, no matter how I tried to cover mouth and nose with a gloved hand, no matter how shallowly I breathed.

The devil of it was, shallow breathing was impossible. We were running now, running as fast as the ice-glazed slipperiness of the surface and our bulky furs would allow, for to unprotected people exposed to these temperatures, to that murderous drift-filled gale, life or death was simply a factor of speed, of the duration of exposure.

Jackstraw's shout checked me so suddenly that I stumbled and all but fell. I turned back, and Joss came running up. "The end of the line?" I asked.

He nodded, flashed a light in my face. "Your nose and cheek—both gone. They look bad."

Gloves off, I kneaded my face vigorously with my mittened hands until I felt the blood pounding painfully back, then took the old jersey which Jackstraw dug out from a gunny sack and wrapped it round my face. It wasn't much, but it was better than nothing.

We struck off to the north, with the wind on our right cheeks—I had no option but to gamble on the hope that the wind had neither backed nor veered—our flashlights probing the ground in front of us, stopping every fifteen or twenty feet to drive a pointed bamboo marker into the frozen ground. We had covered fifty yards without sighting anything, and I was just beginning to become convinced that we must still be well to the west of the plane's touchdown point and wondering what in the world we should do next when we almost literally stumbled into an eighteen-inch-deep, ten-foot-wide depression in the snow crust of the icecap.

This was it, no question about that. By a one-in-a-hundred chance we had hit on the very spot where the plane had touched down—or crashed down, if the size of the depression in that frozen snow was anything to go by. Some way farther to the east and well to the right of the main track, two other grooves, parallel and of a shallow-bowl shape, had been torn in the snow. The gouge marks plainly of the still-racing propellers: The plane must have tilted over on its right wing just after the moment of landing.

To see all this took no longer than to sweep a flashlight through a swift semicircle. I shouted to Joss to take another bundle of canes and prop up the homing-spool line that led back to the antenna—if this weren't done it would drift over and be lost to sight in ten minutes—and then rejoin us. Then I turned and ran after Jackstraw, who had already urged his team forward and eastward along the track of the crashed plane.

The wind was worse than ever, the drift an almost solid wall that reduced our speed to a lurching stumble and forced us to lean far into it to maintain our balance. Almost a quarter of a mile from where it had touched down, we found the airliner. It had slued almost ninety degrees as it had come to a halt, and was lying square across its own path, still resting on even keel.

"Let's just try it on for price."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I could hear no movement, see no movement. High above my head a faint blue light seemed to glow behind some of the cabin windows, but apart from that there was no sign of life at all.

MONDAY: ONE A.M.–TWO A.M.

My greatest fear had already proved groundless—there was no sign of fire anywhere, no flickering red to see, no hidden crackling to hear. It was unlikely that any pilot coolheaded enough to turn off the ignition would have forgotten to shut down the fuel lines.

Already Jackstraw had plugged our searchlight into the dry battery and handed me the lamp. I pressed the switch, and it worked—a narrow but powerful beam good for six hundred yards in normal conditions. I swung the beam to my right, then brought it slowly forward.

Whatever colors the plane may have had originally, it was impossible to distinguish any of them now. The entire fuselage was already shrouded in a sheet of thin, rimed ice, dazzling to the eye, reflecting the light with the intensity, almost, of a chromed mirror. The tail unit was intact. So, too, was the fuselage for half its length, then crumpled and torn underneath, directly opposite the spot where we stood. The left wing was tilted upward at an angle of about five degrees above the normal—the plane wasn't on such an even keel as I had first thought. From where I stood this wing blocked off my view of the front, but just above and beyond it I saw something that made me temporarily forget the urgency of my concern for those inside and stand there stock-still, the beam trained unwaveringly on that spot.

Even under the coating of ice the big, bold lettering BOAC was clearly visible. BOAC! What on earth was a BOAC airliner doing in this part of the world? The SAS, I knew, operated transarctic flights from Copenhagen and Amsterdam to Winnipeg, Los Angeles and Vancouver via Sondre Stromfjord, about an hour and a half's flying time away to the southwest on the west coast of Greenland, just on the Arctic Circle, and I was pretty sure that Pan American and Trans World operated reciprocal services on the same route. It was just barely possible that freak weather conditions had forced one of these planes far enough off course to account for its presence here, but if I was right about the BOAC, it just wasn't possible ——

"I've found the door, Doctor Mason." Jackstraw had taken my arm, jerking me out of my reverie, and was pointing to a big oval door with its lowest point just at our eye level. "We will try these perhaps?"

I heard the metallic clang as he lifted a couple of crowbars off the sled and I nodded. We could only try. I set the searchlight on the snow, adjusted it on its gimbals so as to illuminate the door, took one of the crowbars and thrust it beneath the foot of the oval, the flattened end sliding easily between door and fuselage. Jackstraw did the same. We heaved together, but nothing happened. To localize pressure, we concentrated on one bar, and this time we felt something giving, but it was the lever, not the door. With a pistol-shot crack, the cold-weakened crowbar snapped near the end, and we both landed on our backs.

I cursed my stupidity in wasting valuable time trying to force open a massive door locked on the inside by heavy clips designed to withstand an internal pressure of many thousands of pounds, grabbed searchlight and battery, ducked round under the towering tail assembly into the full (*Continued on Page 70*)

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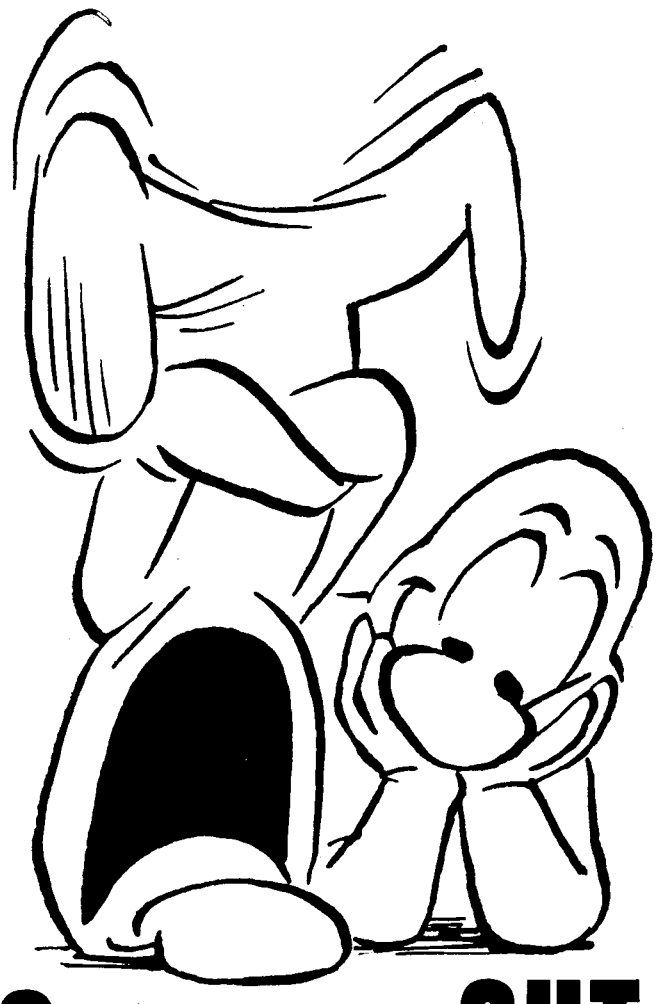

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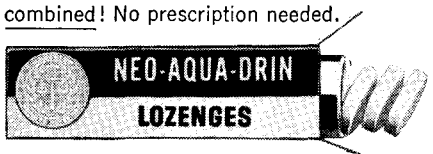

BETTER . . . by McKESSON

(*Continued from Page 68*) force of the wind and flying drift and moved forward till I came to the right wing.

Its tip was buried deep under the frozen snow, the propeller blades bent back at right angles to their normal line. I thought perhaps I might try to scramble up the wing toward the fuselage and smash in one of the cabin windows, but after a couple of seconds of wild slithering on the ice-sheeted wing in that gusting gale wind I gave up the idea. To maintain a foothold was quite impossible; besides, it was doubtful whether I could have smashed in a window anyway. Like the door, the windows were designed to withstand great pressures.

Stumbling, slipping, we ran round the buried tip of the wing, and clear in sight now was the ice hummock that had brought the big airliner to its sudden halt. About fifteen feet high and twenty wide at the base, it lay in the right angle formed by the front of the fuselage and the leading edge of the wing. But it wasn't the root of the wing that had absorbed the initial impact; a glance at the nose of the aircraft was enough to show that. The plane must have crashed into the ice mound just to right of center of the control cabin—the windshields were smashed and the fuselage ripped open and crushed back for six or seven feet. What had happened to the crewman sitting on that side at the moment of the telescopic impact just didn't bear thinking about, but at least we had found our way in.

I set the searchlight so that its beam illuminated the wrecked control cabin, gauged the distance to the lower sill of the windshield—it must have been fully nine feet—and jumped. My gloved hands hooked on firmly, but slipped almost at once on the rimed surface. I grabbed for a purchase grip on one of the windshield pillars, felt my fingers striking against solid glass on both sides—the windshield hadn't been as completely shattered as I had imagined—and was on the point of losing my hold altogether when Jackstraw moved forward swiftly and took my weight.

With my knees on his shoulders and a fire ax in my hand it took me no more than two minutes to smash away the glass that clung to the pillars and the upper and lower edges. I hadn't realized that aircraft glass could be so tough, nor, when it came to clambering through into the control cabin in my bulky furs, that windshields could be so narrow.

I landed on top of a dead man! Even in the darkness I knew he was dead. I fumbled under my parka, brought out the flashlight, switched it on for a couple of seconds, then put it out. It was the copilot, the man who had taken the full impact of the crash. He was pinned, crushed between his seat and the twisted, fractured wreckage of what had been control columns, levers and dashboard instruments. Not since I had once been called out to the scene of a head-on collision between a racing motorcyclist and a heavy truck had I seen such dreadful injuries on any man. Whatever any of the survivors, the shocked and injured survivors in the plane, must see, it mustn't be this. It was ghastly beyond description.

I turned and leaned out the windshield. Jackstraw was directly below. "Bring a blanket," I shouted. "Better, bring a full gunny sack. And the morphia kit. Then come up yourself."

He was back in twenty seconds. I caught both sack and morphia box, placed them on the twisted cabin floor behind me, then reached out a hand to help Jackstraw, but it wasn't necessary. He sprang, caught the lower sill of the windshield in his left hand, the central pillar in the other and swung legs and body through the center windshield as if he had been doing this sort of thing all his life.

I gave him my flashlight to hold, rummaged in the gunny sack and dragged out a blanket. I spread it over the dead copilot, tucking the corners down among twisted and broken ends of metal, so that it shouldn't blow free in the icy wind that swirled and gusted through the wrecked control cabin.

"Waste of a good blanket, I suppose," I muttered. "But—well, it isn't pretty."

"It isn't pretty," Jackstraw agreed. His voice was quite steady, devoid of all inflection. "How about this one?"

I looked across at the left-hand side of the cabin. It was almost completely undamaged and the chief pilot, still strapped in his seat and slumped against his side windshields, seemed quite unmarked. I stripped fur glove, mitten and silk glove off my right hand, reached out and touched his forehead. We had been out of doors now for more than fifteen minutes in that ferocious cold, and I would have sworn that my hand was about as cold as the human flesh could get. But I was wrong. I pulled the gloves back on and turned away, without touching him further.

A few feet farther back we found the radio operator in his compartment. He was half-sitting, half-lying against the forward bulkhead of his shack, where he must have been catapulted by the crash. His right hand was still clutched firmly round the handgrip of the front panel of his radio set—it must have been ripped clear off the transmitter, which didn't look as if it would ever transmit anything again.

On the bulkhead, behind his head, blood gleamed dully in the flashlight beam. I bent over the unconscious man—I could see that he was still breathing—removed my gloves once more and gently slid my fingers behind his head. Just as gently I withdrew them. *How the devil,* I thought, part hopelessly, part savagely, *am I to carry out a head operation on a person with a telescoped occiput?* The state he was in, I wouldn't have given a fig for his chance in the finest operating room in London. At the very least he would be blind for life, the sight center must have been completely destroyed. I reached for his pulse—racing, faint, erratic to a degree.

It seemed unlikely that he would ever wake again. But he might, he just conceivably might: so I broached the morphia kit. Then we eased his head and neck into a more comfortable position, covered him with a blanket and left him.

Immediately behind the radio compartment was a long, narrow room which extended across two thirds of the width of the plane. A quick glance at the two chairs and collapsible bunk was enough to show that this must be the crew's rest room, and someone had been resting there at the moment of the crash. That crumpled, shirt-sleeved figure on the floor must have been taken completely unawares, before he had the slightest knowledge of what was happening—and he would never know now.

We found the stewardess in the pantry, lying on her left side on the floor, the outspread black hair fallen forward over her face. She was moaning softly to herself, but it wasn't the moan of one in pain. Her pulse was steady enough, but fast. Jackstraw stooped down beside me. "Shall we lift her, Doctor Mason?"

"No." I shook my head. "She's coming to, I think, and she can tell us far quicker than we can find out whether there's anything broken. Another blanket, and we'll let her be."

The door leading into the main passenger compartment was locked. At least it appeared to be, but I was pretty certain it would never be locked under normal circumstances. Perhaps it had been warped by the impact of landing. It was no time for half measures. Together we took a step back, then flung all the weight of our shoulders against it. It gave suddenly, three or four inches, and at the same time we heard a sharp exclamation of pain from the other side.

"Careful!" I warned, but Jackstraw had already eased his weight. I raised my voice. "Get back from that door, will you? We want to come in."

We heard a meaningless mutter from the other side, followed by a low groan and the slipping shuffle of someone trying to haul himself to his feet. Then the door opened and we passed quickly inside.

The blast of hot air struck me in the face like an almost physical blow. I gasped, fought off a passing moment of weakness when my legs threatened to give under me, then recovered sufficiently to bang the door shut behind me. With the motors dead and the arctic chill striking through the thin aluminum of the fuselage, this warmth, no matter how efficient the cabin insulation, wouldn't last long. But while it did, it might be the saving of all those who still lived. A

"Why, thank you . . . it's a little rococo, but I like it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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thought struck me and, ignoring the man who stood swaying before me, one hand clutching a seat grip for support, the other rubbing at a blood-masked forehead, I turned to Jackstraw.

"Carry the stewardess in here. We'll take a chance—and it's not all that much of a chance either. There's a darned sight more hope for her in here with a broken leg than out there with only a bump on the head. Throw her blanket over the wireless operator—but whatever you do, don't touch him."

Jackstraw nodded and went out, closing the door quickly behind him. I turned to the man who still stood shakily in the aisle, still dazedly rubbing his hand—a big, brown, square hand matted on the back with black hair—across a bleeding forehead. He looked at me for a moment, then stared down uncomprehendingly at the blood dripping onto the bright-red tie and blue shirt that contrasted so oddly with the light-gray gabardine suit. He closed his eyes tightly, then shook his head to clear it.

"Sorry to ask the inevitable question." The voice was quiet, deep, well under control. "But—what happened?"

"You crashed," I said shortly. "What do you remember?"

"Nothing. Well, that is, just a bump, then a loud, screeching, tearing noise ——"

"Then you hit the door." I gestured at the bloodstains behind me. "Sit down for a moment. You'll be all right." I'd lost interest in him and was staring down the length of the cabin. I had expected to see people, injured, broken and moaning people, flung all over the seats and aisles. But the big passenger compartment seemed almost empty, and there wasn't a sound to be heard.

But it wasn't empty, not quite. Apart from the man by my side there were, I found, nine others all together. Two men lay in the front part of the aisle. One, a big, broad-shouldered man with curly dark hair, was propped up on an elbow, staring around him with a puzzled frown on his face; near him, lying on his side, was a smaller, much older man, but all I could see of him was a few wisps of black hair plastered across a bald head, a Glen Urquhart plaid jacket that seemed a couple of sizes too big for him and the loudest check tie it had ever been my misfortune to see. It seemed obvious that they had been sitting together in the left-hand seat adjacent to them and had been flung out when the plane crashed into the ice mound and slued violently to one side.

In the seat beyond that, also on the left, a man sat by himself. My first reaction was surprise that he, too, hadn't been hurled into the aisle, but then I saw that he was awake and fully conscious. He was sitting rigidly in his seat, pressed in hard against the window, legs braced on the floor, holding on with both hands to the table fixed to the seat in front—tautened tendons ridged the backs of his thin, white hands, and his knuckles gleamed in the flashlight beam. I lifted the beam higher, saw that he was wearing a close-fitting clerical collar.

"Relax, sir," I said soothingly. "Terra firma once more, and this is as far as you are going." He said nothing, just stared at me through rimless glasses, so I left him. He seemed unhurt.

Four people sat in the right-hand side of the front part of the plane, each one in a window seat—two women, two men. One of the women was fairly elderly, but so heavily made up and with her hair so expensively dyed and marcelled that I couldn't have guessed her age within ten years. Her face, somehow, seemed vaguely familiar. She was awake and looking slowly about her, her eyes empty of understanding. So, too, was the woman in the next seat, an even more expensive-looking creature with a mink coat flung cape-wise over her shoulders to show a simple green jersey dress that I suspected cost a small fortune. She was about twenty-five, I guessed, and with her blond hair, gray eyes and perfect features would have been one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen, if it weren't for the overfull and rather sulky mouth.

Still more asleep than awake were the other two men in the front, one a big, burly, high-colored man of about fifty-five, with the gleaming thick white hair and mustache of the caricature of a Dixie colonel. The other was a thin, elderly man, his face heavily lined, unmistakably Jewish.

Not bad going so far, I thought with relief. Eight people, and only one cut forehead among the lot of them—the perfect argument, if ever there was one, for having all the seats in a plane face toward the rear. No question but that they all owed, if not their lives, at least their immunity to injury to the fact that their high-backed seats had almost completely cushioned and absorbed the shock of impact.

And the two passengers in the rear end of the cabin were the perfect argument for not having the seats face forward. The first I came to—a brown-haired young girl of about eighteen or nineteen, wearing a belted raincoat—was lying on the floor between two seats. She was stirring, and as I put my hands under her arms to help her up, she screamed in sudden pain. I changed my grip and lifted her gently onto the seat.

"My shoulder." Her voice was low and husky. "It is very sore."

"I'm not surprised." I'd eased back the blouse at the neck and closed it again. "Your clavicle—the collarbone—is gone. Just sit there and hold your left arm in your right hand. . . . Yes, so. I'll strap you up later. You won't feel a thing, I promise you."

She smiled at me, half-timidly, half-gratefully, and said nothing. I left her, went to the very rear seat in the plane stooped to examine the man there, then straightened in almost the same instant—the weirdly unnatural angle of the head on the shoulders made any examination superfluous.

I turned and walked forward. Everybody was awake now, sitting upright or struggling dazedly to their feet, their half-formed questions as dazed as the expressions on their faces. I ignored them for the moment, looked questioningly at Jackstraw as he came through the forward door, closely followed by Joss.

"She won't come." Jackstraw jerked his thumb over his shoulder. "She's awake, but she won't leave the radio operator."

"She's all right?"

"Her back hurts, I think. She wouldn't say."

I made no answer and moved across to the main door—the one we'd failed to open from the outside. I supposed it was no business of mine if the stewardess chose to devote her attention to a member of the crew instead of to the passengers who were her charges. But it was darned queer all the same. Almost as queer as the fact that though the inevitability of the crash must have been known for at least fifteen minutes before the actual event, not one of the ten passengers in the cabin had been wearing a seat belt—and the stewardess, radio operator and the crew member in the rest room appeared to have been caught completely unprepared.

TO BE CONTINUED

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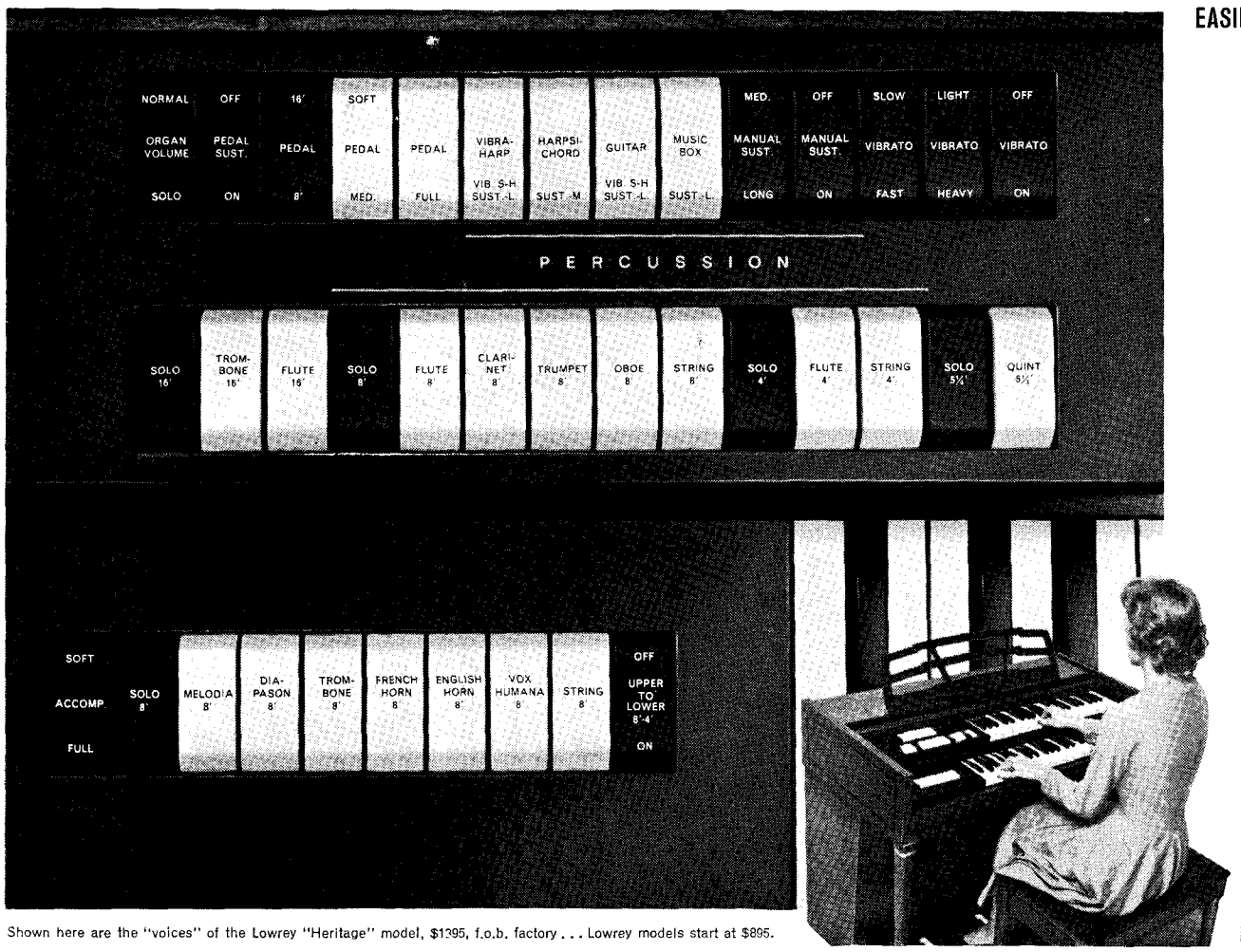

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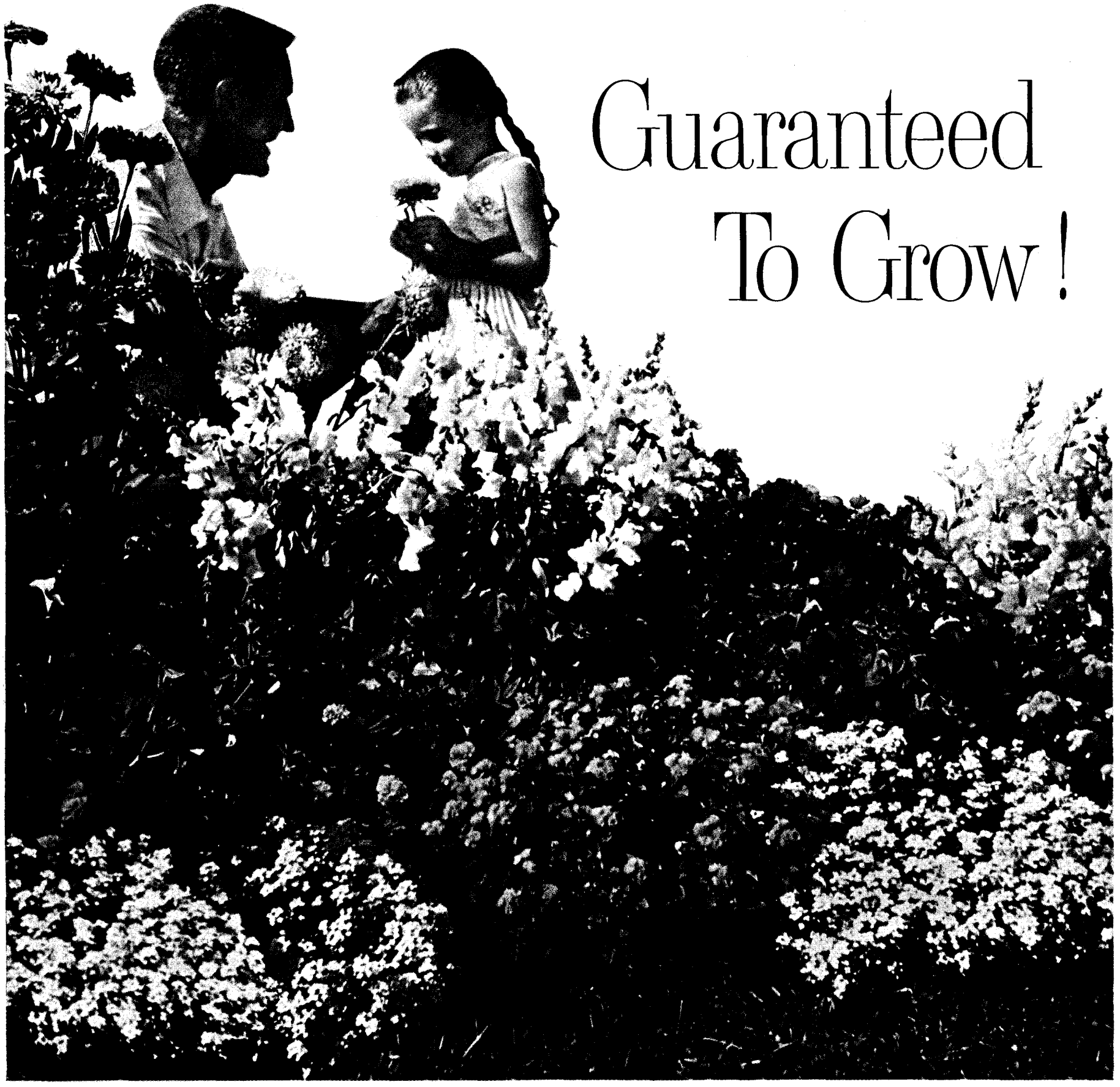

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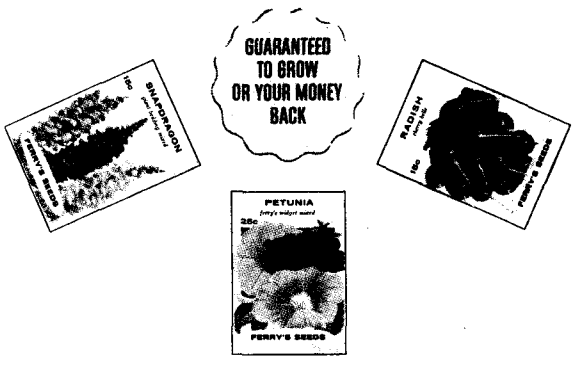

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The Monitor Affair (Continued from Page 43)

long accustomed to authority, of one who would exercise that authority with grim ruthlessness. It was familiar to Eric, because he had seen it at public meetings where prominent politicians exhibited themselves. He recognized the oncomer as one of the most notorious and dangerous characters existing in the City of New York. The gorilla of a man was Capt. Isaiah Rynders, United States Marshal, political boss of the Sixth Ward and king of the gangsters of Five Points.

This personage halted before the house, seemingly to decide whether he would enter under the high steps or mount to the front door. Apparently the dignity of his position required that he climb to the more important portal. He stamped up the steps and jerked the bell pull. Almost instantly, as if Rynders had been expected, the door opened, and Eric saw, bidding the marshal welcome, the man he last had seen in the cabin of *Curlew*, lying unconscious under the dead body of a Metropolitan policeman. Capt. Hugo Tempest still wore a helmet of bandage about his head. But otherwise, so far as Eric could determine, he had recovered from the injury which had once seemed fatal. Marshal Rynders stamped majestically past the ex-slaver without taking Tempest's hand. The door closed.

Eric was surprised that the boss of the Sixth Ward should enter this house of conspiracy against the Federal Government, for Rynders was blatantly American. He was famous for his hatred of England, of all foreigners save the Irish alone. In days past this disposition had caused him to desert Tammany and become prominent in the American Party, colloquially known as the Know Nothings. This man, if his reputation was true, would foster crime, would profit by the depredations of his street fighters and gangsters, but was emotionally loyal to the Stars and Stripes.

Shrinking back into the shadows, Eric waited. His vigil was not long, for in half an hour the door opened and Rynders emerged, plug hat on head. This time Rynders condescended to shake hands with Hugo Tempest. It was evident that cordial relations had been established and some agreement reached that was satisfactory to the king of Five Points.

He pounded down the steps and turned toward Fourth Avenue. Eric, driven by curiosity, allowed a discreet distance to intervene and then followed. Rynders turned to his left and walked with heavy tread toward his own area of the city. Eric clung to his heels. The big man lumbered along, block after block after block. At last he reached his destination, which was his headquarters and throne room—the Americus Club at 25 Park Row—a garish den where Rynders dispensed the high justice, the middle and the low to the thieves, beggars, harridans, murderers and gangsters who were his constituency. This was his acknowledged place of business, though he owned dozens of "green groceries" in the area—a name for establishments which in a later day became known as "blind pigs."

Eric never had visited a place of this character and he wisely concluded that this was neither the time nor place to pursue further investigations. He abandoned the neighborhood and did not tarry until he had reached a safer section of the city.

He was glad to reach his room and to go to bed. But sleep refused to be lured, and he lay awake in the darkness, thinking about what he had discovered.

He thought, too, of the person who had brought him into contact with all this intrigue: a lovely girl, Southern to her innermost heart—a girl who, though he had not yet come to the point of admitting it, was growing in importance to him every time he encountered her. In effect, up to this moment, he had stumbled upon things. Now, as sleep possessed him, he did not realize that the accidental was about to come to an end; and that he, his life and his future were to become inextricably enmeshed in a very perilous and personal way.

In the morning he breakfasted in his accustomed restaurant and then, instead of taking his habitual route to Greenpoint, walked down to Tenth Street and boarded that ferry which carried him across East River for a penny.

He leaned on the rail as the ferry surged against the current. Standing next to him, and peering through the mists to the Long Island shore, was a slender person with ginger side whiskers, a bell-topped hat, tightly fitting trousers, and a coat with flaring tails. He manipulated a fine linen handkerchief. At first glance this dude appeared to be young, but a second glance disclosed wrinkles around the eyes and an expression about the small, pouting mouth that betrayed an age which might be in the late forties. He turned his watery blue eyes and regarded Eric.

"How long," he asked complainingly, "does it take this horrible contraption to reach yonder shore?"

"But a few minutes, sir," Eric answered.

"By any chance, are you acquainted with the rude territory toward which we are heading?"

"I'm not unfamiliar with it."

"I believe there is an—ah—settlement quaintly named Greenpoint."

"There is, indeed," Eric agreed.

The stranger manipulated his linen handkerchief as if to ward off some unpleasant odor. "Would you be so familiar with this barbarous coast as to know the location of a certain shipyard operated by one Thomas Rowland? I believe it is entitled The Continental Iron Works."

"It is my own destination," Eric informed the man.

"So! So! Is that indeed possible? You would not, by chance, be Mr. Thomas Rowland, the proprietor?"

"My name," Eric said, "is Nelson."

"But connected with the shipyard? My name, sir, is Artemus Leadbetter. Perhaps an employee of Mr. Rowland's?"

"Why, no," Eric said. "My employer is Mr. John Ericsson, the distinguished engineer and inventor."

"Ah! Indeed!" Mr. Leadbetter turned his body so that he could stare straight into Eric's face. "His fame has reached my ears."

"As your fame has reached mine—if you are the Artemus Leadbetter who defended the infamous Madam Killer and other noted murderers."

"I am," said Leadbetter, preening himself, "that individual."

"And, if the newspapers are not in error, personal legal counsel and adviser to Capt. Isaiah Rynders?"

"I have that distinction, sir. We seem to be approaching the inclement shore. As for myself, I seldom venture far from the financial purlieus of Manhattan. Will you be so gracious as to guide me through the wilds to this place of business of Mr. Rowland?"

"It will be a pleasure," Eric said.

The ferry nosed into her slip, and Leadbetter, manifesting every sign of distaste and even perturbation at finding himself on a savage shore, clung closely to Eric as they made their way to land. It was a short walk to the shipyard. They passed through the gates, and Eric conducted the lawyer to Rowland's office. It was an austere room, without carpet or decoration. There were drafting table, desk, wooden chairs. On the wall over the desk hung a steel engraving of Abraham Lincoln. Tom Rowland looked up from his desk, waved a hand at Eric and waited for Leadbetter to be presented to him.

"Mr. Rowland," Eric said, "this is the noted criminal lawyer, Mr. Artemus Leadbetter."

"How do you do, sir," Tom Rowland said. "And what business has a noted criminal lawyer with me?"

"Of a somewhat private nature," said the lawyer, glancing sidewise at Eric.

Rowland smiled faintly. "When a noted criminal lawyer seeks a private interview with me," he said, "ordinary discretion bids me provide myself with a witness. Mr. Nelson, will you be so good as to remain?"

"You may find it wiser to co-operate," the lawyer said.

"Perhaps Mr. Nelson will help me co-operate," Rowland said.

Leadbetter shrugged. "Perhaps it will be just as well if he listens. Indirectly the matter concerns him. And he may as well be informed of it soon as late."

"We are listening, sir," Tom Rowland said coldly.

"You have entered into a contract with Mr. John Ericsson and associates to build or assemble some sort of floating battery."

"Of what interest is that fact to you?"

"The persons I represent," said Leadbetter, "feel it will be disadvantageous to them if this battery is constructed."

"Do you," asked Rowland with a thin smile, "represent the Confederate States of America?"

"Indeed not, sir. I resent the implication. My clients and I are loyal supporters of the Union."

"But you do not wish the *Monitor* to be built. Why?"

"A matter of business."

"And what do you propose, sir?"

"That you abandon your contract. For any damages resulting from breach of said contract you will be indemnified."

"So? And what advantage would I derive?"

"A very important advantage, Mr. Rowland. You will be allowed to remain in business."

"A negative advantage. And if I decline to obey this flagrantly vicious demand?"

"The results will be unhappy, sir."

"Mr. Leadbetter, should I be so supine as to do as you demand, someone else would build Mr. Ericsson's *Monitor*."

Leadbetter shook his head slowly. "No firm in the vicinity of New York City will assume that contract," he said.

"Mr. Rowland," Eric interjected, "before you take a firm position it may be well for you to know that this lawyer represents Capt. Isaiah Rynders, king of all the toughs and criminals in the Five Points."

"Mr. Nelson," Rowland said, rising from his desk and coming around to the front of it, "if Mr. Leadbetter represented the devil himself, commanding all the forces of wickedness, I still would deal with him exactly in this manner."

He reached out a long arm with a capable hand at the end of it. He grasped Leadbetter by the shoulder and swung him around to face the door. He seized him by nape of neck and seat of trousers and frog-marched him to the entrance.

"Please open," he said gently to Eric.

Eric did as requested. Tom Rowland propelled the lawyer to the step and hurled him, stumbling, to the muddy road. He turned to Eric and grinned with white lips.

"'Millions for defense,'" he quoted, "'but not one cent for tribute.'"

Yvonne Constant looked forward with keen anticipation to the excursion on the river, escorted by Eric Nelson. She would

WHO INVITED **HIM?**

"What's the matter, Jonesy, skeeter bite you? Har, har. Taken a turn for the nurse yet, Jonesy? Har . . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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have welcomed any sort of outing which would have permitted her to escape for a few hours from the atmosphere of the house on Washington Square. More and more she felt like a prisoner; more and more she was conscious of the unfriendly attitude of *Tante* Carlotta. Her only friend under that roof was Ezekiel, and he scarcely dared exchange a word with her. There was an icy climate of secrecy, underneath the social parade, that chilled Yvonne's ardent nature.

Captain Tempest, now that his wound was almost healed, had removed himself from the mansion and appeared there but seldom, and then at hours when he would be unlikely to encounter other callers. Yvonne avoided him scrupulously, but total avoidance was impossible. When they did meet by chance, his handsome eyes appraised her boldly. It seemed to her that the avidity of his stare had been increasing of late, and her abhorrence of the man had added to the distress of her existence.

One early morning as she descended to breakfast she encountered him on the landing. She would have passed him with an icy nod, but he stepped into her path, smiling down at her in a manner that she considered insolent—especially so in a man socially unacceptable. He was a slaver, the son of a slave driver. It was an insult to be peered at so brazenly by such an individual.

"I bid you good morning, Miss Yvonne," he said.

"Good morning, sir," she answered coldly.

"Miss Yvonne," he said, "you aren't happy here."

"Your presence makes me more unhappy," she said.

"It might," he said, smiling, "be to your advantage to be less supercilious."

She made no reply, but stood flushed, waiting for him to step out of her way.

"You would like to go to Val-Fleury," he said.

"It is my home," she replied.

"Miss Yvonne," he said, "I have transported from New York to the South things more difficult to carry than a beautiful young lady."

"I've no doubt you are adroit in evading the law," she said.

"It would," he said, "be a simple matter for me to smuggle you to Richmond or Mobile, from which places your powerful friends could send you in comfort to Louisiana."

"Captain Tempest," she said, with a disdainful lifting of her chin, "if, with a mere wave of your hand, you could waft me to Val-Fleury, I would not stultify myself by accepting a favor from you."

His smile did not alter. "Stultify! Stultify!" he exclaimed jeeringly. "A big word for so small an aristocrat! Before this war is over, and the aftermath of this war, your arrogant gentry will be crawling to me for a crust of bread. Miss Yvonne, there is going to be an overturning in the South. In that day men like myself will occupy the foremost positions, and men like your father will be the scullions. And why? Because, Miss Yvonne, men like myself can stand on our own feet and climb with our own legs. And men like your father, coddled and cosseted, have never learned to stand on their own feet." He stepped aside and allowed her to pass.

"Revolutions," he said after her, "make surprising bedfellows."

She went on to the dining room, where Ezekiel served her breakfast, and then walked down the hallway toward the stairs. Voices in the salon stopped her. Captain Tempest was talking, with no effort to lower his voice.

"Deposited in Havana," he was saying. "Your share of the *Curlew* adventure was eighty-seven thousand dollars. Rifles fetch a price in Richmond. After paying all expenses, including bribes, the net was most satisfactory."

"But," said Madame Ouverard's angry voice, "did you have to kill that Metropolitan policeman?"

"It seemed necessary," Tempest said sleekly. "He came demanding an exorbitant sum in addition to what he had been paid for looking the other way when we looted the arsenal. Quite naturally I declined. The rest was self-defense."

"If," she said snappishly, "it hadn't been for Capt. Ross Lane and John Andrews and their organization, you might be in prison this very minute—and that cargo seized by Federal authorities."

Yvonne could almost see his shrug. "A miss," he said, "is as good as a mile. I was born, madame, under a lucky star."

"Lucky star or not," madame said, "that young Swede saw what he saw." She paused. "There are people who stumble onto things," she said. "There is some queer sort of fate about it. They see things they're not meant to see and hear things for which they are not listening. They're involuntary meddlers—but dangerous. This young Swede has seen and heard too much."

"That young man and I," said Captain Tempest softly, "were not predestined to be friends. I agree with you, madame, that he is a nuisance."

"Which," she said, "must be abated."

"I made an arrangement with an efficient gentleman to see to it," Captain Tempest said. "As a sort of side issue in a piece of business he is undertaking for us. He has ways and means."

"Is this man to be trusted?" madame asked.

"So long as the pay is ample," Captain Tempest told her. "If he carries out his assignment, madame, Richmond will pay me enough so that I can afford to be generous. You really have no idea, Madame Ouverard, how much Mr. Mallory and Mr. Benjamin and Jeff Davis will pungle up to see that this floating battery of John Ericsson's is never built. Mallory is obsessed apparently by fear of the genius of this man Ericsson."

"Who will do the work?" madame asked.

"It's rather humorous, madame," the captain said. "The gentleman who is to do so gallant a service for the Confederacy is none other than our United States Marshal—Capt. Isaiah Rynders, who has no idea that he is serving the South. He is merely renting out a crew of his Five Points plug-uglies to do a little depredation."

Yvonne dared linger no longer. She crept back to the dining room, made her way through the kitchen to the back stairs, and so, undetected, up to her bedroom.

Once in this haven she sat in a chair before her window and gazed with unseeing eyes down into the garden, whose summer glory had almost faded before the advance of autumn. Much of what she had overheard was incomprehensible to her. In some manner, it was apparent, madame and Capt. Hugo Tempest were doing molelike work for the Confederacy. For her homeland! But it was no service of pure patriotism. From it they were deriving huge profits and were likely to reap an even richer harvest.

Surely this was not the way her homeland made war. It was disgraceful, dishonorable. Mr. Jefferson Davis could not be aware of it, nor Gen. Robert Lee, nor any of the great gentlemen who were heading the Government and armies of the Confederacy. If they knew of it they would stamp it into the ground like some poisonous serpent. She suffered agony of mind. What did duty and honor require of her? What, as a daughter of the seceding state of Louisiana, was her obligation?

Another thought obtruded and took her by surprise. This thought had to do with a young man who, according to her precious standards, was not quite a gentleman, was an alien and without distinguished family or background. But for all that, a young man with charm who had aroused an emotion within her. Suddenly she realized that this young man was important in her life, that he was attractive to her—more than merely attractive.

She thought of Val-Fleury and her beloved parents, and of what their reactions would be. If this attraction could not be resisted by her and she were to make what to them would seem a *mésalliance*, would she be betraying herself? And then another thought disturbed her. She remembered what the despised Capt. Hugo Tempest had said so scornfully to her in the hallway below. That there was occurring a revolution in which the top might become the bottom; in which the unsuitable would become the suitable and the despised become the admired and sought after. Could it be that there was about to emerge from this war a world where social classes would be leveled, in which there could be no such thing as a *mésalliance?* In which the gentry, the aristocracy, would be merged with shopkeepers and overseers and even poor white trash?

This adventure into sociology bewildered her, but more personal problems pushed it out of her mind. She was faced with the necessity to make a decision—the first great, crashing decision of her sheltered young life.

It was inconceivable that on this very day—in fact, as soon as she could change her clothes and make herself ready—Eric Nelson would be calling for her to escort her aboard a yacht to go out upon the sunlit river on an excursion to witness an event. To witness the laying of the keel of a warship whose completion must be prevented in the interest of her country. It was inconceivable that, presently, Ezekiel would admit to the salon this young, handsome Swedish boy who would there be welcomed by *Tante* Carlotta who, within the hour, had stated the necessity for his murder.

Automatically Yvonne changed her garments for some more suitable to an outing on the water. Numbness had succeeded agitation. She sat with folded hands and waited, listening for the sound of the bell which would announce Eric's arrival. She had not long to wait. She heard the bell, heard Ezekiel open the door, and then his footsteps mounted the stairs to inform her of the arrival of her caller.

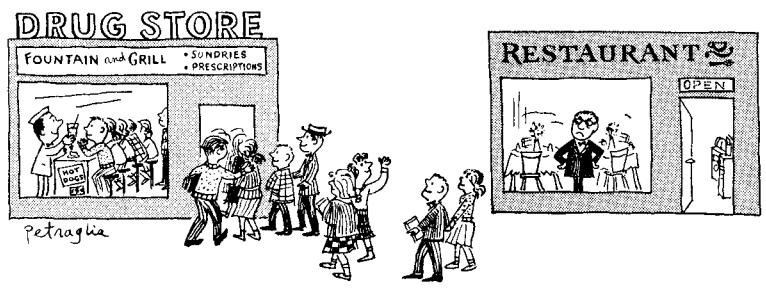
She went down to the drawing room. Madame Ouverard and Capt. Hugo Tempest were there and, standing, hat in hand, young Eric Nelson. Madame had greeted him with an effusiveness shocking to Yvonne. She had extended her hand cordially; had performed the introduction to Captain Tempest, who had also extended his hand, which Eric grasped.

"I have had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Nelson," said Tempest. "I shall hope to improve the acquaintance."

"There will," Eric said, with that sardonic air which he knew so well how to assume, "be ample opportunity to develop—er—friendly relations."

"And here," said Madame Ouverard, "is my dear niece—impatient to go on this picnic. I hope, my children, that you enjoy a most happy day."

Yvonne was pale, unable to smile or to speak. *Oh*, she was exclaiming to herself, *let me* (*Continued on Page 76*)



You be the Judge

By JAMES A. EICHNER

Hopkins leased a unit of the new shopping center for "a drugstore business." Jackson rented another unit nearby for a restaurant. But more hungry people patronized Hopkins' drugstore grill and soda fountain than ate in Jackson's restaurant. Jackson then sued to prohibit the operation of the drugstore as an eating place.

"The shopping-center management assured me that no other unit in the center would serve food," Jackson said. "I wouldn't have opened my restaurant if I had known I was going to have competition from a grill and soda fountain. Hopkins' lease said only 'drugstore business.'"

"Everyone knows that you can get a milkshake or a hamburger or almost anything else in most modern drugstores," Hopkins replied, "so Jackson shouldn't be so shocked. If he wanted no competition, he should have had it put into his lease."

If you were the judge, would you ban food service by drugstores?

• •

The drugstore won. The court said: "Modern drugstores are no longer apothecary shops. Many are department stores to a greater or lesser degree. . . . It is a common observation that the sale of drugs is negligible" in relation to the rest. *Based upon a 1959 Arkansas case.*

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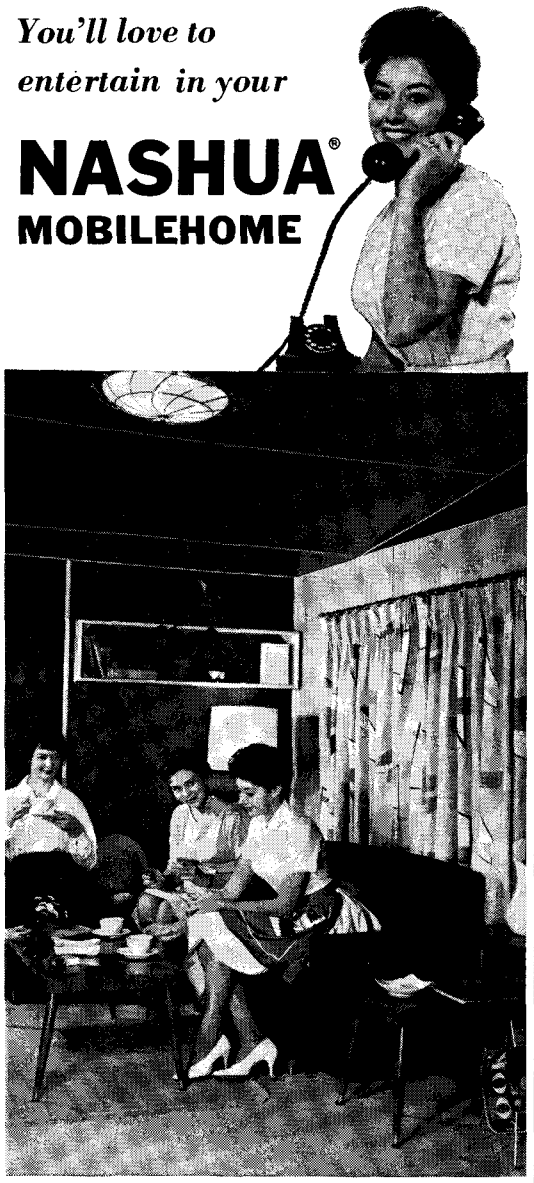

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(*Continued from Page 74*) *out of this house! Let me into the air before I scream!*

"I'm delighted," Eric said as they moved to the door, "to escort Miss Constant to this historic event."

Captain Tempest showed even white teeth in an enigmatic smile. "I trust," he said, "that it will be historic. Very historic indeed."

Yvonne and Eric stepped out into the sunshine and descended the steps to the walk, where a cab awaited them.

"You, Miss Constant, are very lovely this morning. Enough to turn a young man's head."

"Eric," she pleaded, "take my arm. Hold it close. Give me something solid and honest to cling to."

"Miss Yvonne!" he exclaimed anxiously. "Is something wrong?"

"I think so," she said. "I think very wrong. The world's turned upside down."

The launch which was to carry the party across East River to Greenpoint was awaiting in James Slip at Thirty-fourth Street. Two of the three partners of Captain Ericsson in the building of the *Monitor* were already present with their wives when Eric arrived with Yvonne Constant. These were Bushnell and Winslow. Ericsson himself, with no lady, was pacing the afterdeck of the little craft. Griswold and his wife appeared only a few minutes later. The ladies had not met and, of course, Yvonne had met neither the ladies nor the gentlemen. As John Ericsson performed the introductions, his usually grim eyes twinkled at Miss Constant. For she was so petite, so slender and lovely, as to make even less appreciative eyes than those of the Swedish inventor light with pleasure. He was jocular, which was rare with him.

"She's a Johnny Reb," Ericsson said. "If all Confederates were like her, this would be a short war, eh, Nelson?"

"I'm already a prisoner, sir," Eric said. "I've surrendered unconditionally."

Mrs. Bushnell, a sweet-faced matron, was solicitous. "You were caught here by the war, my dear?" she asked. "How dreadful for you! Where is your home?"

"I was born," Yvonne said, "on Val-Fleury plantation in Louisiana."

"And your people, child?" asked Mrs. Griswold.

"I have neither seen nor heard from them since the war began."

"But you are comfortable? You are properly looked after?"

"I," said Yvonne without inflection, "am staying in the home of my aunt, Madame Carlotta Ouverard, in Washington Square."

"I have heard of her," Mrs. Winslow said tartly; she was thinner, less amiable than the others. "A celebrated hostess, is she not, who entertains the great and the famous?"

"*Tante* Carlotta entertains," Yvonne answered tersely.

There came the bustle of casting off, and the launch swung into the current. Eric, his hand under Yvonne's arm, drew her to the rail. The three matrons looked after them indulgently, but it was Mrs. Bushnell who was solicitous.

"That child," she said, "is close to tears."

"As who would not be in her situation," said Mrs. Griswold.

"It is not that," Mrs. Bushnell said. "I doubt if being away from her home and parents accounts for that tragic look in her eyes. I am sure that something is gravely amiss." She compressed her lips. "I think the child needs a friend. I shall talk with her."

The launch chugged downstream, making its way diagonally across the river. Ericsson and his partners gathered in the bow, their eyes on the opposite shore, their minds upon the seemingly impossible task they had undertaken.

"Promised in a hundred days from laying of the keel!" said Bushnell.

"And twenty-one of those days already gone," Griswold said.

"Enough remain," said Ericsson confidently.

"It was an unconscionable contract the Navy compelled us to sign," grumbled Winslow. "Making us guarantee perfect performance or no money to be paid."

"There will be perfect performance," Ericsson said.

"Two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars," Griswold said and drew in his shoulders. "We take all the risks. We should have a greater reward."

"For the money," Ericsson said, "I care not a pinch of snuff." Then his face darkened. "If only those old goats of the Navy board would leave me alone. You cannot imagine, gentlemen, the hours I have to waste feeding them pap. Their reputations! Their infernal reputations! Every time some dolt expresses a doubt or a criticism of the *Monitor*, they fly into a panic. And I have to soothe them with long letters!"

It was indeed exasperating. Commodore Smith, who felt that the decision to build the *Monitor* rested upon his shoulders, was most querulous of the lot, worrying, annoying, timid.

Ericsson, certain of himself, reposing utter confidence in the correctness of his plans and specifications, and of the seaworthiness of the proposed craft, was harried and irritated. There were not enough hours in the day. Before dawn he was astir, and at midnight he was still at his drafting table. He spared Eric Nelson no more than he spared himself. His temper worsened day by day, and nothing but a puckish sense of humor made life bearable to Eric.

"What news of the *Merrimac?*" Bushnell asked.

"The news that comes is reassuring," Ericsson said, "but I don't believe a word of it. Mallory is a wily scoundrel. He is pulling wool over our eyes. Personally, I think from the facts that come to me that the *Merrimac* will be ready for sea in three months." He paused and stared across the water at the distant shipyard. He seemed to increase in stature, to take on something epic, something derived from his Viking ancestors.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we are engaged in the greatest race in history. In a race to save a nation. We are not merely building a warship, sirs; we are building a shield to save this nation from a mortal wound."

No one interrupted. Ericsson's deep voice continued. "A hundred days! That is the time we are given. If we fail, my friends, we shall see an iron monster steam up our coast and lay waste our cities. Wooden vessels will be futile to stop her. New York! Boston! Our coastal cities will be at her mercy. She will end this war. And nothing—nothing, my friends—can halt her but the craft whose keel we shall lay this day." He lifted a clenched fist above his head. "The greatest, the most momentous race in all history," he said. "And by God, gentlemen, we must win it!"

There was some traffic on the river, but not enough to render navigation difficult. Midway across the water they passed a clumsy rowboat rowed by men apparently unaccustomed to this mode of transportation. They were certainly not sailors. From their ribald shouts and waving of bottles, it might be gathered that they were upon some pleasure excursion on the opposite shore. There were eight men in the boat. Three wore the plug hats and long coats associated with Mayor Fernando Wood's Dead Rabbits. Wood's authority over them was somewhat remote, for the direct control of their talents was in the hands of Marshal Isaiah Rynders. The five other hoodlums might have been members of the Shirt Tails or of some other organized gang of the Sixth Ward. The ladies covered their ears until the rowboat and its blackguard crew could no longer be heard.

Eric, to divert her, was pointing out to Yvonne such things of interest as were visible from the deck. But she was distrait. He could say nothing to bring a smile to her lips. It was as if she did not hear or, hearing, did not understand.

"Have I offended you, Miss Yvonne?" he asked anxiously.

"No. No," she said. "It is myself." She turned to face him and laid her hand upon his arm. "Eric," she said, "dreadful things are happening, and I am afraid."

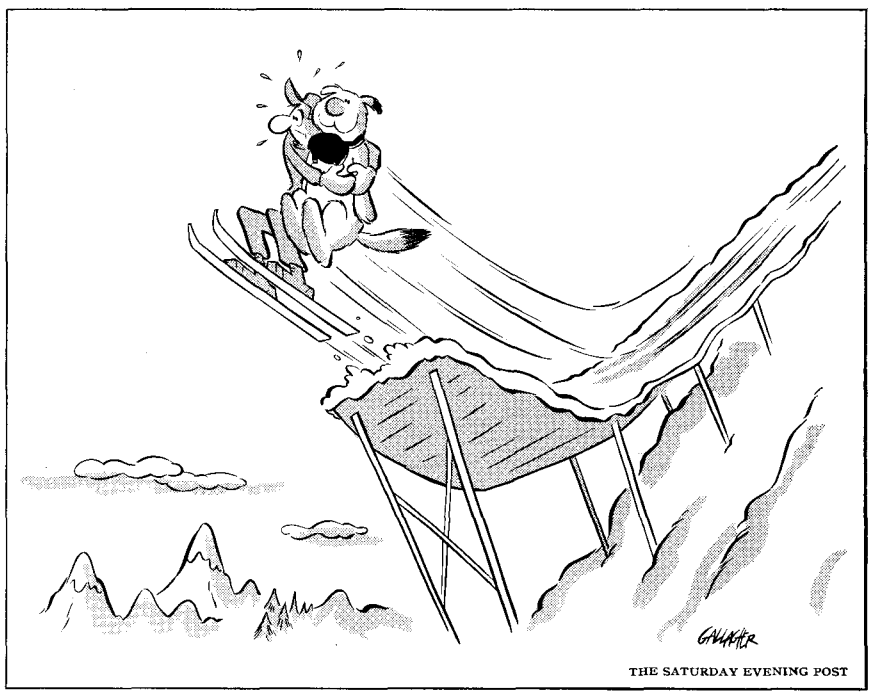
"Yvonne," he said gently, "if I can help you ——"

"No one can help me. I've got to decide for myself—act for myself. Loyalty," she added almost in a whisper, "is a dreadful word."

"Loyalty," he said, "is a splendid word."

"Can there be loyalty to an evil thing?"

"To keep faith with an evil thing," he said, "is not loyalty. Loyalty," he added earnestly, "involves being true to yourself." He realized that this girl needed help. And he felt instinctively that he was



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neither old enough nor wise enough to render it. But he would do his best.

"Is it that house on Washington Square?" he asked.

"Things that go on in that house," Yvonne answered.

"Is it Madame Ouverard?"

"Oh, Eric. She is my aunt. Of my blood! She is a Southerner."

"You have discovered that she plots against the North," he said.

"Yes."

"It is war time," he said, striving to comfort her. "Both sides—North and South—make use of spies and secret agents. It must require courage to be a spy, to risk capture and death. Spies are shot."

"To spy might be a duty," she said, "if you undertook that service because you loved your country and could be useful to it. But to spy—to be a plotter—to enrich yourself!" She fell silent and tears filled her eyes. "Oh, what must I do? What is right for me to do?"

The launch approached the shipyard and maneuvered to find a berth in a slip where there was a ladder up which the passengers could mount to shore. Meanwhile, Yvonne's soul-searching ended. She looked into Eric's eyes and knew what her decision would be. Right or wrong, she had made her decision, and to that decision her sturdy heart would cling.

"I will tell you," she said. "We must go to a place where I can tell you all I know. I must tell it quickly!"

He helped her up the ladder. The little company moved to the ways down which the *Monitor* would be launched—down which it would glide if ever it became a reality. Ericsson, guiding them, suddenly gave vent to an angry roar. He stopped and pointed to a massive iron bar that impeded the work. His temper, testy at the best of times, was set now, because of anxieties and delays, on hair-trigger. It detonated.

"My orders," he bellowed, "were to have this space cleared and all made ready! What lazy, loafing malingerers have left this thing to clutter the ground?" He pointed at a pair of workmen. "You two. Lift that thing out of the way."

"We tried, Captain Ericsson, but the two of us couldn't lift it."

"Couldn't lift! Couldn't lift! Two of you!" Ericsson bestrode the bar, bending his broad back, grasping it with great, sinewy hands. Veins on his forehead seemed as if they would burst with the superhuman exertion. There could almost be heard the straining and cracking of titanic muscles. But the bar left the ground, and Ericsson staggered away and heaved it on a rubbish pile some rods away. He straightened and breathed deep and searched his vocabulary for a word.

"Nincompoops!" he exploded.

So astounded were the workingmen at this prodigious feat of strength that, in their noon hour, half a dozen of them toted the bar to the scales. Incredibly its weight was just short of six hundred pounds.

All was nearly in readiness for placing in position the timber which was to be *Monitor*'s keel. Only a few preparations remained. Then would come brief ceremonies—for John Ericsson liked the ceremonial—and the actual construction of the little craft would have begun.

Eric drew Yvonne away from the spot and led her to Tom Rowland's office, which was unoccupied. Adjoining the office was the machine shop, the heart of the shipyard. He opened the door and allowed her to precede him inside.

"Take the chair, Miss Yvonne," he said gravely. "Here we can talk without being disturbed."

"Where to start," she murmured piteously.

"Just start. It will come," he said.

"*Tante* Carlotta," she said, as if the words were wrenched from her by torture, "has disgraced the name. She and Captain Tempest were partners in slaving ships. But that is not the most terrible thing. Captain Tempest has committed some murder. On a ship named *Curlew*—selling arms to the Confederacy. You, Eric, are mixed up in that—you saw too much." It was tragically difficult for her to speak the words. "*Tante* Carlotta ordered him to kill you."

"You poor darling," he said, unconscious that he had uttered that word of endearment.

"And," she compelled herself to go on, "they are to be paid well for stopping this ship from being built. I think they mean to do something today ——"

The door crashed open, and Capt. Hugo Tempest sprang into the room, holding a slender, long-barreled dueling pistol. On his heels came a burly ruffian carrying a huge sledge hammer as if it were a toothpick.

Tempest showed his teeth in a wolfish grin.

"So right, Beautiful One. We'll do something about it. Item Number One: my friend here will demolish the machine shop with his sledge. Item Two, my snooping friend: you will snoop no more."

Eric, with an instinctive gesture, swung Yvonne behind him, interposing his body between her and danger. Tempest sneered. "We've time to spare," he said. "No disturbance here until my troops debark. Make yourselves comfortable. You will not have long to wait."

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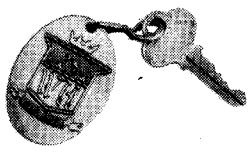

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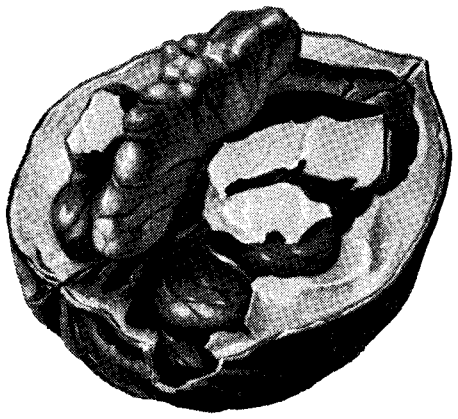

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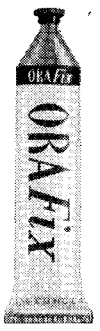

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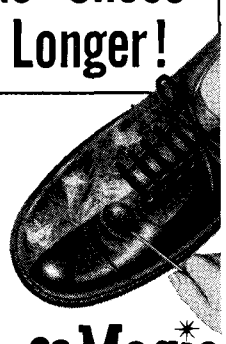

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Dear Jackson

(Continued from Page 34)

must all buy their suits in the same place—flashed a badge and asks will I come quiet or does he have to use the cuffs. "I'll take the package," he says.

"This package belongs to a Miss Sally Brentwood, officer," I told him.

"Right now it belongs to the property department of the New York police," he said. "Make one false move, and it's curtains." And he kept urging me along toward the station house, while I kept trying not to make any false moves.

At the station house I got taken into a room with a captain. The detective, whose name seemed to be Murph, said, "This is him. I caught him with the stuff. Red-handed."

The captain said, "So you were caught with the stuff, red-handed."

"I don't even know what's in that package," I said.

"He doesn't know what's in the package," said Murph. "They never know."

"Well, we'll soon find out," said the captain. He opened the package, which happened to contain a pair of girl's spangled panties. They were kind of brief and had little shiny gold and silver spangles all over them. "I don't see any stuff," said the captain, turning them inside out.

"I tell you, this is the Moose. I've been following him," said the detective.

"There's been some mistake," I said. "I happen to be Charley Lummet." And I explained how I come to be standing on the corner of 48th and 8th.

"Frisk him," said the captain.

"Two tickets for tonight's game at the stadium," said Murph, counting the things out. "Eleven dollars and sixty cents. Social Security card. An employment record slip with name and occupation. Two subway tokens. That's all."

"Looks like you've fingered the wrong guy, Murph. He's Charley Lummet, all right."

"So he's Charley Lummet," said the detective. "He's still somebody walking around with a girl's pair of spangled pants under his arm. Ask him how he explains that."

"Explain yourself," said the captain.

"I was performing a favor," I said. "This wife of my apartment house's superintendent does sewing and so forth, works on theatrical costumes a lot. I guess these were up for repair. By the look of them they're not something that could stand much of an open seam. Anyway, I was asked to take them over to the Longacre to a Miss Sally Brentwood who is waiting for them desperate."

"It says here you're a flower wirer. What's that?"

"A flower wirer," I explained, "is a fellow who wires flowers." I said, "When you see those floral decorations in lobbies or banquets, like say a horseshoe with SUCCESS spelled inside it, you got to remember that those things didn't just wire themselves. It's kind of seasonal work. When I'm not wiring, I open locks for a hobby."

"How do you mean, hobby?"

"Well, suppose a lady accidentally locks herself out of her apartment, why she will usually get in touch with me and I'll let her in. I can open anything, from a vanity case to a bank vault. It's all done with little pieces of plastic."

"Isn't that a temptation?" asked this captain.

"It would be," I said, "if I was crooked. And if I was crooked," I said, "I wouldn't be doing flower wiring, because, think what you will, it is very strenuous work."

"O.K. I guess he's clean, Murph."

"He sure resembles the Moose," said Murph. "I can't get over it. Are you going to let him take the pants?"

"We got no grounds on which to hold the pants," said the captain. He took one more glance at that spangled costume, then handed it back. "Just see that you keep your nose clean from now on, Lummet," he said, "or you'll be back here so fast it'll make your head swim."

My head was already swimming. Here it was two thirty-five, and this Miss Brentwood still hadn't received her package. You see, Jackson, I figure at this moment she is more desperate for those panties than you are for your ball tickets, so naturally I went to the theater first.

Before I could open my mouth the old doorman at the stage entrance asked, "Are you from Mrs. Noren?" When I said yes, he said, "Then you better get up to dressing room C fast."

Some kind of a musical show is going on at the Longacre, the orchestra tuning up, dancers backstage stretching their legs with high kicks, guys fooling with ropes and scenery, and some fellow in shirt sleeves who keeps dashing around like he'd been hired just to sweat.

Arriving at dressing room C, I found two men and a girl there. One of the men was a policeman, the other a white-haired gentleman with high blood pressure. "At last!" cried the girl. "My opening-number costume. Excuse me." And she went behind a screen.

With that the gentleman with high blood pressure grabbed my shoulder. I thought maybe I was being pinched again, but there was something phony about that other guy in the cop's uniform. His face was made up pink.

"O.K. Strip down to your underwear," said the white-haired gentleman.

Now I don't have to keep saying I'm somebody who likes to do people a favor, Jackson. But stripping down to my underwear in front of strangers has to have a reason behind it. So I said, "Why?"

"That's all right," said the girl, coming from behind the screen. "I'm Sally Brentwood. On the phone Mrs. Noren said somebody named Charley Lummet was on the way over who would be only too glad to help out in an emergency. It's lucky you got here. They need you to do a walk-on for this one performance."

"The actor who plays the second policeman took temporarily sick," explained the gentleman with high blood pressure. "So strip down, you'll be paid regular guild wages, and jump into this cop's suit."

Naturally I protested. I said, "The thing is, there's a man named Jackson who is probably hopping sore right now because I'm supposed to meet him on a certain street corner. This guy is the outside man for the Spotless Jumper Delivery Service who goes around the city checking up on whether these garages are getting good service and so forth. It could be tragic if ——"

The gentleman with high blood pressure said, "With Billings here you go through a cardboard door marked ENTRANCE THREE. As you open the door you will see about a thousand faces. That is the audience. Pay no attention to those faces. Onstage there is a party going on. Billings will holler, 'You're all under arrest.' And you say, 'Don't move, anybody.' Got that? Go ahead, say it."

"Don't move, anybody."

"More commanding."

"Don't move, anybody!"

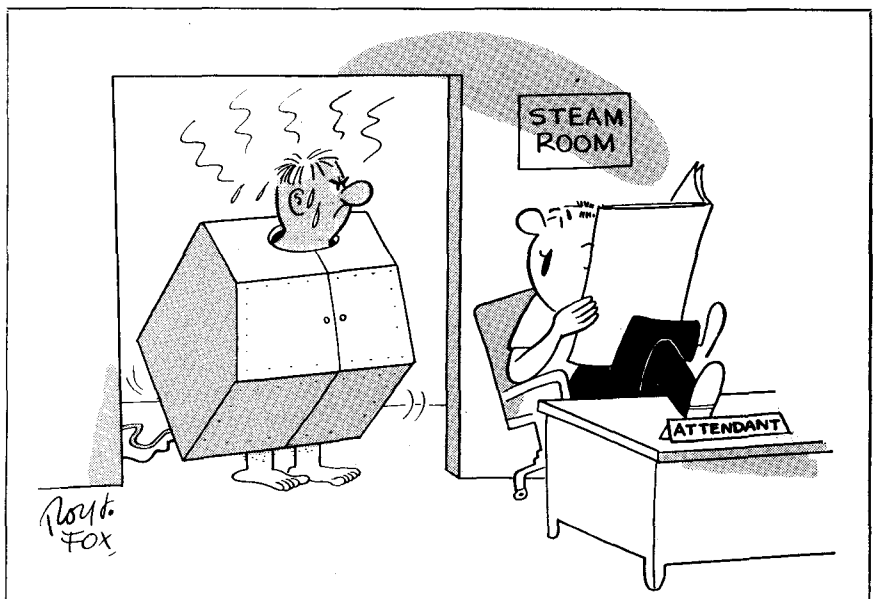
"Good. That lad who runs around and perspires so much will give you your cue." He looked at his watch, then shouted, "Five minutes!"

So you see, Jackson, it wasn't as if I had deliberately kept you waiting. All through life I have been the victim of circumstances on many an occasion, usually from the fact of doing people favors. It was from the fact of doing you a favor by picking up those tickets that got me involved in this mess in the first place.

Anyway, to make a long story short, I did the walk-on in the second act, I got paid my guild wages, but by the time I stepped into the daylight it was four o'clock. I hurried back to 48th and 8th, but you were nowhere to be seen. So I went in the cigar store, and this fellow give me your message. He said, "This Jackson said if it got past four o'clock you was to go down and meet Mazie at the Staten Island ferry at the Battery because, having wasted over an hour waiting for you, he was now stuck on a call in the Bronx. He said you was to take Mazie to Big Joe's Restaurant on Third Avenue and wait till he arrived. You was not to leave Joe's under any circumstances. Now did I get all that?"

I told him it sounded simple enough. So first, before I took the subway for the Battery, I went back and put those two stadium tickets in the bureau drawer of my room at the Pickford Arms for safekeeping. I mean, you never know. After all, accidents can happen, and I didn't want to be the cause of any difficulty.

It was five past five when I got to the ferry. I remember that because there's a big clock the other side of the turnstiles. And sure enough Mazie was right on time. She was wearing white gloves and a perky green hat and looked like a flower that had just blossomed about two



"Oh, I'm sorry, sir—I didn't hear you."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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minutes before. She was so pretty I kind of blinked. "I'm sorry to have to inform you that Jackson got delayed," I said.

"Jackson," she said, "is always getting delayed. What happened?"

"He is up in the Bronx on a call," I told her. "We are supposed to go to Big Joe's on Third Avenue and wait for him there. In the meantime I picked up the stadium tickets," I said, "only I've been having a certain amount of difficulty contacting Jackson for various reasons. But no doubt everything will turn out O.K. in the end."

"What worries me," said Mazie, "is Mickey Mantle's right ankle. It's been acting up of late."

"Stop worrying," I shouted. By this time we were on the subway. "After all, he don't bat with his ankle."

I am only repeating a few snatches of our conversation, Jackson, to show that the farthest thing from my mind was falling head over heels in love with your girl friend. Not that she was hard to fall in love with, don't get me wrong. What I mean is, we just went on talking innocently of this and that, how unreliable you are, which I insisted was not your fault, but due probably to poor training in childhood. As you know, Jackson, I had met Mazie only that once, so naturally she asked about myself, my trade of flower wiring, and so on.

"Don't ask me why, but I am the kind of a fellow that things are always happening accidental to," I said. "When I was a boy, after school we used to live down on Twenty-eighth Street, where the wholesale florists have their places. I accidentally busted a window of one of those places, and this florist made me work out the cost of the broken window by wiring sprays. You start on sprays and work up from there. So in the end, by coincidence, I become a flower wirer." I added. "What I would of become had I thrown a brick through a Chinese restaurant I don't know."

At this Mazie laughed, which kind of made me tingle. Sometimes I tingle just from strangers laughing, being fond, as you know, Jackson, of people in all shapes and forms. When Mazie laughed like that, her head thrown back, I got a special tingle.

Anyway, what with one thing and another, we finally arrived at Joe's. I guess we must of waited thirty minutes, during which time I kept ordering up rum stingers with my guild money, until this waiter come and said if I was Charley Lummet there was a call for me.

So that was when you phoned. Now, Jackson, you got to admit you was not exactly your calm, ordinary self, but acted very impatient. As I told you on the phone, it was not my fault if time was going by. It always keeps going by. I carefully explained that the tickets were in my bureau drawer for safekeeping. Meanwhile, Mazie had got so hungry she couldn't wait. So naturally, in order that nothing could possibly go wrong. I thought the best thing was for you to stop by my place and pick up the tickets while Mazie and I went on with our dinner. I said you could get into my room at the Pickford Arms in the usual way.

We therefore went on and finished our dessert, and since you still hadn't shown up, the only thing I could think of was to order up another couple of stingers.

The nearer it got to eight o'clock, the sorer Mazie become. "I regret the day I ever laid eyes on that Jackson," she told me. "Here I get off early. I travel all the way over from Staten Island to see a double-header at the stadium. And what do I find? I find, like Miles Standish and John Alden, he needs to get somebody else reliable enough to take me to dinner. What'll it be like after we're married?"

So naturally, while the time went by, I defended you. I said, "Let me tell you about Jackson. When he was young he had the misfortune of being an orphan. There was nobody but an old aunt to guide him, so eventually he started drinking and carousing around and changing girl friends faster than I can change neckties." I said, "I want you to know, Mazie, that I will stand up for Jackson until my dying breath. It is not really his fault if he happened to fall in with low company. Nor can you say his job with Spotless, which keeps him tied up so that he can practically never keep a date, is his fault. I can assure you, he is unreliable against his will."

"Yes, and I am getting pretty sick of it," said Mazie. "You know good and well that we are no longer going to make the first inning."

Now there it was, Jackson, going for eight and no sign of you. I suggested that something had probably gone awry, so with what was left of the guild money, we hopped in a taxi and drove over to my place.

Upon investigation there were the stadium tickets just like I had left them in my bureau, so the only natural conclusion I could come to was that you had suddenly been called away on an emergency of one kind or another. Then in the hallway we ran into this Jones from the eleventh floor, the guy, remember, who gave me the package for Miss Brentwood. He had just come off the afternoon shift at his restaurant a little while before. So I asked did he happen to see a tall, nervous guy going in or out.

"A tall, nervous guy with squinty eyes?"

"That's him."

This Jones said, "Yeah. I see such a guy in a big argument with another guy as they were going out through the lobby. I didn't hear what they were saying because I figure it is their business."

"O.K. Thanks," I said. So I said to Mazie, "All we can do now is wait downstairs."

"It must already be the third inning of the first game. I wish they had a television like in some of the better lobbies."

We never even got to sit down. In comes Freddie the plumber, sweating. "Charley Lummet! Boy, am I glad to see you!"

"This is Jackson's girl friend Mazie," I introduced her. "Mazie, I want you to meet Freddie, a plumber who has a plumber shop over on Ninth. Freddie and I bowls once in a while."

"Excuse me," said Freddie, "but I got three kids locked up in a crawl hole in the basement where I'm working."

"Actually we were on our way to the stadium," murmured Mazie.

"They're liable to get exphixiated in there," said Freddie.

In spite of myself I couldn't help being curious as to why Freddie was trying to exphixiate three kids.

"I'm not *trying* to exphixiate them," he said. "There's a complicated double lock on that crawl hole just for the very purpose of locking it so as to keep them devilish kids out. So how did I know they had wiggled in there while I was washing up to go to supper? No more than I had snapped this double lock when they set up a racket. When I went to look for the two keys that open that double lock, guess what?"

"You had left them inside that crawl hole."

"Oh, my heavens!" cried Mazie.

"You wait here," I said. "As soon as I open this double lock for Freddie in order to let out those devilish kids before

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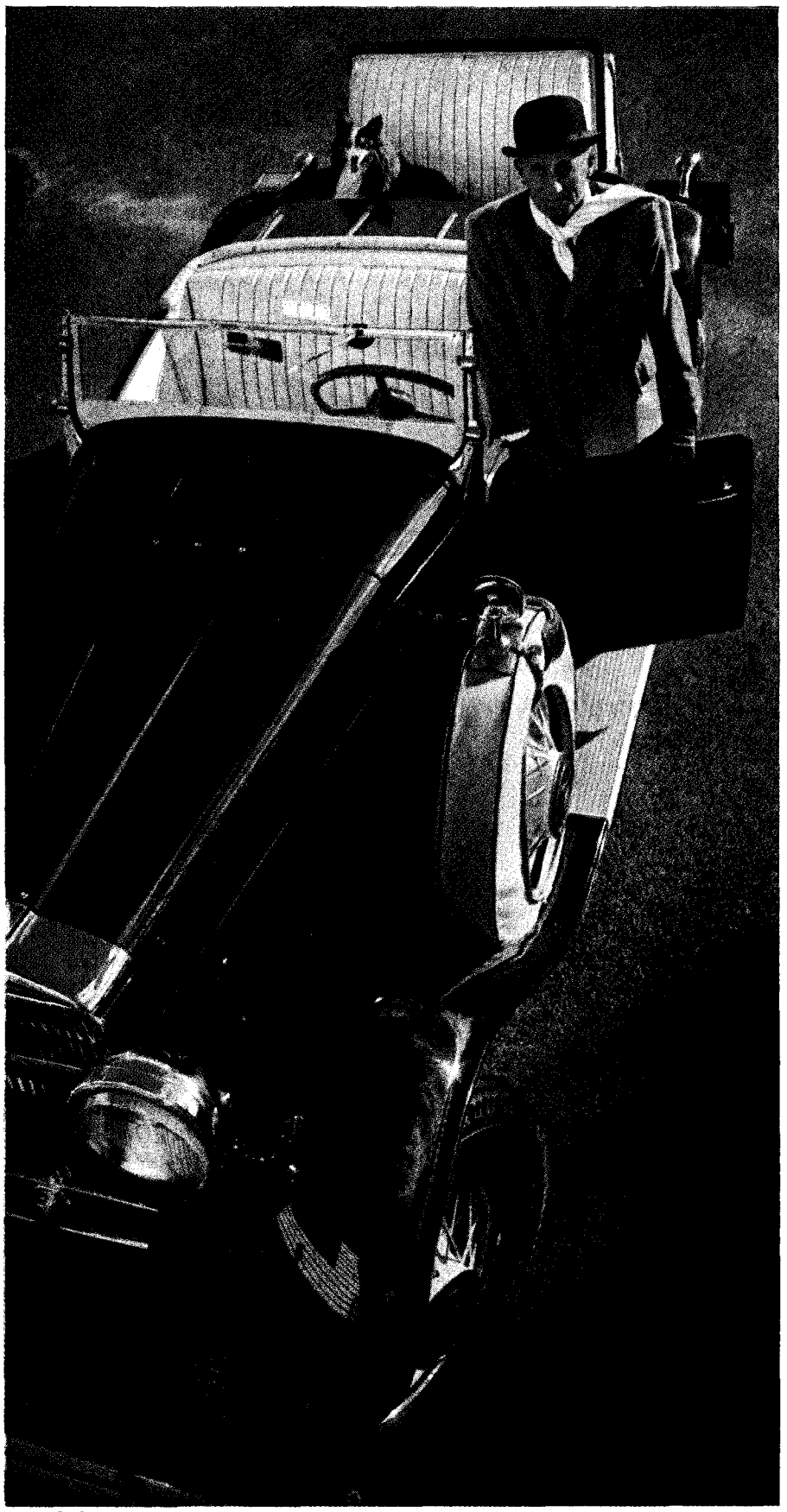

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they can exphixiate themselves, I'll be back. In the meanwhile, if you happen to see Jackson, don't let him get away."

In spite of having plenty of pieces of plastic, which I never travel anywhere without, that double lock baffled me. It was so that when you sprung the first tumbler, the second would snap back, and vice versa. Meantime, instead of being worried, those crazy kids back in that crawl hole were having a ball. They had found a water tap and were squirting each other right and left. "When I get them kids out of there," said Freddie, "I'm going to beat their brains out."

Freddie was all for hitting the lock with a sledge hammer. Guys with big hairy chests are always for hitting things with sledge hammers, but I persuaded him out of it. "Hit that lock with a sledge hammer," I said, "and it's curtains for those kids. This is a case for the uttermost delicacy." I wouldn't go into all this, Jackson, except for the extremely interesting way that lock was baffling me. So what I finally did in the end was interesting. Putting a slice of plastic between my teeth, I would get the first catch tumbled, then suck back with my breath while I jiggled the second catch. Sure enough, it finally tumbled with a click, and that double lock sprung open.

I shook my head. "Do me a favor from now on, Freddie," I said. "Ask me to open the time lock on the Chase Manhattan Bank around the corner, but lay off these double locks, will you?"

"I am so relieved at getting those kids out of there before they flood the whole basement that I've decided not to beat their brains out," said Freddie. "After all, kids will be kids. It's their nature."

"I've got to hurry now," I said, "because Mazie is probably wondering how things turned out."

"How did things turn out?" asked Mazie.

"Fine," I said. "I was baffled temporarily, but we got them kids out finally."

She sighed with relief. "I admire someone reliable who is able to save the lives of children when the need arises," she said. "Unlike Jackson, who is never where you want him. By now, figuring twenty minutes to the inning, the game is probably in the fifth."

"It's a double-header," I reminded her. "There'll still be a second game."

"Well, it is apparent to me that Jackson has went his own way and left us to go ours. If we take a taxi, we can be at the stadium in half an hour or less. Being as you stood the rum stingers, Charley, it seems no more than right that I should stand the taxi fare."

"I don't like ladies paying," I told her. "It goes against my upbringing."

"You can finance the frankfurters and peanuts," she offered as we climbed aboard this cab.

That seemed reasonable. As Mazie had said, Jackson, you'd went your own way, so why waste the tickets? If I had thought for one moment that you were over at the precinct station house being grilled by Murph, the detective, and that captain I myself had had a few words with earlier in the day, I would certainly not've gone breezing off to see Mickey Mantle knock two homers in the same inning.

He led off the batting order in the seventh and socked the first pitch into the right-field stands. I thought Mazie would go out of her mind. She grabs me and keeps shrieking and kissing me, and when things settle down, we kind of looked at each other, remembering those kisses given in the heat of the conflict, and sort of blushed. Then a rally started, six guys batted around, and they yanked this Cleveland pitcher for a left-hander. He got the first two men out, then Mick come up for the second time and, after working him to three and two, slammed his second homer of the inning into the center-field bleachers.

This time Mazie didn't shriek. There was just a burning glow in those deep-blue eyes. I'll never forget what she said while Mickey was circling the bases and Casey Stengel come dancing out who generally only waddles. "And on a bum right ankle, Charley. Remember, *on a bum right ankle!*"

I wouldn't dwell on all this, Jackson, only the papers couldn't give it to you like I can give it to you, being in that good box seat back of first base and seeing it all happen so clear. I would also not repeat those things about your girl kissing me and vice versa except that I do not want you to misunderstand anything or get the wrong impression. It is my greatest wish to remain your lifelong friend, which is why I am taking the trouble of writing you this long letter. I trust that when Mazie and I get married, no doubt you will be asked to be my best man and, by showing you exactly how the whole thing come about in a purely accidental way, you will forget those remarks you made, which, under the circumstances, I considered uncalled for, and stand up for me at the wedding.

Meanwhile, the shock I got when I heard my name announced over the loud-speaker during the seventh inning of the second game I am not likely to forget. It said to report immediately to the office under the grandstand. Everybody in the stadium must of thought I was a doctor or something. When they explained how they'd had a call from the station house downtown about some fellow named Jackson being arrested, why we rushed out and jumped in a taxi. I think it certainly shows something, Jackson, that I was concerned enough about you to leave the game in the exciting seventh inning.

When we got to the station house, Murph was there, and this captain, and they were kind enough to explain how you happened to be pinched. It seemed somebody had noticed you trying to get into my room with a piece of plastic and called the police. In a way you can't blame Murph, the detective, for doubting your explanation. They hear some funny alibis. But they did go so far as to call the stadium and have me paged in order to see if you had been trying to break into my room illegally or whether I had given you permission to do so.

It is another point in favor of the police that, even before we could make the trip down, they checked with Mrs. Noren, the redheaded superintendent's wife. Luckily she remembered you being a friend of mine. What she told them jibed with how I had been picked up earlier by Murph with those spangled panties, so they finally believed your story, maybe against their will, but anyway they believed it. So, having let you go with a warning, that is how we happened to miss you at the precinct.

In the meantime Mazie had become somewhat bitter. "If it hadn't been for that Jackson," she said, "we could of stayed to the end of the game."

"True," I said. "But if friendship means anything at all, it means being willing to make sacrifices for the other fellow. So what I suggest is this. I suggest going out for a little party on the town, and if we happen to run across Jackson in our travels, so much the better."

"At this time of night?" she said. "As it is, my mother will be asking some pretty pointed questions tomorrow during breakfast."

I therefore had no alternative, Jackson, but to see your girl home to Staten Island.

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It was a very lovely night, if you remember. I don't know how many stars were out, but one more couldn't of got a seat in that sky. Standing in the dark against the rail of the ferryboat, it gave a person a pretty romantic feeling to see the lights of Manhattan growing dimmer in the distance, like we were setting off for Peru or India or somewhere. Mazie was close against me and I was close against Mazie, probably from the motion of the boat, because I doubt if it was intentional on our part.

"A penny for your thoughts," said Mazie.

"I was thinking about the kissing we did during the excitement of the contest," I said.

"I was thinking the same thing," she said. "Also on how reliable you are, opening locks to save children's lives. Not to be crass or anything, but is there much money in flower wiring?"

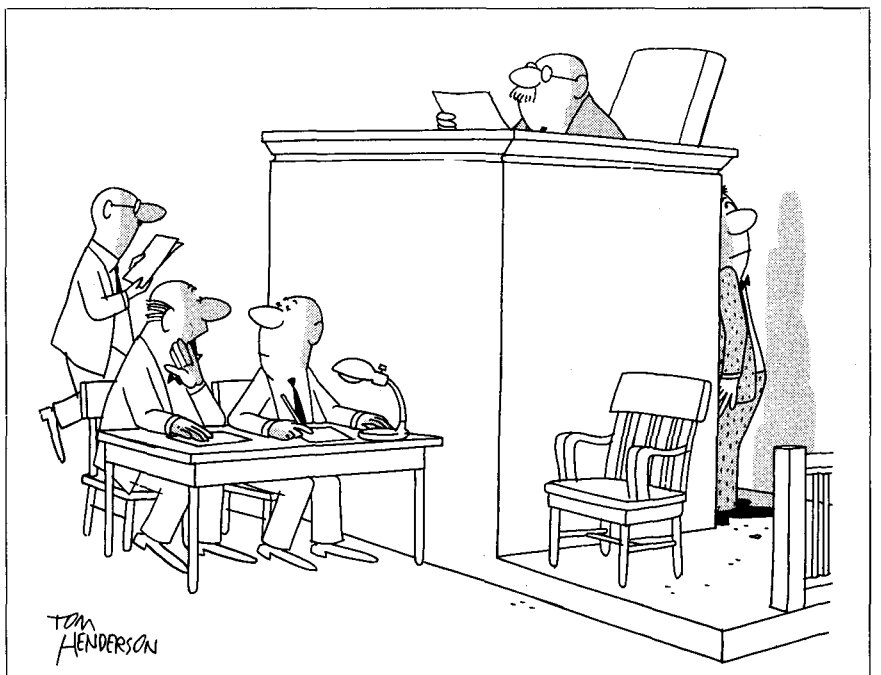
"Well, it is seasonal," I said. "We are busier at some times than we are at other times. But when a flower wirer is wiring flowers, I don't know anybody who gets better wages."

"What about Jackson," she said, gazing down at the glinting black water.

"What about Jackson?" I said, sort of taking her hand. As a matter of fact, I took her hand. "Let's face it, Mazie. I am wildly in love with you. I started tingling all over long before Mantle hit those home runs. There is nothing personal against Jackson in the way I feel. When I say I think you and I ought to get married at the earliest possible moment, it has nothing whatever to do with my friendship for Jackson."

"I liked the way you saved those children."

"That was nothing. I once opened a man's apartment that was on fire and saved his grandmother."



"I understand there may be a surprise witness."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"A girl likes reliability, Charley," she said. "Of course, she also likes romance, kissing, expensive gifts and so on. I have to admit," she said, "that Jackson gave me lots of romance, kissing, expensive gifts and so on." The buildings of St. George, looking almost like something in a colored picture book, were looming up in front of us across the water. "But above everything else, Charley, a girl likes reliability. And as far as reliability is concerned, Jackson's out."

Just then the ferry bumped into the dock, throwing Mazie into my arms. Our lips met almost accidental, and for the first time, Jackson, I realized how much two people can tell each other who are unable to talk. By the time we arrived at her house, the date had been set.

So you see, Jackson, the way we fell in love was not as if we had done so behind your back. You were a prominent part of our discussion. I do not blame you for being hopping mad when you heard the good news, but now that I have described how things happened, I'm sure you will agree that there was no call whatever to fly off the handle and threaten to bust me in the nose. I would only have to bust you back. Just remember this, Jackson, it is not easy to go out and start making lifelong friends overnight.

In closing, I have only one further thing to add. When I said you could get into my room in the usual way, naturally I meant asking Mrs. Noren for a passkey. Had I thought for one moment that you would try to open the lock on my door with a piece of plastic, I would of strongly advised you against it. True, I had recently shown you how this is done. But just this morning I happened to adjust that lock to prevent unauthorized persons from entering my room by the plastic method. When the people in the next apartment saw you fiddling with my lock, naturally they called the police. How could I foresee that you would innocently fall into this trap? In fact, a person with a suspicious mind might even think I had planned all this in advance. I trust you know me better than that, Jackson.

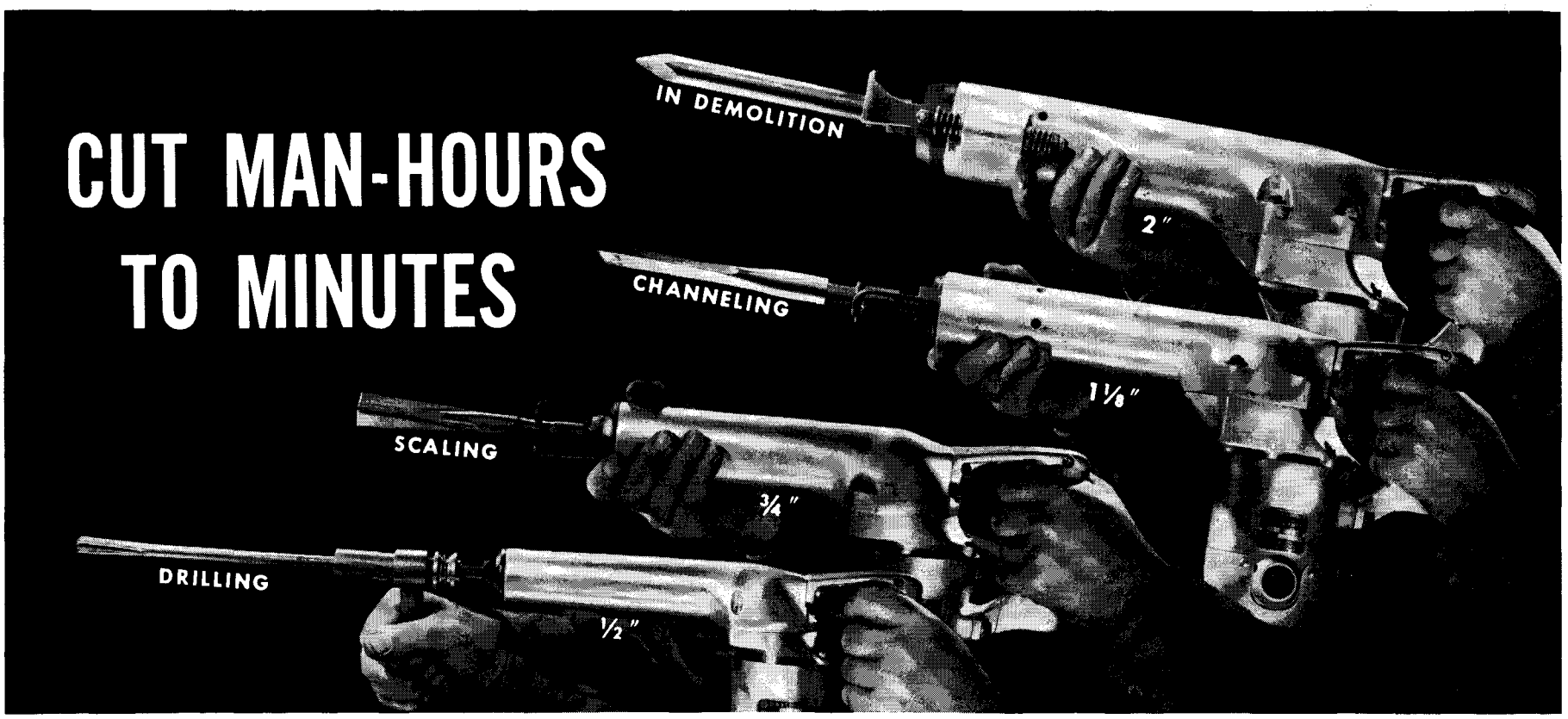
Your (I hope) lifelong friend,
CHARLEY

P.S. Miss Sally Brentwood, that dancer at the Longacre Theater, was kind enough to give me two tickets for the musical on account of my delivering those spangled panties. I thought it only no more than fair, since I had used your tickets to the stadium, to return the favor. I am sure you will be able to find some nice girl who would like to take in the show with you.

So, Jackson, I suggest that you meet me at two o'clock tomorrow afternoon on the corner of 48th and 8th Avenue, and be sure to be there prompt, at which time I will turn over the tickets, as I would not like to trust the mails or have anything go wrong that would be the slightest cause of friction between us.

Your ever-reliable friend,
CHARLEY

THE END



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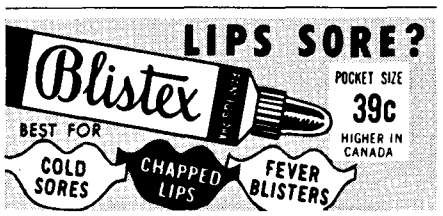

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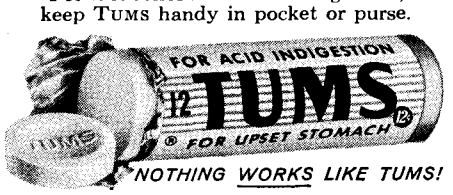

My Journeys Toward the Stars

(Continued from Page 21)

engineered adversity and came to accept its consequences—frustration and crisis—as routine.

For me personally the assignment to test-fly the X-15 has been the most challenging and thrilling flying job a pilot could imagine. It was given to me after twenty-six years of aviation experience, the last ten years of which have been spent at Edwards, test-flying the most advanced airplanes man has conceived.

My flying career began in Southern California, my birthplace, in 1933 when I was twelve years old. In those days flying was the rage. The weekly air shows and races, replete with delayed-opening parachute artists and wing walkers, fired my youthful imagination. At first it was a sport in which I seemed destined never to participate. When a boy, I was bedridden for months on end by a lung and heart condition which the doctors believed would permanently cripple me. However, I discovered a fact that has been reconfirmed to me again and again throughout life—mental determination can frequently overcome physical infirmities. Teddy Roosevelt is a good example.

Determined to fly, I traded newspapers, which I was delivering at that time, for flying lessons. Later my family moved to a farm in the state of Washington. There, while I built up my strength plowing heavy bottom land and milking cows, I continued flying, soloing in 1938. Just before World War II, I worked briefly at Boeing's Seattle plant as a production expediter. During the war I was commissioned in the Navy and served as a gunnery and bombing instructor in Texas, accumulating some 2500 hours. I married Alice Knoph; today we have five children, ages twelve to two. After the war I continued flying with a Naval Reserve group in Seattle until 1950. We organized a stunt team and flew war-weary Corsairs at fencetop level in tight formation.

My ambition in life was to be an engineering test pilot in the mold of Boeing's Eddie Allen or the Air Force's Jimmy Doolittle. These men, it seemed to me, were the best of a rare breed. Excellent pilots, they were also capable and practical engineers, who could fly an experimental or unstable airplane and then translate its deficiencies into the necessary technical expressions. With this in mind, I entered the University of Washington before the war and, returning to school after the war, I obtained a master's degree in aeronautical engineering. To sharpen my common-sense approach to engineering, I operated the university's wind tunnel and, on the side, worked in an aircraft-accessories business.

With my background complete and my flying finely tuned by the Naval Reserve stunt team, I was ready to launch my career. I was naturally drawn to Edwards Air Force Base, the vast outdoor aeronautical laboratory where men such as Chuck Yeager, Pete Everest and others were flying the new, tricky rocket planes to sensational speeds and altitudes. I took a job with the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics—NACA—at Edwards. Within a few months I was test-flying the X-1, the X-4, the X-5. In November, 1953, piloting the rocket-powered D-558-II, I became the first man to fly at twice the speed of sound. I was scheduled to fly the long-delayed X-2, which in 1956 Air Force Capt. Iven Kincheloe ultimately flew to 126,000 feet and Capt. Milburn Apt pushed to a speed of slightly over Mach 3, or about 2200 miles an hour. Unfortunately, Apt crashed at the end of this flight, killing himself and destroying the X-2. But long before then a new and far more advanced project captured my fancy.

The rocket age had suddenly come to full flower. After a late start in 1952, the United States built a rocket engine for a ballistic missile with nearly five times the thrust of the engine in the X-2 rocket plane. At once NACA engineers and we at Edwards began to plan a rocket plane around an engine of this power. With the space age rapidly following on the rocket age, we realized that our craft could become the prototype of our first useful manned space vehicles. With my experience at Edwards—more rocket-plane flights than all the other best-known rocket pilots put together—I felt I was uniquely qualified to make the first flights of our dream craft, which was labeled the X-15. When North American, a company with vast experience in building high-performance airplanes—F-86 Sabrejet, F-100 Super Sabre—was awarded the contract to build three X-15's in late 1955, I resigned from NACA and joined North American on the X-15 project.

As I envisioned it and explained it to North American, I would come to work at the outset of the project and serve as an engineering specialist who would express the pilot's point of view as the plane progressed. When it was completed, I would make the first "demonstration" flights to prove the X-15 adequacy as a flying machine. The North American "demonstration" flight program was—and still is—severely limited. We would not fly the X-15 to a speed greater than Mach 2—1300 miles an hour—or higher than 100,000 feet. Following my "demonstration" flights, Captain Kincheloe and NACA'S Joe Walker would fly the X-15 to its ultimate of 4000 miles an hour and 500,000 feet. Later Kincheloe was killed in the crash of an Air Force jet. Maj. Robert White moved in to take his place.

Charles Feltz, a crack engineer from Texas who had been with North American for fifteen years, was named project engineer on the X-15. The basic shape, skin fabric and power plant for the three planes to be built had been established well in advance. To achieve the desired performance, the planes had to be long and slim, with stubby, straight wings and a thick, missilelike tail, whose lower, or ventral, fin could be dropped off just prior to the powerless landing. For the skin, which we knew would be subjected to 1200-degree heat on the leading edges during re-entry of the atmosphere, a new metal alloy, Inconel X, was selected. The Air Force (*Continued on Page 84*)

NEXT WEEK

DEADBEATS ARE MY BUSINESS

A Collection-Agency Psychologist Tells How to Collect Bad Debts

By EUGENE H. BARNES, PH. D.

IN COLOR:

Palm Springs, California:

OASIS FOR GOLFERS

MY JOURNEYS TOWARD THE STARS:

BRUSH WITH DISASTER

By X-15 Test Pilot Scott Crossfield, as told to Clay Blair Jr.

WHAT IS RAILROAD "FEATHERBEDDING"?

By Joe Alex Morris

MY ADVENTURES AS AN ILLUSTRATOR:

I BREAK INTO THE BIG TIME

By Norman Rockwell as told to Thomas Rockwell

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(*Continued from Page 82*) contracted separately with Reaction Motors, Inc.—RMI, now a division of Thiokol Chemical Corporation—for the powerful 60,000-pound-thrust engines.

RMI had designed and built most of the rocket engines for the earlier experimental airplanes, thus its experience in this field was considerable. Even so, its engineers encountered tremendous technical difficulties, and when the 60,000-pound-thrust engine had fallen about a year behind schedule, Feltz, NACA and the Air Force made the decision to install two X-1-type engines in each of the first two X-15's. With these engines, which developed a total of 16,000 pounds of thrust, we could not hope to achieve the ultimate predicted performance for the X-15, but we could push ahead with preliminary testing—over 2200 miles per hour and above 150,000 feet—without significantly delaying the program. When the third X-15 with the big engine came along, the X-15 would have been debugged and would be ready to leap off to probe the unknowns of space.

Beyond that, the story of the building of the X-15 is a complex saga—too involved to relate in full here—of engineers and technicians furiously blazing away simultaneously on a variety of technological frontiers. A project of this complexity is not often sought after by aircraft companies, which would rather build profit-making production airplanes. At first the X-15 was a kind of unwanted stepchild; but as it began to take shape behind a closely guarded enclosure, the aviation industry, and especially the people at North American, began to sit up and take notice. After Sputnik, when the United States was groping for a spectacular answer, all eyes turned to our ship. At North American we worked around the clock.

In spite of the brain-numbing technical problems, which required literally millions of engineering man-hours to resolve, North American broke all speed records for building experimental airplanes; X-15 No. 1 with the substitute engines, a far more complex craft than originally envisioned, was completed precisely on schedule three years from the time the contract was awarded. Vice President Nixon, who presided at the "roll out" ceremonies in October, 1958, claimed the X-15 had recaptured the United States "lead in space." Two days later the plane was trucked to Edwards. The X-15 No. 2 was turned out a couple of months later, on schedule, and shipped to Edwards in January, 1959.

Then followed weeks of sheer technical agony, not uncommon for newly delivered experimental airplanes—or conventional planes for that matter—while our flight-test engineers worked without rest to bring the machinery of the plane to perfect pitch. Meanwhile, still other engineers prepared two giant B-52 mother planes which would carry the X-15, slung beneath their right wings like a missile, eight miles above the earth to the launching position. The $8,000,000 B-52's were fitted with special pylons beneath the right wings; the inside of both planes was modified specifically to support the X-15.

We knew that in the air the X-15 would face many crises before she was pronounced fit and, as a test pilot, I was prepared to accept the risks involved. My wife, too, had long since come to terms with the risks of my test-flying rocket planes. As it turned out there were many to come. But one of the closest—in fact, the closest call of my test-pilot career—occurred right on the ground.

The pressure suit I wear on X-15 flights, developed by David Clark day by day along with the X-15 itself, is a very complicated and advanced piece of equipment—comparable, say, to a deep-sea diving rig, although, of course, not nearly as big and bulky. The suit, which would enable one to survive on the face of the moon, is packed with oxygen tanks, anti-*G* devices, radio lines, antifogging units for the suit helmet, regulators, tubing switches and insulation against severe heat and cold. The suit is cooled by a nitrogen-gas system which is plugged into a connection in the X-15 cockpit.

During the building of the X-15 I had spent months in altitude chambers testing the pressure suit and recommending improvements. By the early spring of 1959, when we were ready to begin our first flights of the X-15, the suit was acceptable; although, like the X-15, it required constant adjustment and repair. Since there were few persons skilled in pressure-suit work and none assigned to the X-15 project, I personally conducted the continuing pressure-suit tests, either in altitude chambers or in the cockpit of the X-15.

One day during a pressure-suit test in the X-15 cockpit, which involved a simulated exercise in switching from the B-52 mother plane to X-15 oxygen supply, I somehow forgot to turn the oxygen valve correctly. Unaware of this oversight, I proceeded with the test, breathing not X-15 oxygen as I supposed but the nitrogen-gas suit coolant, which was seeping into the helmet through a crack in a rubber seal. There were several ground crewmen working about the X-15, and Pete Barker, a survival-equipment specialist, was bending in the cockpit helping me with the test. Neither I nor these men were aware of the developing crisis.

Nitrogen gas is an insidious suffocant. Man cannot long survive breathing only nitrogen. Quite soon I began to feel its effect. The instrument panel, which I sat facing, seemed to be floating away. I gazed in wonder at this phenomenon for several seconds, then I drifted off into unconsciousness. Barker, working with me on the test, still had no inkling of my predicament.

By the grace of God I suddenly snapped back into momentary consciousness. Bewildered, I sought to escape from my slow suffocation. Not knowing what had caused the blackout and my dizziness, and unable to think clearly, I was desperate. I clawed helplessly at the fittings of my helmet and then cast up my arms in one final, urgent protest and, as I recall it dimly, probably screamed.

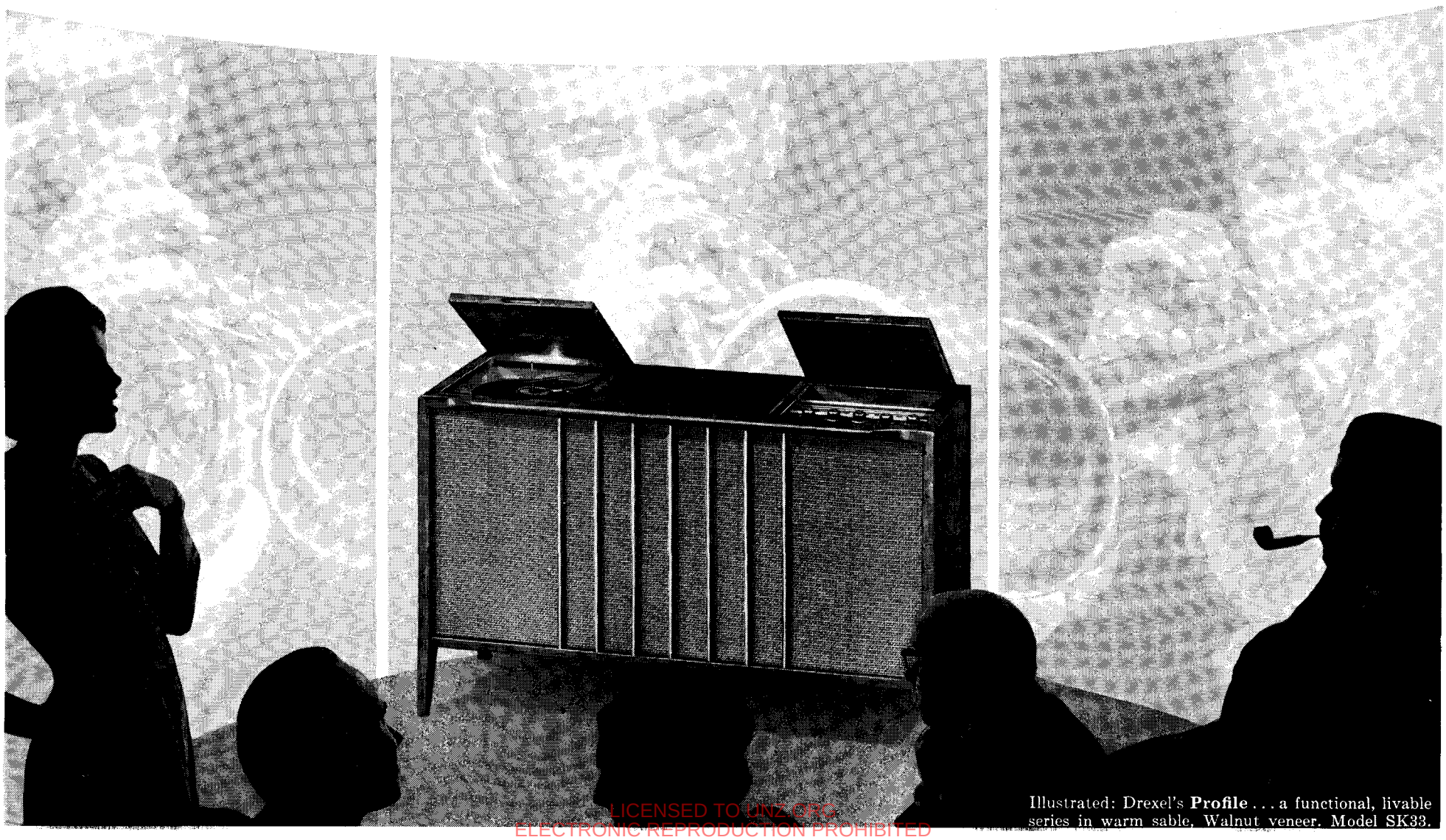
Luckily for me, Barker saw me raise my hands. The helmet was jerked off in the nick of time. I feel I probably owe my life to his quick action.

After four months both the B-52 and X-15 No. 1 were ready. Then they were towed to the "mating area." There the X-15 was raised on hydraulic jacks and shackled to the B-52 wing. "Umbilical cords" and pipes supplying electricity, communications, heat, oxygen and ventilation gas from the B-52 were plugged into the top of the X-15. Mountains of ground-support equipment were pushed alongside the X-15; and for twenty-four final, sleepless hours, the engineers and mechanics, like doctors putting a stethoscope to a human heart, intently "listened" for trouble.

Then, as a preliminary to powered flight, the X-15 was taken into the air, snugged beneath the B-52, four times for "captive" flights, during which she was held fast to the mother ship while we checked her machinery. Any first "flight" is full of danger. On our first "flight," March 16, 1959, we had an additional

Some day all stereo will probably be built this advanced new way!

Motorola



Illustrated: Drexel's **Profile** . . . a functional, livable series in warm sable, Walnut veneer. Model SK33.

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cause for concern. Some aeronautical engineers had predicted that the X-15 slung beneath the B-52 would cause both the B-52 and the X-15 to vibrate dangerously—so much, perhaps, that both might be destroyed. Capt. Charles Bock, the B-52 commander, and I had worked out a procedure to meet this possible emergency. If either plane began to vibrate while the B-52 was still on the ground—under 200 mph—he would brake to a stop. If the vibration set in after we were airborne, he would continue the climb and cut the X-15 loose. I would try to skid the powerless craft onto the lake bed.

As it turned out, the aeronautical and acoustical engineers were overly pessimistic. There was only a slight vibration during the climb-out. At altitude it was scarcely noticeable.

However, on these first four captive flights in March, April and May, we had problems enough. On the first flight both windshields on the X-15 completely iced up, a vital electrical generator failed and poured smoke, so dense I couldn't see the instrument panel, into the cockpit. On the second flight the windshields remained clear, but my radio went out. I could only communicate with the B-52 crew by hand signals, which proved completely unsatisfactory. My pressure suit malfunctioned in half a dozen ways. On the third flight a small auxiliary power unit ran out of control and flew off its mounts, hurling metal fragments through the fuselage. On the fourth flight another auxiliary power unit blew out.

Had the vehicles in these tests been unmanned missiles, these flights might have ended in disaster. By having men at the controls, we were able to save the X-15 and bring her back for repairs. By early June we felt we were ready for a big milestone in X-15 history—a launch and powerless glide back to earth, such a landing as would later be made after a rocket-powered flight.

We knew from the beginning that the first glide test of the X-15 would be the most hazardous phase of the early testing. It is impossible to design a plane that will fly at six or more times the speed of sound and then land at slow speed like a commercial airliner. The X-15's very thin wings are short and stubby, less than eight feet from fuselage to wing tip. When flown as a "glider" without rocket power the X-15 has a high "sink rate"—or in the language of the layman, it "glides like a brick." It was possible to approximate the X-15 sink rate by landing a supersonic fighter with a drag chute in tow, the landing gear, speed brakes and flaps extended and the engine throttled back to idle. At Edwards I had made many such landings. It was tricky, to be sure, but well within the capability of the experienced test pilot. But we miscalculated. On this flight I would experience one of the most trying landings of my career. The X-15 would come close to disaster.

We took off early in the morning on June eighth. Soon we had reached our launch altitude of 38,000 feet. Below us the Mojave Desert, a landscape that, appropriately enough, resembled the face of the moon, swept to the horizon. Our $50,000,000 airborne group—the eight-jet B-52 bomber with the X-15 slung beneath its right wing and three supersonic jet "chase" planes, the whole manned by eight highly trained experts—streaked along in tight formation at 600 miles an hour. In the cramped cockpit of the X-15 I thought, *O.K., Crossfield. There has been an awful lot of talk. Now let's see if you can deliver.*

As we faced this critical moment in the X-15 I could find some strength from the knowledge that I had air-launched other aircraft from a mother plane more than 100 times. But not even this knowledge could relieve the terrible feeling of responsibility. Years of preparation, millions of man-hours of labor, tens of millions of dollars and the technological prestige of the nation, to a certain extent, now hung in the balance. Success or failure of this great enterprise depended now solely upon me—or almost solely on me. Some weeks afterward when I was replaying my tape of this flight, a friend noticed a peculiar noise at this moment. He inquired about it. I replied, "It's nothing, just the breathing system in my pressure suit." The truth was that I was quietly praying to God to help me not to let our team down. My sensitive mike had picked up the movements of my vocal cords.

I felt much responsibility, but no fear. Never on a first flight had a test pilot been so intimately familiar with the predicted performance of his plane. With one exception, all the X-15's complex machinery was finely tuned. The exception was the pitch damper, a device which automatically helps the pilot compensate should the airplane nose up or down sharply. Since I had had considerable experience with unstable airplanes and did not believe the X-15 would encounter severe pitching in a slow-speed glide flight, I had elected to proceed without the equipment.

When we reached our prearranged drop point, I spoke quietly on the radio to the B-52 mother plane's pilot, Charley Bock, "Ready when you are, buddy." Then I turned a switch in the X-15 cockpit, which flashed a green light on Bock's instrument panel. Bock responded with a brief, emotionless countdown, "Three . . . two . . . one . . . drop!"

I heard a loud "clank" as the three shackles were disengaged from the upper fuselage of the X-15. In a split second the bulky right side of the B-52, which had for so long been my constant companion, was gone. I was alone in the sky, falling sharply down and to the right—slightly

• • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Visionary

By Herbert Merrill

I stand upon the sand and try
To see beyond a certain seam
That binds the ocean and the sky
And separates the fact from dream.
I stare into the well of noon
And cannot plumb the depth of blue.
Oh, must my knowledge end as soon
As all of my perspectives do?
Shall I forever lean on sense
And say so much is true, no more;
Or may I trust the innocence
That whispers of an unseen shore
Where lovers never have to part
And truth is bounded by the heart?

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to recreate all the natural realism of the original performance

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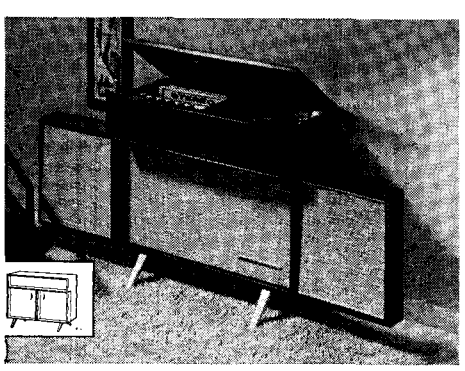
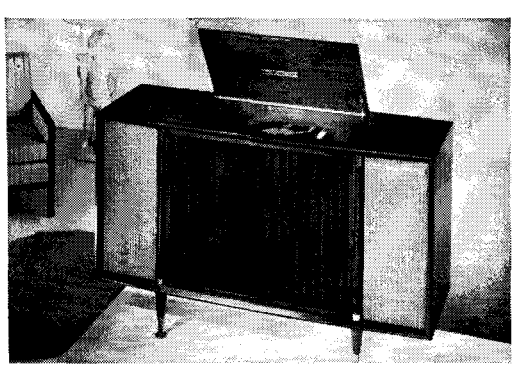
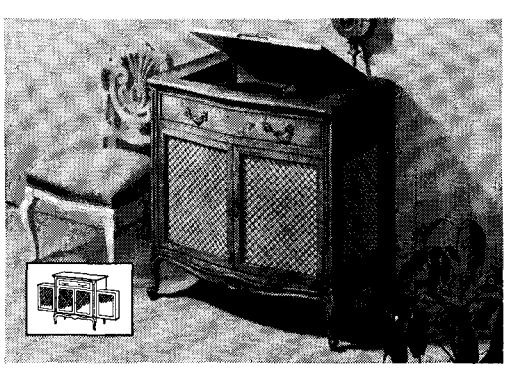


Compact. Complete Stereo in a cabinet less than 3′ wide. Closed, it poses as a sideboard. Open, speaker area extends to a full 6′. Mahogany, Blond or Walnut colors. Model SK29.



Superb styling. Modern cabinet adds to beauty of any home. Angled sound-sweep panels. 80 watts maximum peak power. Mahogany, Blond or Walnut colors. Model SK30.



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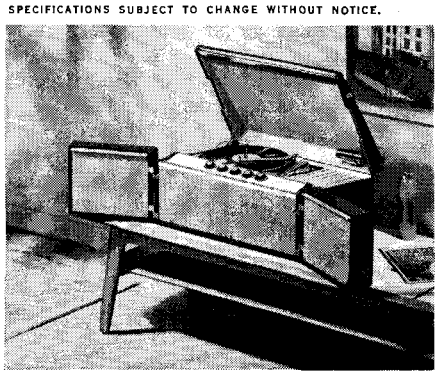

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steeper than predicted. I eased back on the side-stick control, and the X-15 leveled out, coasting silently through the thin air. She was not easy to handle at these low speeds; but, of course, she had not been designed to fly like a light plane.

Altitude was slipping away rapidly. As planned, I made a practice high-altitude stall, flaps extended, to feel out the ship's landing characteristics. Following that, I banked the ship left and right briefly to provide data for our ground monitors. Then I maneuvered into a great *S* turn, calculated to bring me near the seven-mile-long dry-lake landing strip. Up to that point, by design, there had been hardly a word said on the radio. To ease the minds of those who were waiting, I quipped, "I'd like to try a roll."

Three minutes had gone by. In two more the X-15 would be on the ground in one piece or as a mass of wreckage, depending on how she performed on the landing.

I lined up for my approach, sighting along three black strips painted on the desert dry lake. Then for the first time I noticed the peculiar distortion caused, we believe, by the double-layer windshield of the X-15 canopy. I knew the black lines on the lake-bed floor were approximately parallel. To me they seemed to spread out in a large *V*. It was a minor matter, but one I had to adjust to quickly because I knew it was possible that the windshield could affect my depth perception and cause a rough landing.

In the next second, without warning, the nose of the X-15 pitched up sharply. It was a maneuver that had not been predicted by the computers, an uncharted area which the X-15 was designed to explore. Quickly I applied corrective elevator control, now regretting that the pitch damper was not operative. It was the one piece of machinery on the X-15 which could help me.

The nose came down sharply. But instead of leveling out, it tucked down still farther. I applied reverse control. The nose came up, but much too far. Then the nose of the X-15 was rising and falling like the bow of a skiff in a heavy surf. Although I was putting in maximum control I could not subdue the motions. The X-15 was porpoising wildly and sinking toward the ground at more than 200 miles an hour. I knew that I would have to land her at the bottom of an oscillation, timed perfectly, or else I would break the bird. In the back of my mind I thought, *How will I ever explain such a disaster to my boss?*

Why do they call them the rising generation when they're so hard to get up?

MAURICE SEITTER

My speed dropped below 200 miles an hour. In the middle of an oscillation I tried to put the tail-skid landing gear onto the lake bed. But apparently the windshield confused me. I missed the ground by a good four feet, pumping in more control as the nose started to rise again. My speed was falling off at an alarming rate. Already down to about 170 miles an hour—forty miles an hour slower than I had calculated to land—I had more than used up any margin for error.

I made what had to be one final attempt to land properly and felt the gentle impact as the skids contacted on the lake bed. The nose hung momentarily, then fell heavily on the nose wheel. We skidded across the lake bed kicking up a rooster tail of dust. Behind me the long line of emergency vehicles roared out. A chase plane swooped by, afterburner thundering. I waited in the cockpit, engulfed in disappointment, wondering how we could have made such a terrible design error. It was clear to me that the X-15 was completely unstable.

Later, however, when we examined the data, we found this was not the case at all. A mechanical-control phenomenon had set in, but it was not a serious flaw. Had the X-15 controls responded at a faster rate, I could have handled it with ease.

These first captive and glide test flights had been carried out with the X-15 No. 1. Meanwhile, X-15 No. 2 was being used as a test vehicle to thoroughly check out the intricate rocket engines, fuel tanks and pump systems, which are similar to those of a liquid-fueled ballistic rocket. We experienced more than a good share of headaches, especially considering that the two rocket engines in the X-15, in our phrase, "had much time on them" since the early X-1 days. Finally, on July twenty-fourth, we took the X-15 aloft, fully laden with nine tons of freezing liquid oxygen (LOX) and alcohol, for a captive flight. A slight deficiency developed in the B-52 LOX "top-off system," by which we keep pouring the easily vaporized LOX into the X-15 until a few seconds before launch. Otherwise the X-15 was pronounced fit for her second major milestone—the first powered flight.

However, these plans were interrupted by a near disaster. Again it took place not in the air but on the ground.

One day not long after our first fueled captive flight, the ground crew at Edwards was routinely grooming X-15 No. 2. Part of this routine called for a purging of the lines in a hydrogen-peroxide system, which is used to fuel the X-15 auxiliary power units. This was usually accomplished by fitting a nitrogen-gas hose to a connection on the X-15 and applying pressure. On this day, however, by some unfortunate circumstance, the crew used a hose which contained a film of oil. When these two chemicals met, a violent explosion took place. Fire raced through the engine section of the plane.

Firemen at Edwards rushed to the X-15, which by then was an inferno of flame and white smoke. They put out the fire, but not before considerable damage had been inflicted on the X-15's machinery. When the peroxide blew, one of the X-15 crewmen was burned. Had he been standing two feet closer he probably would have been killed.

I had left Edwards just before this accident occurred. I first received word of it when I arrived at the North American plant in Los Angeles that evening. The guard on the gate greeted me thus, "Is it a total loss?"

"Is what a total loss?" I said.

"The X-15. Didn't you hear? She blew sky high," he replied.

I ran for a telephone and put through a call to Edwards. As I waited impatiently for the operator to connect me I was filled with anxiety and apprehension. In my mind I pictured the worst—a fatality among our ground crew and a long delay in the flight program.

Next week, in his second and concluding article, Mr. Crossfield reveals some of the harrowing moments of his first flights under rocket power. —THE EDITORS

Time to Tell Her (Continued from Page 31)

an exquisite face, delicate and sensitive. She had been older than Orne; she would be in her nineties had she lived.

"Ever read any of the poems he wrote to her?" Cutler asked. "*Carolyn by Moonlight?* Pretty hot stuff. There's one called *Moment of Truth* that would sure have been banned in Boston."

Tyler did not reply. He knew both poems. *Moment of Truth* he knew by heart. "I doubt if I can be any help to you," he said.

"You're in touch with the daughter?"

"I've written her." His earlier resentment at the tone of Gwenyth Orne's letter was almost wiped away. If she had had many people like Cutler to deal with, he did not blame her for being curt.

"I'm going to Maine to see her tomorrow," said Cutler. "I hear that she's a tough baby to interview."

Tyler stood up. "What's the point in raking over old stories?" he asked. "Matthew Orne and Mrs. Knapp were married as soon as her husband died ——"

"Which the old buzzard didn't do for twenty-seven years," interrupted Cutler, grinning. Ashes from his cigarette dropped to the carpet as he rose. "Well, thanks."

Thanks for nothing, thought Tyler.

At five o'clock he met Burt Jackson in the cocktail lounge of the Marsden Hotel. Burt was Marsden's town manager, an amiable man in his early sixties.

"You've really started something, Ty," he said. "The Historical Society, the Chamber of Commerce, the Neighborhood Association, even the old dames of the Ladies' Library are all steamed up over this museum deal—combination of local pride and tourist dollars. I think you can raise the ante on your offer to Miss Orne by a thousand dollars."

"I'll write her again," said Tyler. "Wouldn't you think, though, that she'd be proud that the town wants this?"

Burt shrugged. "Maybe she is," he said. "Sometimes pride has one pocket and purse another. How old a woman is she?"

"Orne was eighty-six," Tyler said. "So I doubt if she's wearing bobby socks." He told Burt about Fred Cutler. "It really burns me up," he admitted. "Here this town has never lifted a finger to recognize Orne, and France gave him the Legion of Honor. He was decorated all over Europe, won poetry prizes and awards. Do you remember him?"

"Vaguely."

"I saw him once," said Tyler. "The summer after I finished college four years ago, when Bill Barnard and I went to Europe together. I'll never forget him." He added, "I'll never forget the girl he had with him, either."

The entire scene was printed indelibly on his memory. He and Bill had been having luncheon on a flagged terrace, high above the bright water. He had heard Matthew Orne before he had seen him—heard a roar of deep, rumbling laughter. He had recognized him instantly from photographs—six feet four and broad-shouldered, the famous beard gilded by the sunlight in which he stood. He wore a blue-and-white-striped sailor's jersey, faded russet trousers and black *espadrilles*. Four years ago Orne was eighty-two, but he had seemed as ageless as the myth he had already become. The proprietor and the proprietor's wife rushed to greet him; and as they passed, Tyler saw the girl. She was young enough to have been Orne's granddaughter, but her sapphire-blue eyes hardly left his face.

"A blond French girl," Tyler told Burt now, "is the loveliest thing in the world."

"You didn't speak to him?" Burt asked.

"No." At first Langley had been too engrossed in watching the two; then other people joined them. Tables were pushed together, and Orne was the storm center of a noisy group; only the girl was silent, listening raptly, adoringly, to the poet.

"A pity," Burt said. "After all, he was your grandfather's closest friend."

"He saved grandfather's life when they were boys," said Tyler. All his childhood had been colored and enhanced by his grandfather's stories of Orne. For an instant he was back again beside the old man. *Tell me about the time Matthew Orne beat the big wrestler at the fair, grandpa. Tell me the one. . . .*

He wrote a second letter to Gwenyth Orne. The town's response to the establishment of a museum, he told her, was such that he was able to increase the offer for her father's birthplace.

When, after two weeks, there was no reply, he had Ellen copy the letter and send it registered mail, with a return receipt requested. The receipt, signed by Miss Orne, came back promptly. No letter followed. Gwenyth Orne, thought Tyler, must be as eccentric as her old aunt had been.

Matthew Orne had died in April. In May Cutler's story about him appeared in *Now*. The article was yellow journalism at its most jaundiced. Somewhere Cutler had dug up a snapshot taken of Orne in Southern France in the 'Twenties, a bearded giant standing in a niche of an ancient sun-drenched wall, laughing, holding in one hand a bunch of grapes, in the other a fig leaf. Somewhere he had found a photograph of Carolyn Knapp, wearing a costume for a *Quat'z Arts* ball. The face of another woman, young and vivid, with a stormy cloud of dark hair, was captioned, THE LASS FROM WILD WALES WHO BECAME ORNE'S BRIDE WHEN THE PASSIONATE POET WAS SIXTY-FOUR. Tyler threw the magazine across the room.

"Maybe you'd better go up to Maine and see the old girl in person," Burt suggested early in June.

"I'd probably lose my temper and throttle her," said Tyler.

That evening Bill Barnard telephoned him from New York. "How would you like to take a couple of weeks' cruise with me?" he asked. "I've bought myself a yawl. I'm going to pick her up in Seal Harbor, Maine, on the twenty-fourth."

"Did you say Maine?" asked Tyler.

He could spend a day or two at Porpoise Point, where the ungracious Miss Orne resided, see what a personal interview could accomplish and then join Bill.

Porpoise Point was not a town. In the early evening Tyler drove into the town nearest it and took a room in the small brick hotel. The dining room was closed, and he went out onto the main street and found a restaurant. The waitress was an uninhibited young woman, her conversation as easy as her manner.

When the only other customer paid his check and (Continued on Page 88)

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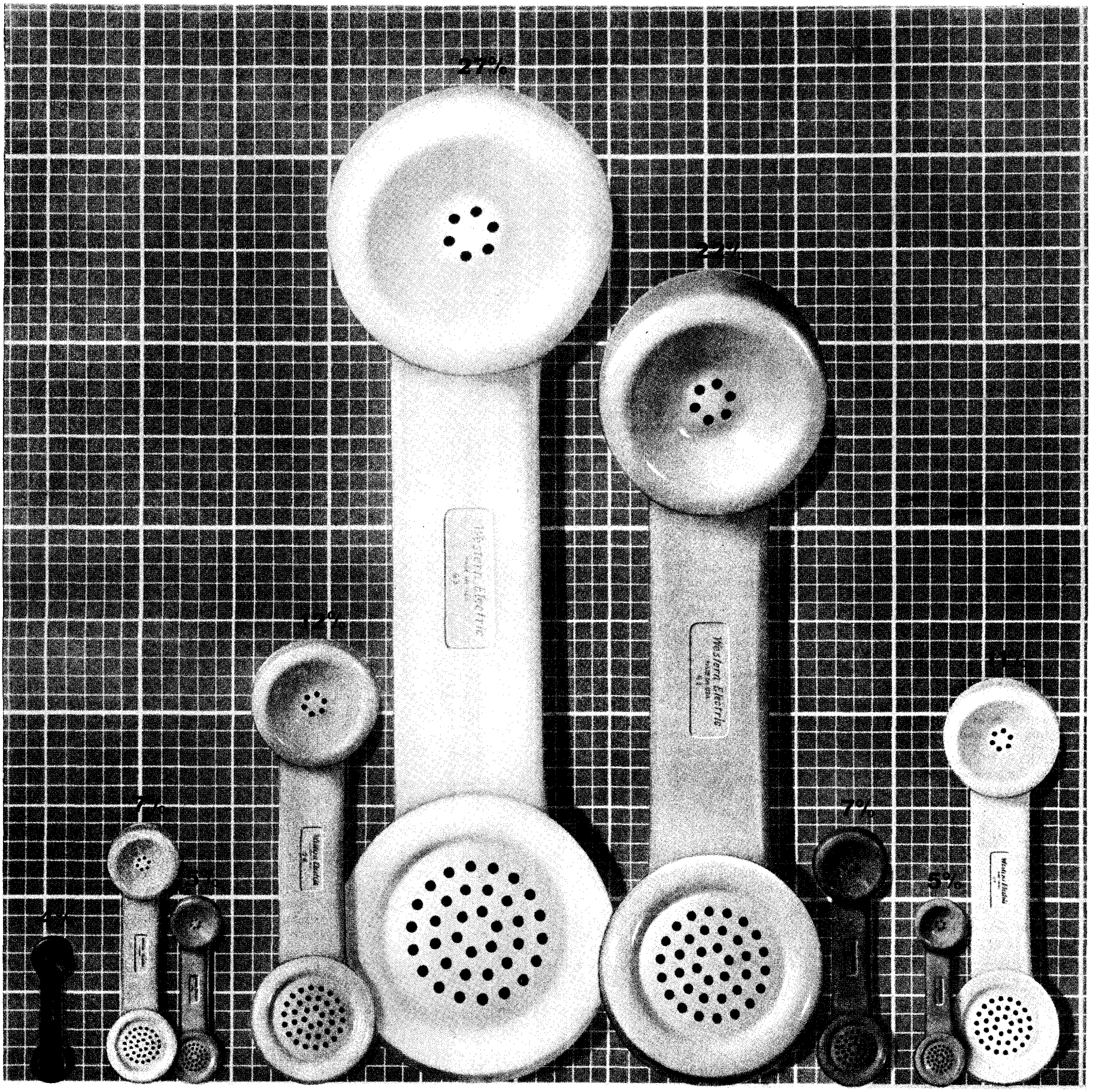

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A VISIT TO Alabama

In the MARCH HOLIDAY MAGAZINE

Carl Carmer returns to Alabama and compares it with the state he wrote about years ago in his best seller *Stars Fell on Alabama*. You'll relive the glories of the past; visit exquisite Mobile, exciting Birmingham, Tuscaloosa's center of learning—and more!

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SPEED WEEK IN DAYTONA BEACH
Brings thousands of automotive buffs to try out and ogle all kinds of stock, sport and antique cars on one of the finest beach speedways in the world.

THE U.S. AIR FORCE
A far-flung, enormous, lethal organization has had a brief but glorious history as former airman Robert Carson proves in this grand salute.

ANCIENT EGYPT
Egypt is littered with gigantic toys, such as the Sphinx and the Pyramids, according to Aubrey Menen. You'll want to know more about his theory which states that the ancient Egyptians built a way of life out of pure nonsense.

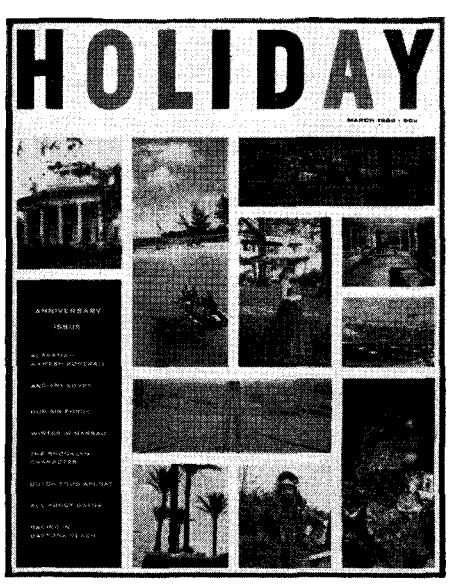
THE NEW NASSAU
A colorful six-page picture story of exciting new happenings in old Nassau by Slim Aarons.

CHARLES DE GAULLE, PART II
Maurice Edelman concludes his portrait of one of the great figures of our time.

ALSO IN THE ISSUE

★ **Antic Arts on *Thelma Ritter*.**
★ **Lucius Beebe's Spendthrift Tour of London.**
★ **Dutch Food Afloat.**

All this in the March



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A Curtis Magazine

(*Continued from Page 86*) departed, the girl slipped into a chair at the table adjoining Tyler's. "This job's O.K., but it's sure tough on the feet," she confided, kicking off her shoes. "Want some more butter?"

"No, thanks," he said. "Did you know the Orne family?"

Her face lighted. "What a guy!" she said. "He should've lived forever. You a friend of theirs?"

"Not exactly. I'd like to see Miss Orne, though, if I can."

The waitress shrugged. "Why not?" She added, "Why don't you stay out to the Point? She's taking paying guests this summer."

Tyler's heart skipped a beat. If Gwenyth Orne was taking paying guests, it meant several things—she must need money, for one; for another, she could hardly turn a presentable applicant from her door.

In the morning he dressed rather more carefully than usual—creased gabardine trousers, a tweed jacket, a conservative necktie. He checked out of the hotel and followed the directions a garage attendant had given him to Porpoise Point.

The house where Matthew Orne had spent his last years was one of those sprawling jumbles of architecture which occasional sea captains built in the last century. It had turrets and balconies and an amazing variety of windows. On the ground floor, French windows facing the Atlantic opened on a veranda with fretwork trim. Above were bays, dormers and oddly shaped inserts of stained glass. Tyler knocked at the front door three times before it was opened.

He had visualized Gwenyth Orne as looking like her aunt. He was startled by the normality of the plump, pink-cheeked woman who looked at him silently. He said, "Miss Orne?"

"She's not here."

"Will she be back?" he asked.

"Always has." Her eyes were suspicious. "What was it you wanted?" Tyler told her. "Where'd you hear that she took boarders?" He answered that. "She don't take just anyone," said the woman. "Never took none till this summer." She looked at him sharply.

"You can come in and wait," she decided abruptly and led him into a large, book-lined room. "She went to the post office. Ought to be back——" She paused. "Is back. That's her car."

She left him alone, and Tyler found it difficult not to get up and look out the window. He could hear voices—the voice of the woman who had let him in and a lower voice. The words were indistinguishable. He was facing the door when suddenly, silently, like an apparition, a figure was standing on the threshold, her sapphire-blue eyes studying him. Tyler was swept back four years to the flagged terrace overlooking the Bay of Biscay. He had never expected to see this girl again.

He got to his feet. "Miss Orne?"

"Yes," she agreed, not moving. "Mrs. Pearson says that you heard about Porpoise Point in the village?"

"At the restaurant," said Tyler.

The morning sunlight caught in her bright hair. "I've never taken anyone here except friends or friends of friends," she said. "I've had some rather unpleasant experiences with strangers." Tyler was silent. Cutler had been in this house. "You see," she continued, "my father died two months ago. Or did you know about my father?"

"The waitress said something," he evaded.

Gwenyth Orne advanced three steps and stopped. "No one sent you here?" He shook his head, and the burning blue of her eyes softened, the tautness of her lovely mouth relaxed. She smiled. "How long would you like to stay?"

Forever, thought Tyler. "A week?" he suggested.

"It's eight dollars a day with meals," she told him. "Wouldn't you like to see your room before you decide?" When he said no, she moved to a flat-topped desk. "You have to register," she said.

Tyler picked up the pen, and for a second time within five minutes he felt unable to move. He had written and signed three letters to this girl, and she had written him one—one of definite and curt refusal to discuss the museum. He just this moment had tacitly denied any knowledge of her father, any reason for being here. She was standing beside him, waiting for him to write his name. His fingers tightened about the pen. He wrote "Thomas Lane, New York City."

"Mrs. Pearson will show you your room, Mr. Lane," she said. "Luncheon is at one."

His room faced the open sea. He sat down in an armchair by the window. Inexorably he realized what he had done. Thomas Lane could never discuss the sale of the Marsden house with Gwenyth Orne. He must have been out of his mind.

Face of a Friend

By Richard F. Armknecht

So often in her face we see
Herself. No sham vivacity
Is ever there. Her smile is real,
A sharing smile. But to reveal
Her deeper values, I suggest
A study of her face at rest—
Not dour nor distant, sour nor
sad,
But calm, and ready to be glad.

There were three people beside Gwenyth Orne and himself at luncheon—an elderly couple named Conway and a Mr. Wentworth, a pleasant man in his fifties who scrutinized Tyler almost as sharply as Mrs. Pearson had done. They were having dessert when the telephone rang. Gwenyth answered it. She returned, her eyes blazing.

"Another ghoul who wants to talk to me about Matthew!" she addressed Mr. Wentworth bitterly.

He looked at her with gentleness and obvious affection. "Gwen, dear, they're not all like that man from *Now*," he said. "Or even the book fellow who annoyed you so. Eventually someone should write a biography of Matthew, and his letters and papers should be edited."

"Why did they all have to wait until he was dead to be so interested?" she demanded. "De luxe memorial editions of his poems, memoirs, museums!" Tyler winced. "He had plenty of recognition in Europe when he was alive!"

"Matthew spent more of his life in Europe than here," Mr. Wentworth reminded her. "As for the museum, you shouldn't leave his manuscripts and correspondence in an empty firetrap of a house all winter."

Tyler looked at his plate. Wentworth, he gathered, was an old friend of the Ornes. He had voiced, just this past moment, his approval of a museum. If he could talk with him and explain his own family relationship to the poet, perhaps the older man could persuade Gwenyth to listen to him.

In the afternoon, Tyler drove to the town and sent a telegram to Bill Barnard. "Delayed here a few days; will wire when leaving." Conversation at the dinner table was perfunctory, and Gwenyth hardly spoke at all. After dinner she and Mr. Wentworth excused themselves; Mr. Conway brought out a cribbage board, and Tyler retired to his room.

The four-poster bed was wide and comfortable, but he could not sleep. For four years he had remembered this girl. To see her again, even lovelier than he remembered, to find her not as he had romantically presumed—the *petite amie* of the poet—but Matthew Orne's daughter, must have made him momentarily deranged.

When he came downstairs in the morning the others had breakfasted. Mrs. Pearson brushed aside his apologies. He was finishing the meal when Gwenyth came into the room.

"Mr. Lane, I'm in trouble. It's time to drive Alan—Mr. Wentworth—to the airport, and my car won't start, and the town taxi doesn't answer the telephone."

He would be delighted to drive Mr. Wentworth, he said.

"I'd better come, to show you the way."

They stood together, watching the plane take off. "Matthew loved to fly," she murmured. "He should have had wings." She looked up at Tyler, her eyes filled with wonder and a hint of laughter. "Maybe he has now!" she added. "Wouldn't it be wonderful for him?"

The Conways were sitting on the veranda when they returned to the house. Gwenyth smiled at Tyler.

"I think I'll swim before lunch," she said. "Would you like to?"

"Yes," he said.

When he came downstairs in his bathing trunks and jacket, he met Mrs. Pearson in the hall. "You know the way to the cove?" she asked.

"Miss Orne is coming with me," he said.

"Is she so?" Mrs. Pearson murmured. She gave him a long, rather thoughtful look. "Well, don't hurry back," she added and went on into the kitchen.

Gwenyth was wearing a terry-cloth robe of faded pink over her bathing suit, and she had pinned her hair on top of her head. She led the way, and Tyler, following her, thought that she looked both like a child and a young queen. On the pebbled beach she kicked off her shoes, dropped the robe and ran into the water. Five minutes sufficed to chill him completely, and he swam back to shore and stood watching her.

"This is my introduction to Maine water," he told her when she came out.

She laughed, leaning against a sun-warmed rock, her hair dripping like amber-colored seaweed, her slim legs and delicately modeled feet glistening in the sunlight. "You get used to it," she said. "Matthew could stay in for an hour."

He was silent. Thomas Lane had no interest in Matthew Orne, no knowledge of him. Thomas Lane's grandfather had not told him how Matthew Orne was the first to swim across the broad lake at Marsden. He looked at Gwenyth and saw that the wetness on her smooth cheeks was not sea water.

She wiped her eyes with the back of her hand. "I'm sorry," she said. "This is the first time I've come to the cove since he died."

The Conways were leaving Porpoise Point the next morning. After the taxi had taken them to the station, Gwenyth asked, "Would you mind if I gave Mrs. Pearson the day off and we had a picnic lunch?"

"Well, why don't you give her the evening, too, and have dinner with me at a

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restaurant?" he suggested. He wondered whether any recording instrument could be more sensitive than her face. It was thoughtful, evaluating, suddenly gay. "I think that's a lovely idea," she accepted.

Her gaiety continued throughout the day. They returned to the house to dress for dinner, and when she came downstairs, wearing a white frock, her face was pale, her eyes somber. "I don't know," she said. "I don't know whether I can go with you, after all."

"We don't have to go anywhere," said Tyler.

She straightened her shoulders and drew in her breath. "No," she agreed. She smiled faintly. "It's all the first times, Tom, that are such hurdles for me. I haven't been anywhere for three months." She sat down. "It's hard to explain to anyone who didn't know Matthew. He was so alive, so vital." She stood abruptly. "Let's go," she said.

"You're sure you want to? I could scramble some eggs."

She smiled again, and this time her eyes looked less haunted. "You're—*très gentil*, Tom Lane," she told him. "Yes, I want to."

She did not care where they dined. "Matthew and I didn't go out much," she said. Tyler stopped at a gas station and made inquiries. There was a very nice place about ten miles up the road, the attendant told him. It had some French name.

When they found it Tyler looked inquiringly at Gwenyth. "What's a Miraculous Peach?" he asked.

She laughed. "*La Pêche Miraculeuse*," she said, and her eyes crinkled teasingly. "Is it your Bible or your French that you don't know? *Pêche* means 'catch' too. Remember the miraculous draught of fishes?"

After they had ordered he said, "You lived a long time in France, didn't you?"

"Until two years ago."

Tyler caught his breath. "I saw you there," he said.

Her eyes widened. "Where?"

"I can even tell you what you were wearing," he said. "You had a very full skirt with blue and white stripes. You had a white blouse and red shoes and you were carrying a little red handbag."

She nodded, her lips slightly parted. "I remember," she said. "But where?"

"It was at a restaurant, an outside terrace, high above the water. I didn't know who you were. I thought you were a French girl."

"When was this?" she asked.

"Four years ago."

The pupils of her eyes seemed very large. "At Ciboure!" she exclaimed, and he nodded. "But then you saw Matthew!"

"I've never forgotten him, either."

She was completely still, staring at him fixedly. "Why didn't you tell me before?" she asked.

"I don't know," he said. He added, "You see, I had no idea when I came here that you—were you."

She frowned. "I don't understand," she said. "Why did you come here?"

He felt the same tension, the same mounting panic that had overwhelmed him when he sat with the pen in his hand before the register. "I think it was in the cards," he told her. "I think it was fate." He met her eyes steadily. "'Love, swift and sure . . . fatal in one thrust. . . .'" he quoted, and Matthew Orne's daughter did not stir as he recited Matthew Orne's *Moment of Truth*.

When he finished she said, her voice very low, "Matthew wrote that to his first wife."

"He was a very great poet," said Tyler.

"Yes," she agreed. Color had swept into her face, and the light from the candles on their table shimmered in her amber-gold hair. She said, "I still don't understand," and her low voice was drowned as the orchestra, which had come silently into the room while they were talking, swung into dance music.

Tyler felt like a man reprieved. "Will you dance?" he asked her. She rose without answering, without looking at him, and put her hand on his shoulder. They did not speak as they danced; they did not speak as they stood together on the waxed floor waiting for the next number. Back at their table, she said, "You dance very well."

He said, "Thank you. You ——" He swallowed. "I'd sound like a complete idiot—or a very bad poet—if I tried to tell you what dancing with you is like."

It was after midnight when they returned to Porpoise Point. The house was dark. Gwenyth pressed the hall switch.

"I had a lovely evening," she said. "Thank you, Tom."

He caught her hand. He was not Tom. He wanted to tell her that he was not Tom. "Don't go away yet," he said.

She shook her head. "I don't want to talk now. It's like coming out of a theater after a play. I want to go to sleep—still dancing."

He was not gripping her hand; yet when he pulled her toward him, she moved lightly, like a blown leaf, into his arms. Her mouth was soft beneath his lips.

She said, "Good night," and ran up the stairs, leaving him staring after her.

In the morning he would tell her everything. She could not possibly be angry with him now. She must realize that he was not, as she had said so bitterly to Alan Wentworth, another ghoul who

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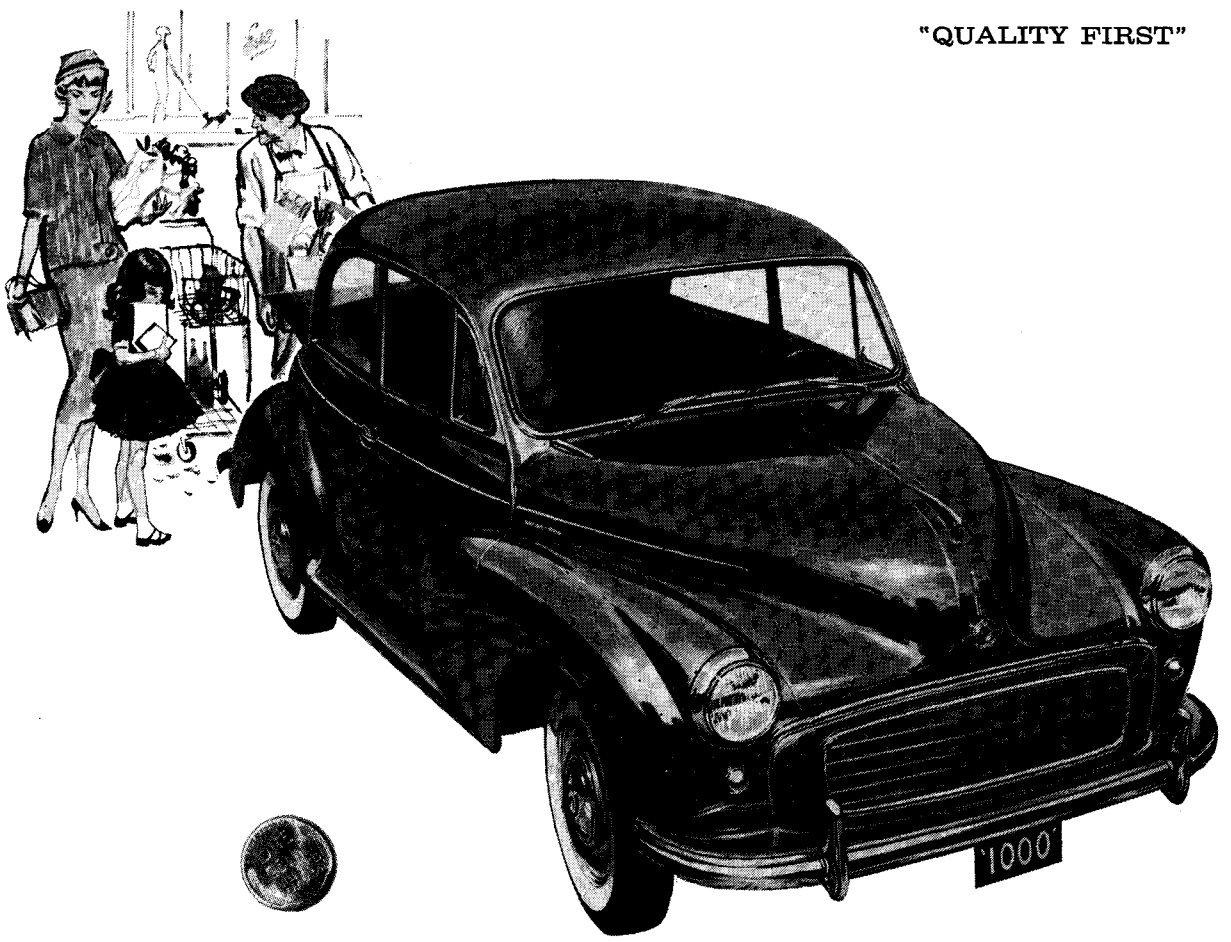

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wanted to make copy of her father, to cash in on Matthew Orne's reputation.

In the morning she was as elusive as a shadow. Guests were arriving on the afternoon plane, she told him, and she had a hundred things to do. Her blue dress flashed past him as she shook out rugs, emptied wastebaskets, carried flowers from the garden.

Mrs. Pearson looked amused. "She's real wound up, she is!" she commented.

Tyler cornered her in the dining room. "Gwenyth, you wouldn't let me talk last night. Won't you please ——" He had seen her angry and sad; he had seen her gay and teasing, but now her face was unreadable.

"I'm busy!" she said. "If you'd really like to help, you can drive to the village and pick up the groceries."

He drove to the town. The sight of the boats in the harbor reminded him of Bill Barnard and the fact that Bill was expecting him daily. He went into a booth and telephoned him.

Bill said, "What goes on? I just had the most amazing conversation with Miss Orne."

"With whom?" Tyler shouted.

"Miss Gwenyth Orne. You know——"

"Yes, I know!" interrupted Tyler. "But how ——"

"I'd had no word from you, and you said that you were seeing her, so I had the telephone operator call her place."

"You asked to speak to me? To Tyler Langley?"

"Cool off!" said Bill. "What's with you anyway?" He was laughing. "What's with the Orne dame? I ask politely, 'Is Mr. Langley there,' and she comes back, 'What does he look like?' Are you wearing false whiskers?"

Tyler groaned. "Bill, do you remember the girl we saw with Matthew Orne at Ciboure?"

"The blonde? I'll say I do!"

"That," said Tyler, "was Gwenyth Orne."

Bill whistled. "Don't let me detain you, brother," he said.

Tyler leaned his forehead against the glass door of the booth. After a moment he called Porpoise Point. "She's gone off," said Mrs. Pearson.

"Off where?" demanded Tyler.

Mrs. Pearson's voice had a note of asperity. "How would I know?" she retorted. "She's like a kite with the string broke."

Tyler burst out of the booth. On the corner of the street he saw the brick hotel where he had spent his first night. He walked purposefully into its cocktail bar and ordered a whisky.

He had not done anything criminal, he told himself defensively. Outside of the false name on the register he had not told her any lies. He had been trying to tell her the truth since early last evening. There was nothing outrageous about his having come here. He had intended merely to offer her more than a fair price for a house, which she probably had never seen and would not possibly want, and to honor the memory of her father.

He ordered another drink. Gwenyth Orne, he thought, was entirely too quick on the trigger. "*Another ghoul who wants to talk to me about Matthew!*"

When he walked out into the bright, blinding sunlight, he had completely forgotten the groceries. He drove back to the house.

Mrs. Pearson's expression was inscrutable. "She's to the cove," she informed him shortly.

He strode down the winding path, kicking at roots and branches. Gwenyth Orne was sitting on a rock, her chin in her hand. When she heard his shoes on the shingle beach, she turned.

"Don't you say a word!" said Tyler. "You're going to listen to me!" She did not say a word. She looked at him, and then her lashes brushed her cheeks, hiding her eyes.

"I wanted to tell you who I was last night, and you wouldn't listen!" he said. "I'm not ashamed of who I am! If I hadn't thought you'd throw me out ——" He glared at her, but glaring at a young woman whose eyes were closed was unproductive. He said, "Gwenyth! I'm not enough of a fool to say that I've cared as much about your father as you have, but he's been a hero, a legend, to me all my life. You wouldn't be here if it weren't for him; well, neither would I!"

He told her about the hunting trip which his grandfather and Orne once had taken and how his grandfather had broken his leg and the teen-aged Matthew had carried him out through miles of forest on his back.

"I was brought up on stories about Matthew Orne," he said. "My grandfather never tired of talking about him. Then, when I was older, I discovered his poetry."

Gwenyth did not stir. "When he died it struck me as shameful that the town where he had been born had never done anything to honor him," he continued. "His birthplace should be a national shrine." She made a faint sound, and he asked, "What did you say?"

"I didn't say anything," said Gwenyth.

"You didn't say anything to my letters, either!" he said. "Not even to the registered one, which I know you got!"

She was silent. "You know that you wouldn't have let me stay in your house if you'd known why I came!" he told her. Her mouth quivered. "Don't you?" he demanded.

She opened her eyes and then clapped a hand over her mouth. It took Tyler a second to realize that she was laughing.

He had been resentful before, but her laughter was the final straw. He had been in love with her, without knowing it, since she was seventeen. He had known it from the instant that she faced him on the threshold, known it as surely as though his love for her had begun half a century before his birth. "Don't you?" he repeated.

She slid down the smooth surface of the rock and stood facing him, her eyes bright. "Why don't we go back to the house, and you get your bag from your room and drive around to the front door and come in and register under your right name and see, Mr. Tyler Langley?" she suggested.

The Beautiful Horse Thief (Continued from Page 25)

And then I saw something which drove Martin Brandyce out of my head. I saw a horse. Not in pasture, but being ridden along the other side of the road and walking toward me. The sun was setting now, and the animal and the rider stood out against the red glow in dramatic black silhouette. I eased up on the gas and watched them, slowing right down as any horseman will when he's going to pass anything equine. The nearer they came, the more the horse impressed me. He gave me that authentic thrill, a ghostly tapping down my spine. A Thoroughbred stallion, he was that rare and lovely color, a true dark chestnut, with a white blaze and four of the snowiest, most even stockings I'd ever seen. And he had about him that extra something—the pride, the poised proportion, the flawless rhythm in movement—which in the horse more than in any other animal separates the king from the commoner.

I stopped the car to see him better, wondering who he was and what he was doing out in the sticks like this. I was going to shout questions at the boy on his back—the boy who was riding him just right, with a nice cross-country seat and that willowy look to his back—when I suddenly realized the boy was a girl.

It stopped me for a second, but I still might have said something if it hadn't been for the girl's behavior. She looked scared, so scared that the chestnut sensed some extra tension in her and began to jig-jog, breaking the lovely flow of his walk.

I twisted around to stare after him. And the girl turned her head for one quick backward glance. A scared glance. She put him to a canter, and then, about fifty yards away, headed across the road without checking. I held my breath; cantering across pavement is begging for trouble.

But he didn't slip, and she stopped him on the dirt shoulder and turned him around to face the way he'd come. I couldn't believe my eyes, because what she was facing him at, across the road, was a fence of steel mesh which stood a full five feet. A fence so close to the pavement that it offered only a few yards of soft going for take-off.

She sat forward and patted his neck and took a shorter hold—and clapped her heels into his flanks.

This time it wasn't any canter across the paving; it was a gallop. But the chestnut made it onto the verge without faltering. I was afraid to look, but my eyes wouldn't shut. I saw the girl, lying along his neck now, give him a perfect take-off.

He leaped in a flowing, tremendous arc which cleared the fence with nearly a foot to spare—and the last I saw of him was a peculiar flirt of his heels, the near just tilting like any jumper's but the whole off-hind leg giving an odd little extra kick.

I mopped at my forehead and lit a cigarette. I was mad and curious at the same time—mad at the girl for risking the neck of a lovely thing like the chestnut; curious about why she risked her own bones as well as the horse's just because I'd looked at them. And on top of all this, the old news-hawk's bell—a relic of my reporter days—was ringing in my head, sounding the peals that meant a "story" crammed with "human interest."

Before I knew it, I'd made a U turn and was driving back, looking for any road or track which would take me in the direction my quarry must have gone.

The chances against my finding them must have been several hundred to one. But find them I did; fifteen minutes and several miles later, when it was almost dark and I was bumping along a rutted, tree-lined lane in the foothills. The chestnut stallion was in a big pasture on the far side of the road. I parked the car under the trees and crossed the road to take a closer look at him. He stared at me and turned away and began to graze. I leaned against the fence and ran a slow eye over him, and still couldn't fault him. Even in this light he was a thrill just to watch, and so I watched him—until I heard something which drove everything else out of my mind.

It was a woman sobbing, a desolate sound in the twilight. It was coming from the other side of a clump of sycamores at the corner of the pasture. Laying myself a hundred to one it was the girl, I walked silently toward the sound, keeping in a straight line with the biggest sycamore, so that I wouldn't be seen.

It was she, all right. She was sitting under the farthest tree, on the edge of a track which ran uphill to the buildings. Her arms were around her shins and her head on her knees. Beside her lay the chestnut's saddle and bridle.

I stopped, pressing close to the tree I'd marched on. I was considering my next move when a car came clattering down the track from the direction of the buildings. It was so nearly dark that the driver had headlights on. Seeing them, the girl whipped to her feet and stepped out onto the track, and the car, a pickup truck, came down to her and stopped.

The driver jumped off it and ran to her. He left his lights on, and they showed him as a tall, rangy boy in his early twenties. He was bareheaded, in the dungarees and high-heeled boots of the Western horseman. He put his arms around her and said, "Allie, you been cryin'!"

She stifled a sob. "I—I'm sorry, Danny," she said. "But it's been such an awful day! I didn't think I'd ever make it here." Her hands clutched at his shoulders. "Wh-when we were hiding out in Mr. Maderos' feed barn, two deputies came. And just now, down there on Trejillo, there was a man—in a convertible. It was the only car I passed all the way from Green Oaks. And he stopped, Danny! He wasn't looking at me; he was looking at

"Our next speaker needs all the introduction he can get."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Moon!" Her voice wavered again. "I was so scared, I jumped Moon into Sebastian's five-acre ——"

"You did what?" The boy was horrified. "You mighta been killed!"

"But I wasn't," she said. "And anyway I fooled him, didn't I? He couldn't know where we headed."

Her voice had risen, and the boy said quickly, "That's fine, Allie, fine. But what we gotta do now's get Moon up to the barns right away." He held her close again. "Listen, honey! Dad's got a new idea—a real good one!"

The girl came to life. "Oh, Dan! That's wonderful!" She picked up the saddle and pushed it into his arms. She said, "You take this," and wheeled around and grabbed up the bridle and started for the pasture fence. She passed within a few feet of me, but never even glanced in my direction.

The boy climbed into the truck and backed it around. I ducked farther behind my tree, and the headlights didn't hit me. So all I had to do was stay put and strain my eyes after the girl.

She was inside the fence now. I saw her in outline, darker than the increasing darkness around her. She whistled a long shrill note, and the chestnut came out of nowhere and nosed at her. She slipped the bridle on him and took a handful of mane and swung herself onto his back. And then they were gone, leaving behind them only rhythmic receding hoofbeats.

I walked back to my car and drove slowly by the pasture and the track, and a little farther on hit a real road up the hill. At the top it joined a highway, and I turned back on this and found the house which I'd spotted earlier. The windows were dark, but light came from the stables beside it. I parked the car and walked across and looked at the mailbox by matchlight and read the name, DAN'L J. TURLEY, and started down the drive.

As I took my first step into the stable yard, a terrier began to bark inside the tackroom. It killed all element of surprise, so I stopped and called, "Hey, anybody around?" and saw movement behind the half-open door of a lighted loose-box almost directly facing me.

Someone looked out—and ducked back. Then the boy came out of the box. Under the harsh overhead lighting he looked a lot bigger as he came across to me and stopped, thumbs hooked into his belt. He said, "Something you want, mister?" and I went into an act about being a stranger who'd lost his way and wondered how to get to Santa Monica.

He pointed. "Straight south to the ocean. Then east." He hooked the thumbs in his belt again. It seemed unlikely I was going to get anywhere with him, but I went on with the act. I thanked him heartily. I was Mr. Affable himself—and also a fellow horseman. I liked the look of his place better than anything I'd seen out here ——

And that was as far as I got. The boy may have been wavering, but there was nothing uncertain about the man who stepped out of the lighted loose-box now. He was a squarer, grimmer edition of his son. He lifted a pitchfork from against the wall and raised his voice and said, "Cut the gab, Danny. We got work to do." And then he just leaned on the pitchfork, waiting.

There was nothing to do for the moment but quit. So I took myself off, whistling blithely and feeling pretty much of a fool.

I got back to the car and climbed in and, just after I'd started off, saw what I ought to have seen in the first place. Past the house the land rose steeply, so that anyone climbing the fence at the top of the rise could be immediately behind the stables, at roof level.

I was smart this time. I drove on quite a way and parked, and then waited for ten minutes before I walked back. I was careful climbing the fence, careful moving nearer the stable roof, careful as I listened to muted voices, and the clank of buckets, and a whir which sounded like a clipping machine.

I was so smart and so careful that I didn't hear the boy until his voice came from behind me. "Lost y'r way again, mister?" it growled, and a hard hand dropped on my shoulder and spun me around.

I lost my temper. I said, "Take your hands off me!" and put a palm against his chest and shoved.

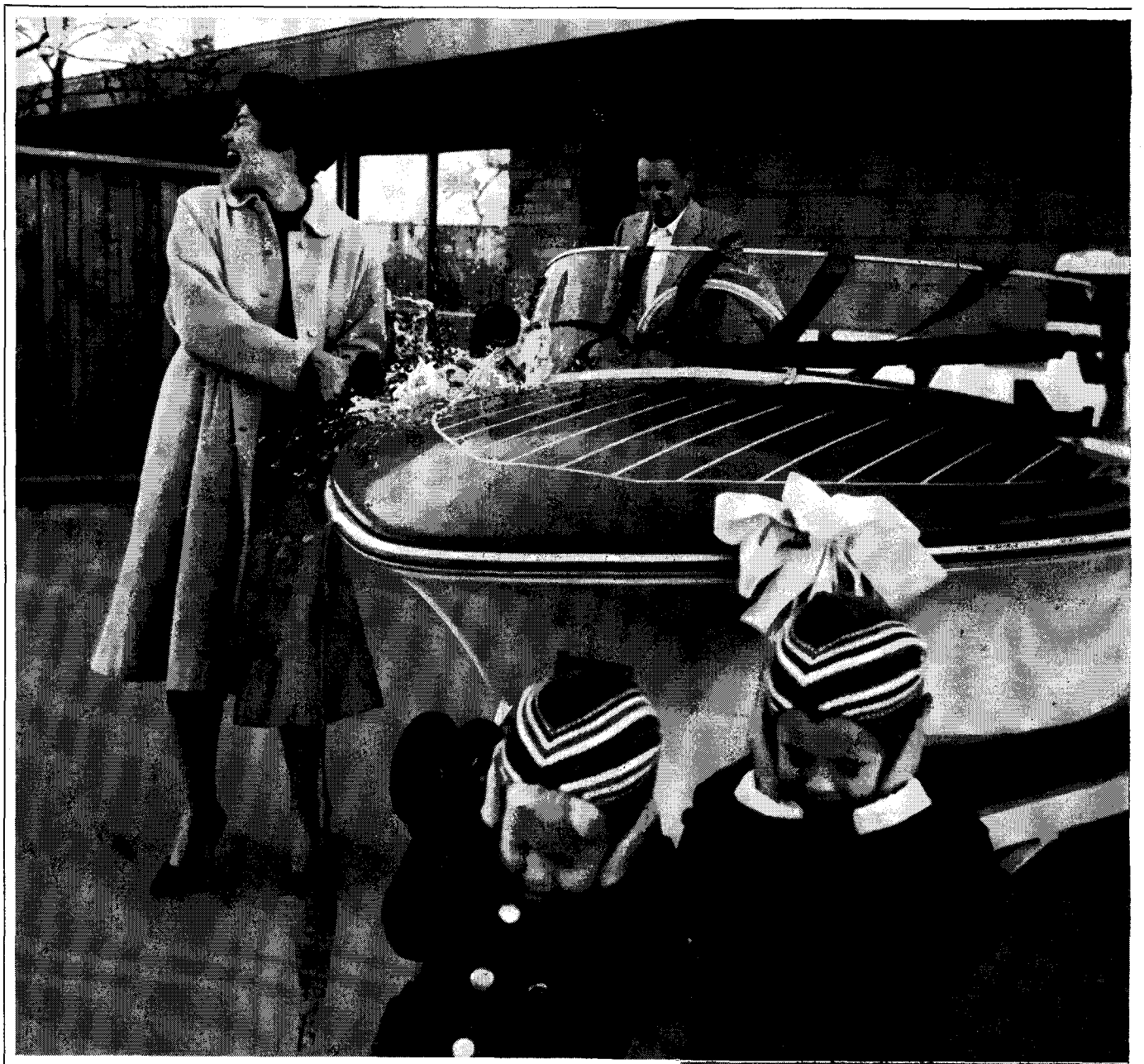
That did it. He came at me with a roundhouse right which could have torn my head off. But I ducked and stepped inside it and let him have my own right, short and heavy, square on the solar plexus.

His mouth opened and he crumpled, and I hit him twice more as he was falling. He lay on the leaves like a sack, and for a moment I was worried. I was ashamed of those last two clips.

But it was all right. I knelt by him, and after a minute he tried to sit up. I heard the girl's voice calling, "Danny—Danny! Where are you?" and I left, vaulting the fence and heading back for the car.

I drove off, as mad at myself as I've ever been, but all the hotter on the trail. The trouble was, what trail? Where did I go next, and what did I do when I got there? And just how much did I know?

Well, I knew the girl had ridden the horse from a place called Green Oaks. I knew she was evading the law, being assisted in this evasion by the Turleys and



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someone called Maderos, but I didn't know why.

I was still asking myself questions when I came to a crossroad with a signpost which read, GREEN OAKS—5 MI. I turned and followed it, and a few miles farther on, with the small town just ahead, saw a red light blinking and slowed down to find a sheriff's patrol car pulled up behind another car which was hitched to a one-horse trailer. Two uniformed figures, one very tall, stood by as a cowboy backed a little bay mare out of the trailer. The cowboy was mad, enriching the night air with some of the most picturesque obscenities I'd ever heard. But the two cops were unmoved, carefully checking the bay's appearance as they constantly referred to a paper in the tall one's hand.

It could have been a coincidence, but I didn't believe it, and I drove on slowly, thinking too hard to pick up speed again. It was lucky I didn't, because I might not have seen the little restaurant on the right. The sign said, BUCK'S CORRAL—GOOD FOOD—COCKTAILS, and I realized not only that I needed a drink but that this might be as good a place to start probing as any.

It was, because the equine motif was strongly in evidence. Outside, wagon wheels and a horseshoe design framed the door. Inside, horse photographs and portraits crowded the walls. It was nine o'clock, and there were only two men in the place—one customer and the bartender, who looked as if he might be the owner too. He gave me a big smile as I took a stool and ordered. He was a man of forty, round-faced and hearty, in a violently checkered shirt. His customer was sixty and slight and white-templed, in old-fashioned black riding clothes and a black sombrero. Obviously Mexican-Spanish of hidalgo type, he had the lined and sorrowing face of an El Greco. He flicked me with one all-embracing glance and looked down into his glass and forgot me, so I took a swallow of my drink and started in on Checkshirt, asking about some of the photographs and letting it come out that I was a horseman myself; an easterner about to settle in California and scouting for somewhere to board my small string of hunters and jumpers.

I was doing fine and had even drawn another glance from the hidalgo when a car pulled up outside and a door slammed and in came the tall deputy I'd seen on the road. He looked us over and said to Checkshirt, "You Buck Wilson owns this place an' the stables out back?"

"That's right," Checkshirt said. I wasn't sure, but I thought I caught the flicker of a glance between him and the hidalgo.

The Law came closer, taking a paper from a pocket and unfolding it. "Horse named Moon Flame?" he said, and read from the paper, "'Thoroughbred stallion. Six-year-old. Dark sorrel or chestnut color. Four white stockin's. White blaze down face. Height around sixteen hands.'" He looked up. "You know it?"

"Sure," Buck Wilson said. "It's Tex Malone's. Stands over at Bert Linklader's." He seemed mildly curious; perhaps too mildly. "Why?"

"Animal's missin'." The deputy was every inch the Law, and there were a lot of inches.

The hidalgo spoke for the first time. "The horse has not yet been found?" His voice was soft and deep. "Other officers were searching this afternoon. They told how he had jumped out from Mr. Linklader's corral."

"Animal got out." The eyes of the Law were resting on me now. "Maybe it jumped out. Maybe it was taken out."

"No good looking at me," I said. "I'm a stranger here."

"Gentleman's from the East," Buck said. He looked at the Law and chuckled. "If you boys're thinkin' about hoss thieves, you're way outta date. Musta been watchin' too much TV." Again it seemed to me that his eyes met the hidalgo's.

Unsmiling, the Law put away the paper. He said suddenly, "Anybody know the Linklader girl? Alison?"

"Sure," said Buck. "Nice kid." And the hidalgo said, "Yes, I am acquainted to Miss Linklader."

"Seen her around today? Or yesterday?"

Buck pondered, shrugged checkered shoulders, shook his head.

"She is not at home, I believe," the hidalgo said. "I think perhaps she is in San Francisco. With her *abuela*—her grandmother."

The Law went back to the door. "Well, keep your eyes open," he said. "And your ears. Any information about the horse, contact the substation here. Might be worth while; owner's offerin' a good-size reward." He opened the door, then turned. "You might like to know, Wilson—Tex Malone is *not* the owner."

The door slammed behind him, and in a moment the sound of the patrol car driving off came over the silence—which lasted until I said, "Is that Tex Malone, the cowboy actor?"

Buck said, "That's right," and I was conscious of the hidalgo's eyes on me.

"I think I saw the horse they're after," I said. "Hour or so ago, around sunset. Back about ten miles west. There was a girl on him." I let it lie there and finished my drink.

It brought more silence until the hidalgo said softly, "It is interesting that you did not tell the officer, *señor*." He made it a nice blend of statement and question.

I looked at him and then at Buck Wilson. "Didn't think it was any of my business," I said, and let them have a half-smile. "Especially as we're fellow horsemen, and you two seemed—well, on the cagey side."

They were looking at each other again, openly now. But they still weren't talking. "I wouldn't be so curious," I said, "only I fell for the horse. One look at him walking was enough. Love at first sight."

The hidalgo smiled for the first time, and Buck refilled my glass. He said, "On the house," and stuck out his hand and added unnecessarily, "I'm Buck Wilson."

We shook hands, and I told him my name and he repeated it to the hidalgo and said to me, "This is Mr. Maderos. Raises saddle-breds and palominos."

The name didn't surprise me; I'd half-guessed it already. I shook hands with the old man and he said, "I understand your emotions, *señor*. With this horse, I too have felt them."

I pushed a little. I said, "What's behind all this? Who does the horse belong to? And has the girl stolen him?"

"If there is thieving, *señor*," Maderos said slowly, "it is to prevent a wrong which would be far more great."

"Murder's what it is!" Buck growled. "Dirty legalized murder!"

I stared at them. "You can't mean what I think you mean."

"Oh, yes, *señor*." Maderos' face was like stone. "The owner has ordered that the horse be killed."

I couldn't believe it, and yet he made it impossible to doubt him. He said, "Listen to me, *señor*," and leaned closer and in his offbeat English started on the story. . . .

It had a weirdly heterogeneous cast possible only in California. The motivating figure, of course, was the chestnut stallion, Moon Flame (by El Samba out of Luna Lady), but the drama was dominated by, of all people, Doria St. Simon, that hardy perennial on the otherwise ever-changing roster headed, First Lady of the Cinema. And Doria St. Simon's fifth incursion into matrimony had been with Robert (Tex) Malone.

"The horse, you see, was then a yearling," Maderos said. "And she gives it to Malone, a present for the wedding. But it is left with my friend Linklader. All this time it is left, and always Malone is talking half-drunken to his friends of his plans for the horse. Talking, but nothing more."

"Five years," Buck Wilson said. "Five years! And that drugstore cowpoke sees Moon maybe a coupla times. So who breaks the horse, an' schools him, an' turns him out the best gol-darned hunter any of us'll ever see? Why, young Alison, o' course, an' Mr. Maderos here."

"It is the child," Maderos said. "I am only to advise. Between her and the horse there is something one only finds rarely between horses and men. A bond. What I think is called affinity."

"Look," I said. "If the horse was given to Malone, how come he's not the owner? Or does the sheriff have his lines crossed?"

Madero's eyes claimed me again. "In the law, the owner is the woman St. Simon," he said, and told me how, after a divorce six months before, disagreement over some real-estate property had recently exploded in a court battle which Malone's lawyers had had the temerity to win. "And so the woman is left with a hot desire to punish Malone, to find some way of revenge." Maderos shook his head. "The mind of such a person it is difficult to understand, *señor*. But it happens she discovers it is possible to claim the horse as hers."

"She never signed his papers over, see?" Buck said.

"The woman has no interest to horses," Maderos said. "Not to anything, I think, but herself. And she believes all the talk of Malone, that this horse is of high importance to him. So here is her revenge. She did not announce her intent to destroy the horse; but as you know, *señor*, there is among horsemen a—a communication."

"He means we got it on the grapevine," Buck said. "So we all knew what was cookin', an' Alison about went crazy. But the first time they come for Moon, Bert Linklader wouldn't let 'em take him. Said so far as he knew the horse was Malone's, an' Malone was away. So they'd haveta wait."

Maderos took over. "And then the woman sends her attorneys to the court, and they obtain an order ——"

"—an' we get the news last evenin'," Buck said. "They were comin' for Moon this mornin', so Alison gets him away before daylight."

"And that is all, *señor*." Maderos kept those eyes of his fixed on mine. For some reason, they were beginning to make me uncomfortable.

I said what I thought, but I looked determinedly at Buck while I said it. "Does this girl imagine she can get away with it? Horse stealing in this day and age?"

Buck muttered something and turned away, but after a moment Maderos began to speak. "It is a belief with me, *señor*," he said, "that life with us is a design, a pattern. And that this pattern is made with many, many smaller patterns; a pattern for every happening, from the smallest to the most large." I couldn't have pulled away from his eyes now if you'd paid me. He said, "I say this because it comes to my mind that of this small pattern of the horse and the child you are a part." He paused. "Perhaps the most important part."

I found myself on the verge of losing my temper; the weakling's refuge, I suppose, against a stronger mind—especially if he doesn't understand it. I glared back at the eyes, and a sudden, vivid picture formed itself in my head. I saw the chestnut stallion lying on his side in thick, greasy dust. He lay in a stiff-legged shape impossible to life, and like a sightless third eye in his forehead was a hole around which flies were crawling.

I didn't like the picture. I said, "O.K., so I'm part of the pattern. But if you expect me to be able to do anything, you must be out of your mind. I'm a stranger. I don't know these people." I was so angry I forgot how little they knew about me. "So I may be connected with the press, but that's in New York. If all this had happened back there ——"

I stopped, my mouth hanging open as the thought hit (*Continued on Page 94*)

"Then it's settled! You get to keep the hat and I get to keep my big mouth shut."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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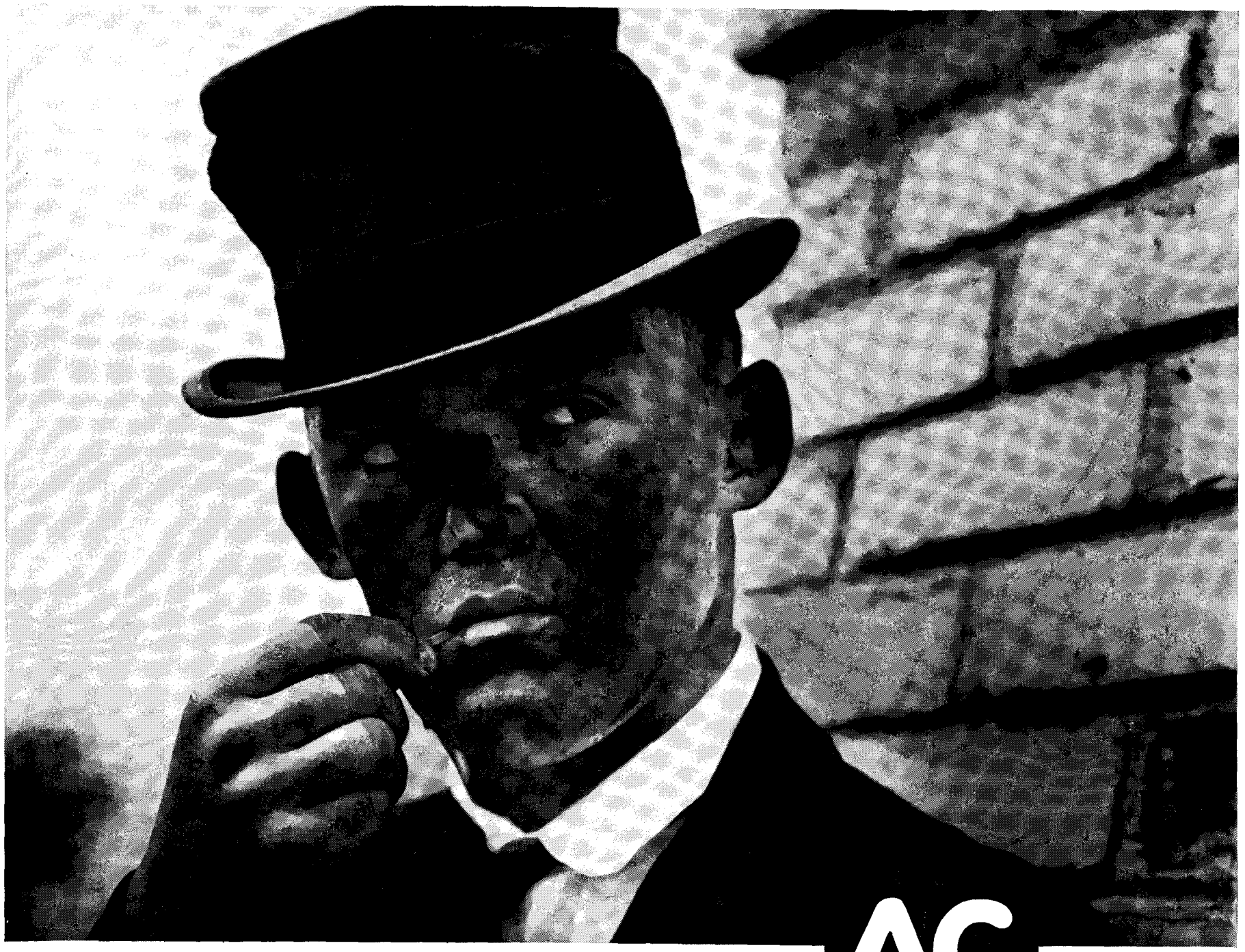

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(*Continued from Page 92*) me. I groped in my pockets for my address book and found Hymie Berne's number and looked at Buck and said, "Where's a phone?" Staring at me, he pointed to a booth in the corner, and I slid off my stool and saw Maderos smiling at me. Smiling.

I stopped in front of him. I said, "Look, this is just a thought I had. It's a long shot—it's wild. So there's nothing to grin about."

He said, "*Si, señor*, I understand." He went on smiling; I went to the phone.

Hymie came through. Between the time I first called him and two-thirty the next afternoon, which was the earliest appointment that could be arranged, he must have spent a lot of energy on my behalf. And he came through. . .

The house was large and white and pseudo-Spanish. I was led by a butler across an acre of lushly carpeted hall and into a salon as big as a ballroom. I expected a long heel-cooling wait, but surprisingly I didn't get it. In fact, I barely had time to realize I was as nervous as a cat, and had no idea how I was going to play my rather dubious hand, when in she came. In person, ladies and gentlemen—Doria St. Simon!

I'd seen her many times on both the stage and the screen, and it says a lot for her self-discipline that she didn't look more than five years older in her own house, in daylight. She shook hands, and had my name right, and we sparred around while she wondered exactly why she'd been pressured into this interview.

I got two things right away. First, she wasn't like Brandyce, kidding herself that she hated to act; she just acted all the time, her only trouble at the moment being to select a role. Second, and far more important, underneath the histrionic façade was an ego of steel, which meant that any attempt at bullying her was out, and my only hope was the camouflaged iron hand.

"I know you're from New York and some big magazine," she said, "but that's all. You take it from there." Her smile was a masterly ninety per cent frank-and-openness, ten feminine charm. So I fished out pen and notebook and started in on an hour's hard work of question and answer—and by the end of it I could have killed her joyfully. The dirtier the linen, the more eagerly she wanted to wave it. She wasn't any longer an impersonal opponent who had to be stopped from slaughtering a lovely animal whose hoofs she wasn't fit to clean; she was an active enemy whom I thoroughly hated.

That was bad enough. But worse was the toughness of fiber she showed. The more I saw of it, the more impossible it seemed that I could get away with the only plan I had. The picture of Moon Flame stiff in the dust came into my head again.

I gave her a smile Judas would have envied. I said, "That seems to be all for now, and thank you very much." I started to put the notebook away, and then snapped my fingers as if I had remembered something. I said, "Oh, yes, there was one other thing. What's this hassle with Malone about some horse? You didn't mention it."

She stared at me, dropping right out of character. Her mouth tightened. She said, "That's a private matter." And then she said, "How the hell did you hear about it?"

I said, "From New York, when I was phoning."

She forced herself back into her role. "Isn't it amazing how these wild stories get around?" she said. "What was the tale they told you?"

"Something about you ordering this animal killed," I said. "To spite Malone."

I could feel her thinking. I said, "I hope it's not true. You know how people are about animals. And the trouble is we'll have to say something about it. Because it's bound to get into the dailies long before we hit the stands."

She was all wide-eyed amazement. "But it's ridiculous! I never—I wouldn't ——"

I gave her a push. "Could it be that your manager or someone's made a mistake?"

She stared at me, balancing revenge against reputation. "Oh, they couldn't have, could they?"

There was a phone on the table beside me. I picked it up and held it out to her. "If I were you," I said, "I'd make sure."

It was almost five when I started for the Turley place. I drove fast and was on the lower road at the foot of the pasture about six o'clock. I slowed down to run my eye over the dozen or so grazing horses I could see.

At first glance, there was nothing there which even resembled the chestnut, and I was driving on when there was a thundering of hoofs, and five or six of them came galloping playfully down the slope. In their way was the huge trunk of a fallen oak, and all except one of them swerved out around it. But the one took it in stride, and as he cleared it he gave an odd little extra kick against the air with the whole of his off-hind leg.

I jumped out of the car and went over to the fence. And stared. And started to laugh. The son of El Samba and Luna Lady was now a dusty, unkempt-looking nag of an indeterminate roan color. His tail was ragged and rubbed and too short. His mane looked as if it had been roached and was growing out. The white blaze was gone from his face, and he had one white foot and no stockings.

Still laughing, I got back into the car and drove along to the road I'd found last night and stopped thinking about the horse and thought instead about the people involved with him. About old Maderos and his confusion between coincidence and what he called pattern. About how I'd word my apology to the boy for being too tough with him. About how happy the girl was going to be.

And then suddenly I was at the house. I didn't go to the stables this time, but knocked on the door. And the girl opened it.

She recognized me and tried to swing the door shut, but my foot was in it. I said, "Wait—wait! I'm a friend. I've fixed it all up for you." I pulled out the single, parchmentlike sheet which had been Doria's final gesture of submission to public opinion and waved it in the girl's face. "Look here—Moon Flame's papers! And they're made over to you!" I thrust it into her hands and pointed to the St. Simon signature on the back and the words "Alison Linklader."

She took the thing and stared at it numbly—and suddenly burst into tears. "I can't believe it! I know it's true, but I can't believe it!"

I put a hand on her arm, but she went on sobbing. And I heard a rush of booted feet on the gravel behind me. I whipped around—but a tenth of a second too late. The boy was on me, and that roundhouse right of his caught me clean and square on the point of the chin.

When the darkness cleared, I was lying in a flowerbed, with Dan'l Turley, Senior, holding a glass to my mouth. Behind him, Junior was catching several sorts of hell from the new owner of Moon Flame.

I sat up. I said, "Lay off him, honey. I had it coming."

My head swam, and I lay down again, thinking dimly that maybe Maderos had something with his "pattern" theories.

The Case of the Angry Actor (Continued from Page 39)

since a young Paul Muni landed in Hollywood some thirty years ago.

Steiger was such a ruthless animal in the title role of the film *Al Capone*, for instance, that he destroyed whatever illusions anyone may have had about the late Chicago mobster. He gave a frightening performance as a psychotic movie producer in *The Big Knife*. J. Arthur Rank imported him to England and paid him $100,000 to play a crooked banker in *Across the Bridge*. He won an Academy nomination for his work in *On the Waterfront*, a surprising tour de force considering that he had made only one other picture, a box-office flop called *Teresa*, and that he was a Hollywood beginner up against Marlon Brando. He and Brando, incidentally, have been feuding ever since. In an interview after the picture was released, Brando made a couple of cracks about Steiger's ability, and Steiger says: "I never got over that. I thought that was very unprofessional of him."

Steiger made the reviewers use up their adjectives in *Oklahoma!*, *Cry Terror*, *The Harder They Fall*, *Jubal* and five other major films. On television he created the role of Marty, and won the Sylvania Award for a series of amazing performances in which he portrayed such diverse characters as Dutch Schultz, Rudolf Hess, Andrei Vishinsky, Romeo and Rasputin. *Variety* columnist Army Archerd wrote: "Steiger's versatility is staggering."

Far more staggering is Steiger's private and personal performance, a continuing masterwork rarely seen by the critics.

The essence of his one-man revolution against status-seeking contemporaries may be found in a verse by the English poet, William Somerville, who wrote: "So safe on shore the pensioned sailor lies, And all the malice of the storm defies."

Steiger and his new bride, Britain-born Claire Bloom—she was his leading lady in their Broadway play, *Rashomon*—live in a weathered, slightly askew old house at Malibu Beach. There is, or was, a vast scraggly lawn and a murky, weed-choked fish pond without fish. And in the house, where there are no servants to hustle food for the master, the furniture is scarred and sagging. There is defiance in the ramshackle garage, too, where the Steiger family car is faded and old.

In this relatively Spartan atmosphere—a place of simple and frugal comforts that would appall his more flamboyant movie neighbors—Steiger the actor and Steiger the man are practically indistinguishable.

Because there are few visitors, Steiger can dress as he pleases, and when the weather is right his complete costume is apt to be a pair of shorts or swimming trunks. He likes loose, velvetlike shirts with large sleeves, but wears anything that appeals to the mood of the moment. Hollywood columnist Sid Skolsky once impulsively asked Steiger to accompany him to a party on the U.C.L.A. campus, and he agreed to go only after he heard that poet Carl Sandburg was the honor guest. At Skolsky's insistence, Steiger stopped off at a Beverly Hills hotel and borrowed a necktie from a hat-check girl, but there was no time to go home and change his red-checkered shirt.

When he arrived at the party—where the other guests were more formally dressed for the occasion—Sandburg took one look and said, "I like you, boy. You've got a bit of the bum in you."

At home, when the wind churns up the ocean and the big breakers are crashing outside his door, he is likely to rush outside and yell curses at the sea. "I see those enormous waves crashing against the beach," he says, "and I have to cry out to the ocean: 'C'mon, you devil!' This is a masculine thing only a man would understand."

Now and then when the moon is full at midnight and the sea shimmers under the soft light, Steiger will climb to the roof of his house and sprawl there, completely nude, and write poetry. He knows these are unorthodox impulses and after he talked about the roof episode he said with a self-conscious grin, "Do you think they'll put me away?" Nude or otherwise, Steiger has composed endless, poorly spelled lines of verse. He keeps the poems in a red-leather scrapbook given to him by his wife and he needs no coaxing to read them aloud. Reading each poem as though it were part of a play, Steiger surges with emotional excitement and, at certain passages, may exclaim, "Oh—I love *that!*"

The poems, by the way, are the only items he keeps in a scrapbook. He is one of the few stars who has no organized fan clubs, and he never reads or sees newspaper reviews or other clippings about himself, a peccadillo which disconcerts his press agents.

Moreover, newspaper readers who follow the daily activities of the stars almost never hear about Steiger's eccentricities, because he claims to abhor this kind of publicity and has ordered his flacks not to feed these items to the columns. On the other hand, he doesn't mind what he calls legitimate news, such as his recent and sudden marriage to Miss Bloom. Miss Louella Parsons had predicted this event and Steiger had no sooner said "I do" than he was on the phone dutifully reporting to Louella. "I didn't want to make her article look invalid," he says.

There was a time when Steiger refused to have a telephone in a rented beach house, and urgent messages reached him via a real-estate man next door. Now that he is a celebrity, however, he has capitulated and has an unlisted phone.

"When I first came to Hollywood," he explains, "I was on guard and didn't want a phone. I made the mistake of being rebellious because I thought this town was going to do me damage. There had been a sort of show-business war between the people in New York and Hollywood, and I was a young actor, and I came out ready to fight. But I found out it was not the town that was wrong. It was I who was rebellious. I was creating my own problem."

Though some of his fellow thespians privately suggest that his behavior is strongly flavored with ham, Steiger undoubtedly burns with an inner fire which has an endless fuel supply.

Robert Aldrich, who directed *The Big Knife*, and was one of the first executives to discover Steiger's tremendous talent, was also the first to become involved in a personal explosion that was not in the script. In the (*Continued on Page 96*)

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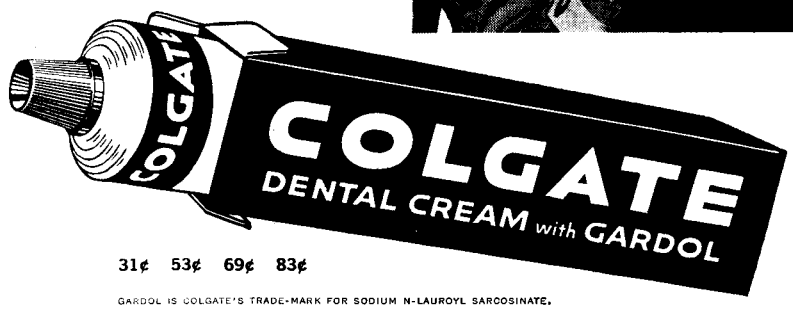

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(*Continued from Page 94*) final scene, with Steiger in a close-up shot, Aldrich noticed that actor Jack Palance, who was in the same scene but not on camera, was not putting much enthusiasm into his lines.

Aldrich pulled Steiger to one side and said, "Rod, do you want me to do anything about Jack?"

"Hell, no!" Steiger muttered. "I don't need the bum and I'll do my lines without him."

When the scene was shot, Steiger was "so superb," Aldrich says, that Palance impetuously grabbed a pile of phonograph records and hurled them at his younger rival. Aldrich admits he was furious with the attitudes of both men. "I just thought these two guys had behaved very badly in terms of professional discipline," he says. "We were on a tight schedule, and this behavior was devastating in terms of economics. I told both of them to call me at home and apologize or my lawyer would be talking to their agents. They called."

Aldrich says Steiger comes to work better prepared than most actors. "He's a theatrical loner," he says, "and he works hard. It's difficult to catch up with him, and this causes a good deal of hostility. Rod compounds the felony. He never lets them forget that he's worked harder than they have. A challenging, provocative man to work with, and it's a pleasure."

Producer Syd Boehm had a similar head-on collision with Steiger and, as mentioned earlier, was rewarded with an ulcer. Henry Hathaway, whom Boehm describes as "our terrible-tempered Mr. Bangs," was directing the picture, and he and Steiger were snarling and snapping at each other from the first day. Steiger complained that Hathaway insisted on showing him how each scene should be acted, whereas Hathaway griped that Steiger was personally deciding which take should be printed.

On the seventh day Boehm heard there was serious trouble on the set. When he got there Steiger stormed up and said, "Syd, it's me or Hathaway. Get yourself another boy."

"O.K.," Boehm said. "You can get out of this picture."

"I thought you were my friend!" Steiger yelled.

"You're no friend," Boehm said. "Listen to you. You're screaming at me. Come and look at the rushes. You're terrible and they're terrible." Steiger looked at the film and sheepishly admitted Boehm was right. Hathaway and Steiger shook hands, and there were no further outbreaks.

"Rod dearly loves to suffer," Boehm says, "and he hurts easily. But he has an unbelievable talent and I would take him tomorrow on any picture."

Unlike many of his contemporaries, Rod Steiger had no boyhood dreams about the theater, nor was he exposed to any phase of the movie business.

He was born in Westhampton, Long Island, on April 14, 1925. "There's not much to tell about my boyhood," he says. "My parents were divorced just before I was born, and my mother remarried. My family had a lot of trouble when I was about twelve, and it sort of left me in the middle. I lived with my stepfather for a while—he's dead now—and with my mother for a while. I grew up with a certain sense of freedom that I like, and after I was thirteen I was pretty much on my own."

His real father, Frederick Steiger, is alive somewhere, but the two have never met, and Rod has resolutely stifled any curiosity he may have had. "What you don't know about a man, you don't miss," he says. "My father and I would be complete strangers."

He still sees his mother when he goes east, and recently bought her a home in Shore Acres, New Jersey.

Though he is an agnostic now, Steiger recalls that as a boy he attended a Lutheran church in Newark, New Jersey, and was an enthusiastic leader in the Sunday school. One day shortly after World War II, Steiger boarded a bus in Newark and encountered the pastor of his former church.

"You know, Rod," the cleric said, "I've often wondered why you haven't thought of becoming a minister."

"Oh, I couldn't do that," Steiger replied.

"Why not?"

"Well, sir, I'd be up there in the pulpit preaching, but I'd be looking at some young lady in the second row and wondering what kind of a girl friend she'd make."

The pastor smiled. "With that kind of honesty, Rod," he said, "you'd make the best minister in the world."

His family moved around from Newark to Roseland in New Jersey, and back to Newark. During the summers Rod worked at a carnival in Seaside Heights, a Jersey shore resort. The summer job was a sort of show-business debut in that Steiger wore

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minstrel make-up, sat on a board and plopped into a pool of water when ball-throwing customers scored a hit. "Three balls for a dime," he says bitterly, "and they never seemed to miss."

In 1942, when the older boys at West Side High School in Newark were running off to war, Steiger lied about his age—he was sixteen—and enlisted in the Navy.

He was assigned to the destroyer, *U.S.S. Taussig*, and for the next three years was on duty in the Pacific theater, including the action at Iwo Jima and Okinawa. During the lonely hours between battles Steiger amused himself inventing corny little dramas in which he played a menace called "The Shadow," and when he was on watch he used the ship's intercom system as a stage.

One dull evening, with his private audience listening at various phone stations, Steiger spoke into the mouthpiece in a sepulchral tone and said, "This . . . is . . . the Shadow . . . and tonight's story is ——"

At that point he was cut off by another voice somewhere on the circuit which said, "Shadow—this is the Phantom. Get the hell off that line and shut up!"

Steiger says now that he nearly went through the deck. The interrupting voice belonged to the skipper and, needless to say, that was the end of the Steiger reper-

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

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His first steps taken
Left him unshaken,
And now he's ready
To go unsteady!

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toire at sea. Shortly afterward Steiger contracted a serious skin disease, and the infection was so acute he could not bear the touch of cloth. He was the only man on board allowed on deck without a shirt during combat, and when the condition failed to improve he was given a medical discharge.

With only one year of high school, and no training for any kind of work, Steiger got a civil service clerk's job and was assigned to the Veterans Administration office in Newark. He tried to date some of the office girls, and discovered that most of the pretty ones were spending their evenings with the Civil Service Little Theater group.

"If that's where you find the girls," Steiger said to himself, "then that's for me."

He spent many an evening just fooling around backstage and eventually, though he was self-conscious about it, he was persuaded to take bit parts. These little exercises in self-expression, delivered with a curious, undefinable inflection which he still has, obviously stirred up long-dormant gifts. Presently one of the coaches, whose name he can't recall, urged him to take a serious look at acting.

Steiger was broke, but he qualified for tuition under the G.I. Bill, and for the next four years was a student in the American Theater Wing, the Dramatic Workshop and the Actors Studio. In retrospect—for him at least—those were grim days. He lived in a five-dollar-a-week basement room at 31 West 82nd Street in New York, and he got enough to eat only because his mother regularly showed up from Newark with baskets of food.

There was certainly no stampede to put his name in lights. Playwright Rod Serling, who has since become one of Steiger's most enthusiastic drum beaters, was recently thumbing through some old scripts, and was struck with the discovery that he had apparently hired Steiger ten years ago for a television play called *Mr. Finchley Versus the Bomb*. The unknown young actor, not even seen on camera, had one short off-stage line.

At first Steiger took anything he could get. Price was no object, and he worked for rent and food money in dozens of television plays. Casting directors realized that Steiger attacked the most insignificant bit parts as though he were trying for an Academy Award, and soon he was working regularly. He made his stage debut in the road company of *The Trial of Mary Dugan*, and first appeared on Broadway in a revival of Clifford Odets' *Night Music*. He played a fifty-five-year-old detective so convincingly that the critics cheered, and he got more job offers than he could handle.

In 1952, solidly established as a television performer, Steiger courted and married Sally Gracie, a pretty young red-haired actress with whom he had worked in New York. It was a strange marriage from the beginning. They separated a few months after the ceremony, but when Steiger made trips to New York from Hollywood he always stayed in Sally's apartment. "We were always good friends," he says, "but we just couldn't make it as man and wife." After six years of these off-and-on separations Sally went to Ciudad Juarez in Mexico and was granted a divorce. At the time, when newsmen asked Steiger if he intended to remain single, he said, "Oh, no. I'd still like to be married. Otherwise when you wake up in the morning you feel funny with your arm around a book."

Looking back on his early years in New York, Steiger admits that he was an insecure, unruly and unhappy young man who could not solve his own personality problems. At the urging of Dr. Arthur Green, a physician and personal friend he had seen often during the latter's intern days, Steiger underwent psychoanalysis. The treatment went on for five years—it cost him a total of $12,000—and he is convinced he learned to understand himself, even though others may not understand him.

"I am a very vocal advocate of psychoanalysis," he says, "because it seems common sense to me. There are no miracles, but I went because I had difficulty in enjoying communication with other human beings. I think it also helped me to act better, because I see things in people around me that I was blind to before."

One specific flaw Steiger cleared up involved his voice. He had a magnificent baritone, and still has, but he could not control it ten years ago when he took voice lessons with a musical-comedy career in mind. He was so intense and fearful facing even a small audience that he involuntarily changed key in the middle of a song. This awkward fault disappeared after he began psychoanalysis, and when he played the role of Jud Fry in the film version of *Oklahoma!* he was able to use his own singing voice, and creditably, too, instead of having the song dubbed by someone else. Director Fred Zinneman, who chose Steiger for *Oklahoma!* after seeing him on television, and who considers him one of the five most exciting actors in Hollywood, said afterward, "Rod was simply wonderful. He transformed Jud into a neurotic and made people feel sorry for him."

Steiger no longer visits his psychiatrist, and the conclusion would seem to be that his mind needs no further exploring. "Suddenly, through the wonderful mechanism of nature," he said, "one day you

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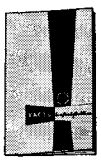
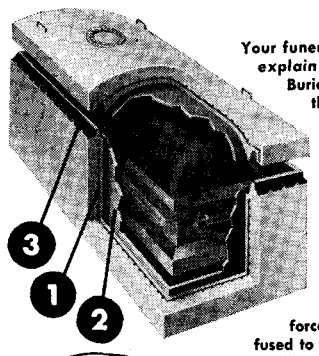

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don't have the tremendous need. You begin to understand."

On the other hand, there are occasional outcroppings which suggest that he has not entirely subdued the subconscious. He still has an odd little habit of rubbing his hands together after touching a doorknob, or shaking hands, as though he were washing away a bothersome smudge, but he doesn't talk about it. He writes almost illegibly in a cramped left-hand motion, and says only that he can recall how his mother made determined but futile efforts to make him right-handed. He is a Gargantuan eater, a symptom compatible with his emotional make-up, and often literally has to starve himself to make weight for a given role. "Take thirty pounds off Rod," producer Jerry Wald once said, "and you've got the greatest movie lover in twenty-five years."

On the set, as Robert Aldrich said, Steiger generates hostility, usually without malice aforethought. This mysterious kind of animosity was demonstrated on the Fox lot recently when he worked with British actress Joan Collins. "He was looking down on me," Miss Collins said huffily. "He probably thought I was one of those Hollywood playgirls, and I said to him, 'Don't be so darn patronizing.' I told him off all right, and after that we got along fine." More than likely Steiger was so immersed in the role he was playing that he couldn't tell Miss Collins from Marilyn Monroe. In any case, he couldn't have been more pained and surprised by this salvo from his leading lady.

Steiger himself knows that he has not conquered all the personal shortcomings, and he does not expect to look for the answers on the psychoanalyst's couch. "The only thing I can find wrong with psychiatry," he says philosophically, "is that the solution of one problem leads to the evolution of another problem."

The suspicion persists that Steiger finds it stimulating to carry theatrical fantasy into his private life. He is like the masked reveler who is not around when midnight comes and leaves vexed companions with an unanswered guess.

This seems to be a characteristic—or so the experts say—of so-called "method" actors.

A method actor is one who needs complete emotional preparation before going into the scene, and he uses various devices for getting into the mood. It can be a metamorphosis with black-magic overtones, and the potions needed for the change-over often bring on the same violent effect suffered by Doctor Jekyll when he turned himself into Mr. Hyde.

If a scene calls for Steiger to arrive at a place out of breath and carrying a heavy suitcase, he will run up and down two flights of stairs, carrying the bag, until he is actually gasping for air. In the picture *The Harder They Fall*, with Humphrey Bogart, Steiger ran around the stage until he was purple, drenched himself with water from a cooler, snarled to himself, did a dozen fast push ups and punched himself in the stomach before announcing that he was ready for the take. He can work himself into a frenzy of rage—if the scene calls for it—merely by recalling how the Nazis tortured and murdered his idol, Harry Baur, the distinguished French actor.

He cries easily, and has been known to get blurry-eyed reading aloud some of his own moody poetry. Often the lines mirror his self-confessed loneliness, such as these:

Weep a tear for yourselves
my few, if any friends ——
across the river go I,
urging the last oarsman on,
leaving no worth
but alarm of
a saddened end ——
or perhaps
a much too-long-delayed departure.

There was a time early in his career when, perhaps for want of better exploitational material, Steiger was called "The Weeper" by some of his Hollywood contemporaries. But when Aline Mosby of United Press did a portrait of him and used the phrase for her title, Steiger was furious. "I thought I was dealing with an intelligent person," he said bitterly, "but she tried to make me look like the first beatnik or something. How would you like to see yourself called The Weeper?"

In any event, Steiger is not doing much weeping these days, thanks to a shrewd deal on the film *Al Capone*. Ironically, Steiger adamantly turned down the role after twice reading the script. He changed his mind after Allied Artists made numerous alterations he suggested, and when he was convinced that the picture would make Capone look like the deadly killer he was. Fortuitously, Steiger stipulated that he was to get 10 per cent of the net profits, and at last reports his share was touching $500,000.

With this miniature mint as a guarantee that he'll never again have to live in a five-dollar room, Steiger at thirty-five can read the career mortality tables with impunity. He has never signed a one-studio contract because he feels this would be a form of regimentation, and with so many directors scrambling for him he can afford to reject pictures he doesn't want.

Moreover, though he and Claire live a lonely life—they avoid parties and gatherings and have few intimate friends—he says he has found a sense of humor that makes his insular life more tolerable. He amuses himself, for instance, by answering his phone in a British or Japanese accent, and if he's relaxed he can salt his interviews with an occasional quip. Rod Serling says, "I don't think I've ever seen Rod laugh"—but Steiger is beginning to learn the art.

There is no doubt that Steiger, whose reputation as an actor is regarded with awe in some Hollywood quarters, is nevertheless a lonely man and is constantly searching for release. There are a fortunate few who, invited for an informal soiree at the house, have seen private performances that are a challenge to belief. Thus, over a period of hours, Steiger can sing operatic arias with a great voice and a professional skill, read aloud his own poems, short stories or movie scripts, do a dance solo that might win praise from a choreographer, display a portfolio of his own fine photographic portraits, unveil half a dozen of his oil paintings that might look good in any gallery, give a lecture on philosophy, or show his latest piece of sculpture. And if any friend marvels at this incredible range of talents, he is quite likely to shrug it off and say: "Success can never equal the value of a soul." He means it too.

Frantic Taskmaster of Tennis (Continued from Page 24)

thus permitting company laborers in the stands to report to the fields at nine.

Tennis has brought many things to the young promoter, such as a sizable bank account, a fashionable home in West Los Angeles, substantial real-estate and business holdings, blue-chip securities and an eighth interest in a producing gas well which, he says, could yield him $1,000,000 over the next twenty years.

However, it hasn't been easy. For years now Jack figuratively has been sitting atop high explosives with a temperamental star, Richard (Pancho) Gonzales, who has taken Kramer to court, created near riots in stadiums around the world, antagonized fellow players and endangered his own life—not to mention the life of Kramer's tour—in speeding hot rods.

Then there has been Jack's running battle with the tennis fathers of Australia, spawning ground of some of his best talent. Australians have never become reconciled to Kramer's practice of luring away their Davis Cup aces with sordid gold. When Kramer negotiated with Aussie stars Ashley Cooper and Mal Anderson last year, a full-page headline in the tabloid Sydney *Sun* blared: KRAMER TO BUY DAVIS CUP TEAM! People spotting him on the streets in Australia shouted tartly, "Go home, Jake!"

Because of widely dissimilar laws abroad governing the removal of local currency, Kramer has encountered serious problems getting his money home. Sometimes he doesn't. In several places he has taken his payment in the form of airline-transportation vouchers. From Australia he is now taking race horses in lieu of cash. "Dollar bills don't eat hay and oats," complains Jack. And for tennis entertainment rendered in Czechoslovakia this year, he will be paid in glassware and cameras, which, after paying duty charges, he hopes to unload at a profit on the United States market.

Kramer's troubles don't end with money. He is forever having to soothe the angry wives of some of his players, who object to long separations from their husbands. "The wives are out to ruin me," groans Jack, a father of five—all boys. His own wife doesn't relish the idea of a traveling husband either.

Amid all these distractions Kramer must keep a clear head for the harrowing poker sessions in which he and his well-heeled hirelings engage on tour. Those hours not occupied with tennis, eating and sleeping are often passed in a nonstop poker game for which the participants man their stations in airplanes, hotels, Turkish baths and locker rooms. A hot poker match in Seattle once lasted thirty-six hours, with players staggering their sleep so as not to disrupt the continuity of the game.

A former amateur champion who won practically all the major international titles, Kramer broke into professional tennis as a playing star in 1948. "I had been scratching out a meager living in amateur tennis," he recalls. "I also had a side job for sixty dollars a week with a meat-packing company. When I started to catch colds walking in and out of the icebox, I decided that honest work wasn't for me. I joined up with the pros."

In 1953, when his peak playing days were coming to a close, Jack decided to become a promoter. He organized his first tour by signing himself for a series of matches with the dashing Australian, Frank Sedgman. The two performed under the auspices of World Tennis, Incorporated, a Nevada company with Jack Kramer as president, Mrs. Jack Kramer as vice president and Mrs. David Kramer—Jack's mother—as secretary-treasurer. To this day the organization remains intact.

"I gave Sedgman a good plastering," says Jack, "but World Tennis still cleared ninety-three thousand dollars on the tour, plus ten thousand more on program sales. We have been solid ever since."

Today Kramer shepherds the finest herd of tennis players in the world, some of whom earn more in a season than Mickey Mantle or Stan Musial. In certain years they have even approached the high financial strata of Eddie Arcaro and Willie Shoemaker. Lew Hoad, the husky Australian, has made as much as $138,750 in a year. Frank Sedgman has earned $125,000. As for Gonzales, after picking up $82,000 in the first seven months of 1958, he quit the tour for the rest of the year. For tax (*Continued on Page 101*)

"I'm sorry, but Mr. Treverton cannot be reached for comment."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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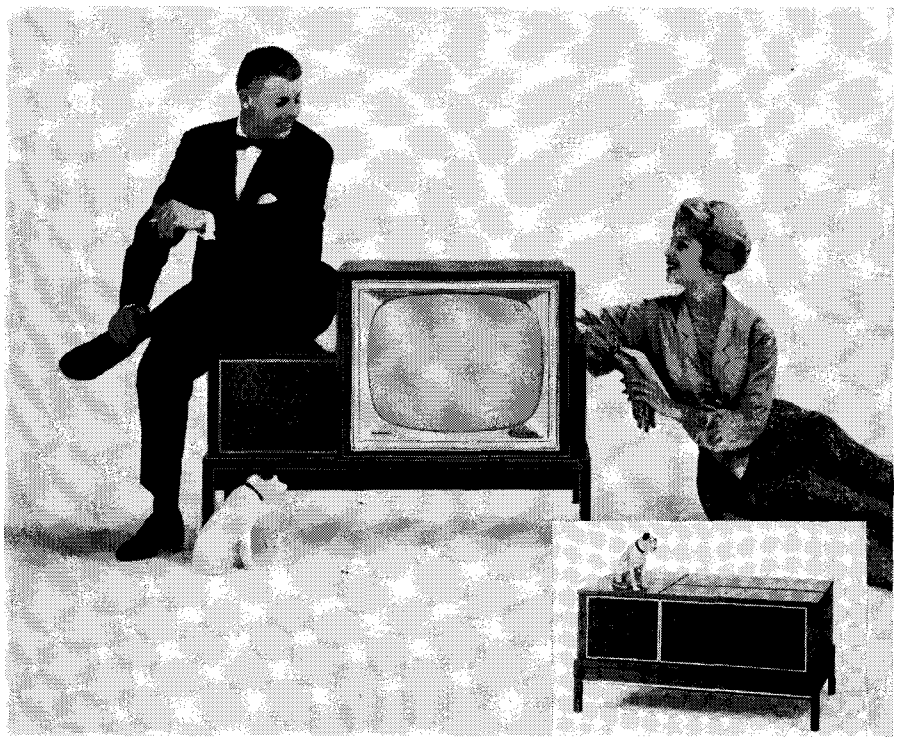

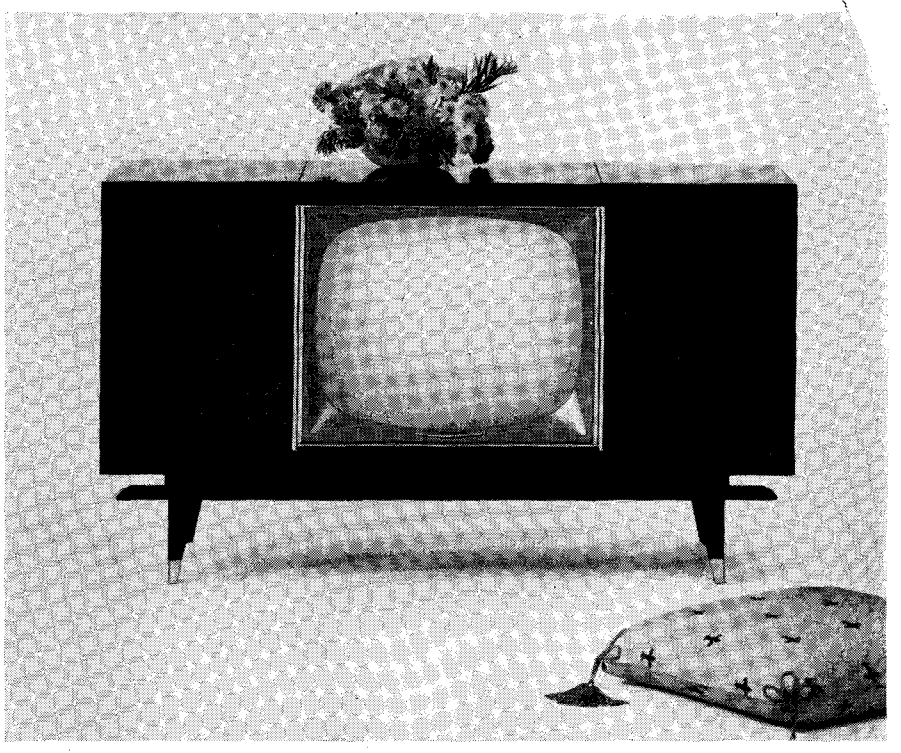

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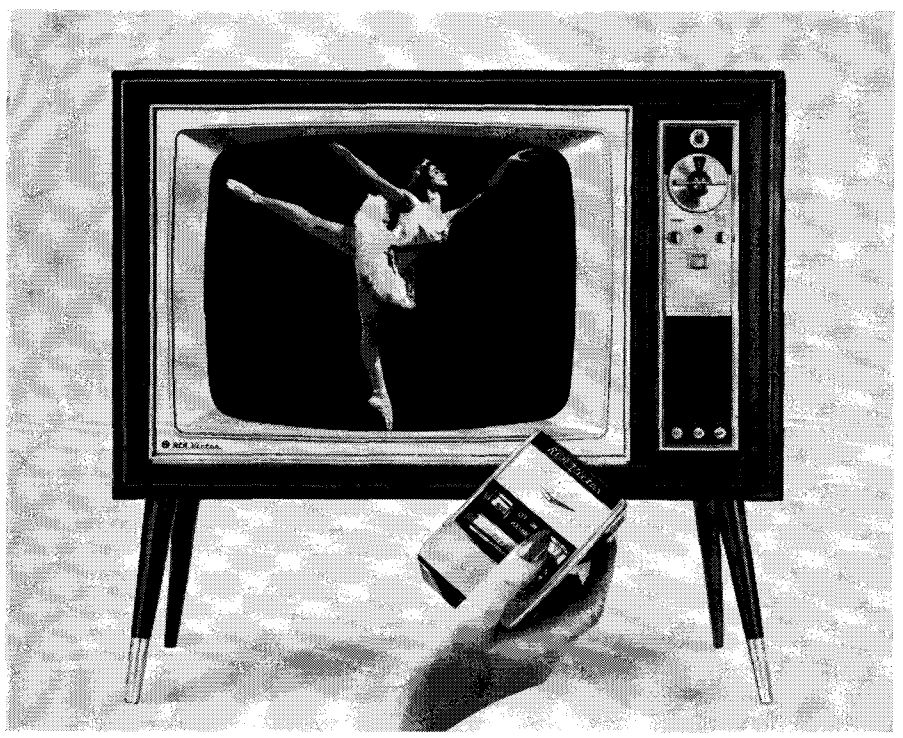

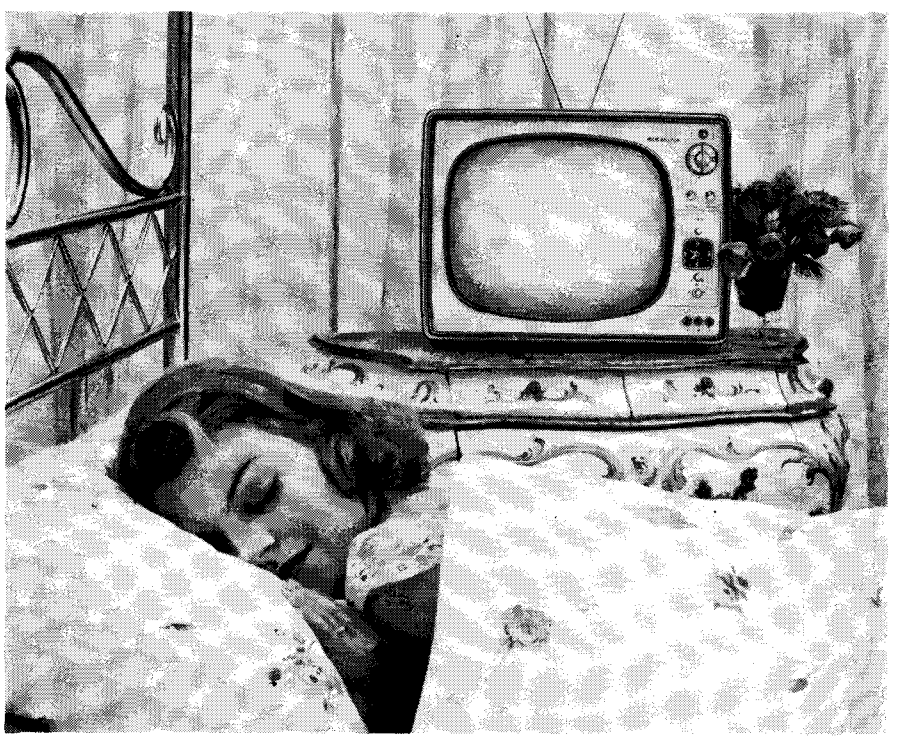

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(*Continued from Page 98*) reasons Pancho found it unprofitable to continue. Last year, of the nine key men who performed for Kramer, Jack says that the lowest-paid received $25,000.

The original format of the pro-tennis tour called for a series of matches between the two hottest players in the sport. Before he turned promoter, Kramer met Gonzales 123 times one year on courts throughout the world. Jack crushed him, 96–27. Subsequently Gonzales took on Frank Sedgman, Tony Trabert, Ken Rosewall and Lew Hoad. Lesser stars were recuited to play preliminary matches each year.

"The match-play idea began to present serious problems and had to be tossed out," explains Kramer. "To start with, if one man got too far out in front, fans began to lose interest in the tour. Then if the series was close, we were often accused of rigging the matches to keep business alive."

In 1959 Kramer contrived a new idea of nightly tournaments involving his top players. The boys battled for prize money on each outing, with the winners receiving the big end of the purse. Interest in the tour grew considerably.

This year Jack has expanded the idea. On January twenty-eighth, in San Francisco, five of his leading stars—Gonzales, Trabert, Rosewall, Pancho Segura and the Peruvian rookie, Alex Olmedo—began a sixty-five-match "World Series," worth upward of $100,000 in purses. In a period of three months they will have played thirty-five matches in the United States and Canada, twelve in Australia, ten in Europe, four in South Africa and two each in Japan and the Philippines.

At the conclusion of this series in late April, Kramer will summon other pros in his stable to join the original five in twelve round-robin tournaments, each for $15,000 in prize money. After these tournaments end in August, Kramer will finish out the year by splitting his personnel into teams and dispatching them for exhibitions around the globe.

"Even if we don't make money at every stop," says Jack, "we're determined to make the world conscious of our game."

Since a player's income depends, for the most part, upon his ability to win, the tennis on the Kramer tour gets fiercely competitive. Yet surprising camaraderie exists among these travelers who roam the earth together.

"Gonzales gets moody and standoffish," says Trabert, a six-year veteran of the Kramer company, "but the others are pretty compatible. Everyone takes a murderous ribbing, the Australians especially."

The spending habits of the Australian members provide steady ammunition for the others. "Except for Lew Hoad, who is a big sport, the Aussie boys tend to be close with a shilling," says Trabert. "They prefer to carry their own luggage and eat in the less expensive restaurants. Of course, they're sensible in wanting to save their money, but brother, do they get clobbered about it!"

In a radio interview one day in Perth, Australia, Pancho Segura, the whimsical Ecuadorian, was asked to recount his greatest thrill in tennis. Pancho thought hard for a moment, then replied, "I would say that my greatest thrill in tennis was the night Frank Sedgman took me to dinner."

Each member of the Kramer troupe has been saddled by his consorts with a private nickname. For example, when a newspaper critic once described Gonzales as a "cheese champion," Pancho's colleagues quickly seized upon this to call him "Gorgonzola," since shortened to "Gorgo." Trabert is called "Flapjaw" because of his propensity for talking. Rosewall, a small man of almost frail construction, is known as "Muscles."

Segura acquired the name "Sneaky" several years ago in Amarillo, Texas. Pancho at the time was playing preliminary matches for a flat salary of $300 a week. At the end of nine weeks he had earned $2700 in tennis—and had lost $2800 in poker.

"When we hit Amarillo," says Kramer, "Pancho made a big haul in the poker game. He won fifteen hundred dollars. So as not to yield to temptation and lose it back, he quietly moved out of our hotel and into another. That was when the boys started calling him 'Sneaky.'"

Kramer is known, among other things, as "Big Daddy." Because of the frequency with which his touring family plays and the vast distances that must be covered, Big Daddy is often pressed hard to meet schedules. For example, his athletes last year competed in Vienna on a Thursday night and left the next day for London, where they arrived at 5:30 P.M. They had only time for tea before motoring to Wembley Stadium for matches that began at 7:30.

The next morning they took off for Barcelona, a "late town," where the matches don't begin until 10:30 P.M. The players got to bed at 2:45 A.M., then arose at six to catch an 8:30 plane for Madrid.

Still, nothing in Kramer's experience on the road compares with what the players call the "Death March of 1957." In a period of twelve days they made a total of eleven appearances in eight cities, spread all the way from South Africa to the Philippines.

Although the Death March was reasonably profitable, collecting the proceeds wasn't simple. Currency laws in South Africa and British East Africa, for instance, forbade Kramer's taking cash beyond the borders. It was, however, permissible for the local promoters to transfer the funds to Kramer's account in Australia, a fellow member of the British Commonwealth of Nations. Jack settled for this. Even though most of his money is frozen in Australia, too, he spends considerable time there and can use it advantageously within the country.

Kramer couldn't leave India and Pakistan with his money either, but he was able to use it to buy transportation vouchers from international airlines maintaining offices there. In Thailand arrangements were made through the government for Jack's money to be shipped directly to the United States. In the free-money port of Hong Kong he was paid in United States currency. But in the Philippines $5000 in pesos is still frozen solid.

Next to the United States, Australia is Kramer's richest market. Because the law there forbids foreigners from taking more than $15,000 a year in cash from the country, Jack had to invent a plan for getting a healthy part of his assets to America. The solution occurred to him two years ago. He made a deal with a Thoroughbred breeding farm near Melbourne in which he agreed to give the owners 50 per cent of his Australian tennis profits for 50 per cent of the race horses foaled on the farm.

No law prohibits Kramer from bringing the horses to the United States, and to date Jack has received ten Thoroughbreds from Australia. The animals race under the colors of Kramer's Racquet Stable and bear such names as Top Spin, Base Line, Tennis King, Lob Valley and Big Pancho.

Jack sold a colt named Drop Volley for $40,000 last year to Fred Turner Jr., the owner of Kentucky Derby winner Tomy Lee. Turner also offered $25,000 for a Kramer filly, Service Line, but stipulated that Jack absorb the sales tax, amounting to $1000. When Kramer refused, the deal collapsed.

"What a rock-head I was," laments Jack. "Two months later, Service Line was running in sixty-five-hundred-dollar claiming races."

Even though he's racing Australian horses Kramer doesn't delude himself

The Perfect Squelch

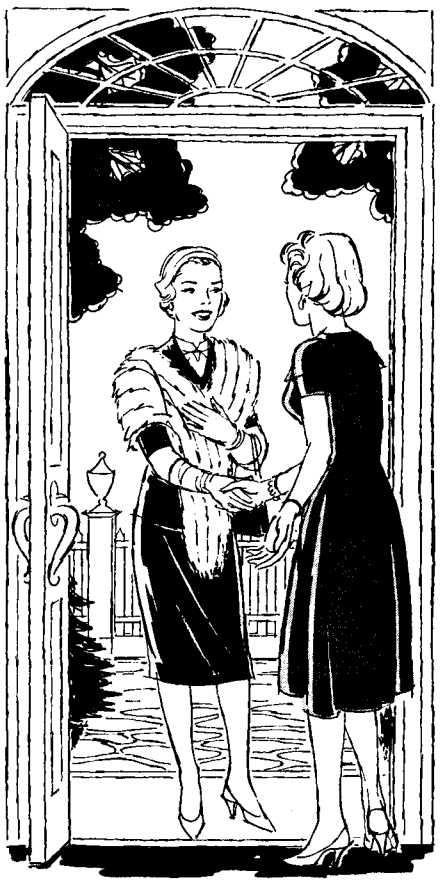
When the cross-country bus halted at a New Mexico restaurant, the passengers were pleasantly surprised to be greeted by a shapely hostess of obvious Indian extraction. One noisy young man, however, was too much carried away. Throughout lunch he voiced such witticisms as, "Me great white scout, you pretty Indian maiden, someday we make whoopee?"

The young lady bore this ordeal with the stoic calm of a true Indian. In a last effort to break her silence, the noisy one said, "Come on, Pocohontas, favor me with a phrase or two of your quaint native dialect."

At that, the girl looked straight at him and said, "Ugh!"

Charles A. Peters

Social Security of a special sort



Human nature being what it is, your guests are apt to take a good look around once they're alone in your bathroom.

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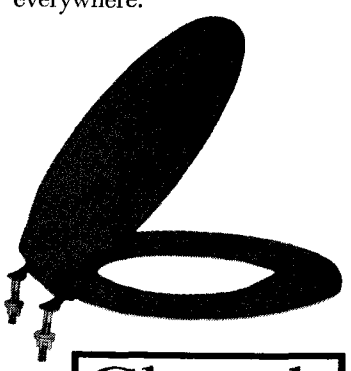

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into thinking that the best wishes of that nation go with him. Over the last seven years he has delivered damaging blows to Australia's Davis Cup chances by snatching the best amateur tennis talent there. Right now six of his top players are Aussies—Hoad, Rosewall, Sedgman, Cooper, Anderson and Mervyn Rose.

After smoldering for a long time, the Australian Tennis Association finally erupted last year and barred Kramer's tour from the leading clubs in the country. The rhubarb had been brought to a head when Jack asked that life members of the clubs, who had been occupying their boxes free at the pro matches, be made to pay admission. The association countered by ejecting Kramer from all its clubs. He promptly had an eighteen-ton portable court built and vanned it throughout Australia, staging matches in public enclosures.

Jack dropped $17,000 on the venture, but he figured it cost the Tennis Association $67,000 in rentals. The warring factions have agreed to a compromise this year. Kramer will pay a flat sum to each club, which will return him ten shillings—about $1.10—for each life member who comes in free. "Naturally," says Jack, "this hasn't strengthened my popularity in Australia."

Tall, freshly scrubbed and youthful-looking for his thirty-eight years, Kramer is a dynamic individual who often works eighteen hours a day. It is not uncommon for him to get up in the middle of the night in his California home to keep telephone appointments with people in Australia, Europe or the Orient. He feels that business is going to pot if his phone bill runs less than $1000 a month.

Jack was born in Las Vegas on August 1, 1921, the son of a railroad engineer. He attended two colleges, Southern California and Rollins (Florida), but lasted only briefly in each. "I was so busy flying around the country picking up money in amateur tournaments that I didn't have time to study," he says.

Kramer admits readily that his thirst for culture has never been overpowering. In Rome he has passed within blocks of the historic Colosseum without taking the time to see it. He has skipped the Pyramids near Cairo and ignored the Taj Mahal in Agra. He has felt no compulsion to watch the changing of the guards in London, nor to inspect the masterpieces in the Paris Louvre. Persuaded once to visit the Palace of Versailles, Jack walked out after seeing three rooms.

With more enthusiasm and no coaxing he has taken in the horse races at Ascot, bet the *jai alai* in Madrid, tested a roulette system at Monte Carlo and rolled the dice in Havana.

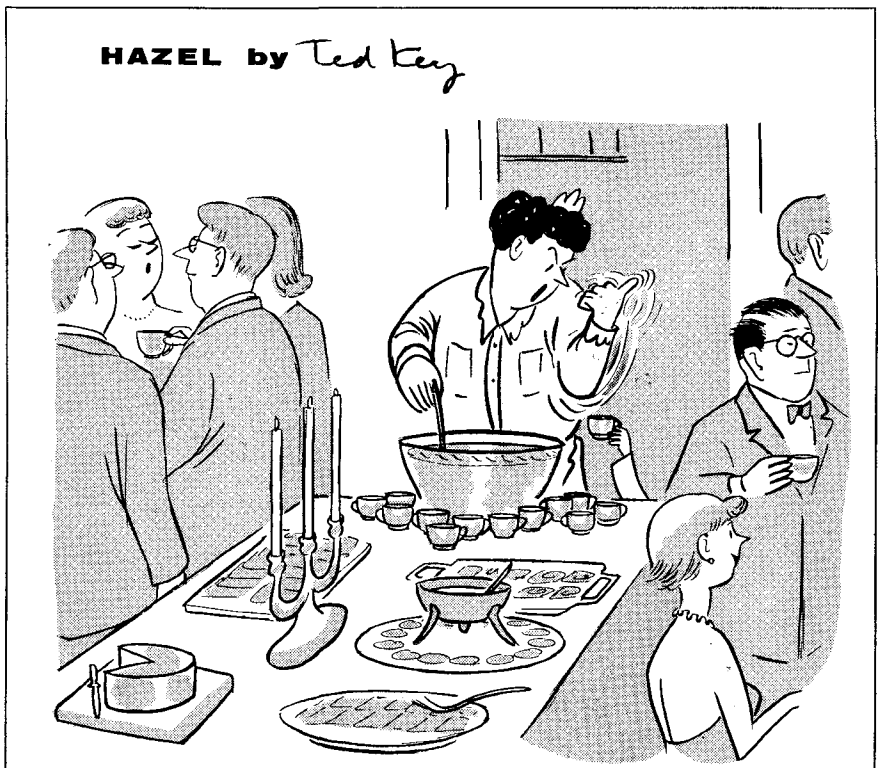
Kramer can afford such pastimes. He takes an annual salary of $20,800 from World Tennis, Incorporated. His yearly income from stocks and real estate amounts to about $16,000. He harvests $15,000 more from his advisory position with Wilson Sporting Goods, plus substantial sums from Jack Kramer Sportswear, of which he is part owner. He also benefits from a one-third interest in the Los Serranos Country Club in Pomona, California. According to close friends Kramer is good for upward of $75,000 a year over and above his tennis profits and the income from his gas well.

Jack says he could relax and enjoy his money more if he could arrange a placid relationship with his star and principal meal ticket, Pancho Gonzales, or "Gorgo."

"Gorgo causes me worries he doesn't even understand," complains Kramer. "He can't see, for instance, why I would want him to give up drag racing in which he drives hopped-up cars at crazy speeds. He has no sense of public relations and doesn't feel his co-operation in promoting our program is necessary. Then he blows his top in matches and riles fans and other players. All you can say in his behalf is that he's the gamest competitor in tennis, good-hearted, and the most honest guy I've met."

The long-standing disagreement between Kramer and Gonzales dates back to 1955, when Jack signed Pancho to a seven-year contract calling for a guarantee of $15,000 a year, plus 20 per cent of the gross of all matches played outside the North American zone and 15 per cent above the first $200,000 in North America; but the gross hit only $173,000. In the first year under these terms, Pancho walloped Tony Trabert, seventy-four matches to twenty-seven. Gonzales earned $48,000, while Trabert, working on a percentage of 30 per cent within North America and 35 per cent outside, made $95,000. Pancho blew up and demanded that Kramer void the contract.

To placate Gonzales, Kramer gave him a 5 per cent bonus the following year, but



"Upstairs!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Pancho seized upon this to claim breach of contract. He informed the promoter that their agreement was no longer valid. To prove that it was, Kramer spent $3500 taking Gonzales to court. Says Jack, "It cost me two things—money for legal fees and Gorgo's friendship."

Gonzales has cost Kramer money in still other ways. The victim of a bad bounce in Jacksonville, Florida, Pancho smashed his serve viciously into the air. The ball exploded against the face of a clock suspended sixty feet above the court. Kramer got a repair bill for $137. In Adelaide, Australia, an angered Pancho clubbed a microphone with his racket. Cost to Kramer: eighty dollars.

The sleeping habits of Gonzales provide more grief for Kramer. When the troupe is in the United States, the athletes travel mostly in two station wagons provided by the promoter. Pancho, however, rides solo in his own vehicle. Gonzales insists he is not antisocial, as his colleagues have charged, but merely sleeps on a different schedule.

"I rarely can fall asleep at night after a match," he explains. "I figure there's no sense getting into bed and tossing and turning for eight hours. So I drive all night. For instance, the matches ended at midnight in Teaneck, New Jersey, last year. While the others went to sleep I hopped in my car and headed for the next stop on the tour, Toronto, about five hundred miles away. I drove all night and arrived in Niagara Falls about ten in the morning. I checked into a motel, slept for a while and took off for Toronto that night."

After being awake all night Pancho often will be deep in sleep the next day while the other players are holding press conferences, conducting clinics and making radio and television appearances.

"He takes unfair advantage," says Lew Hoad. "He's in the sack resting all day while we wear ourselves down with extracurricular stuff. Then he's fresh for the matches that night."

Pancho's defense is simple. "I'm a tennis player, not a public-relations expert," he says. "Since I don't always sleep at night, I need rest the next day. When you follow the hard routine that we do, rest is more important than promotion."

Relations between Gonzales and Kramer sometimes become so strained that they don't speak to each other for weeks, except in the poker games, where a truce automatically prevails. When the full complement is traveling, the principals in the poker game are usually Kramer, Gonzales, Segura, Sedgman, Rose and a player representing the "entry" of Trabert, Hoad and Rosewall.

Trabert and Rosewall don't care to risk large sums. Though Hoad is more than willing, he plays poker so poorly that the regulars won't permit him in the game. "Our consciences won't let us take his dough," says Kramer. Consequently, Hoad invests with Trabert and Rosewall, with Trabert usually playing the hands.

When Sedgman first joined the tour he was reluctant, with his limited knowledge of poker, to sit in with the sharpshooting veterans. To encourage his participation, the vets agreed to refund him 25 per cent of his losses. Now a seasoned player, Sedgman no longer receives this rebate.

"The big wheels in the game are Kramer and Gonzales," says Segura. "The size of the pots usually depends upon their moods. If they get mad at each other, the price of poker goes up for all the players."

Almost disconsolately Gonzales declares, "The game has gotten a little tame. We used to play table stakes. Now it's mostly twenty-dollar limit. To spice it up here and there we'll play crazy betting games with wild cards, like one we call 'super exhausto.'"

Super exhausto is a variation of seven-card stud. One recent session is well remembered by Kramer. "I caught a royal flush," says Jack, "and finished third. Segura topped me with five tens. We built up a pot of thirteen hundred bucks for Gonzales, who had five aces."

Another favorite pastime of the Kramer travelers is pitching coins. Participants line up abreast and toss their pieces of silver for accuracy to a designated spot or object. Locked in a hard doubles match one night in England, the boys spent the intermission aiming coins at a wastebasket for two pounds a toss—about $5.60.

Throwing to a sidewalk line one Sunday morning in the quiet and sedate city of Christchurch, New Zealand, the players had a close call with the law. A policeman, shocked at such activity on Sunday, threatened to jail them if they didn't disperse immediately.

In a Sydney hotel the boys had dressed for dinner and were walking to the elevator when Segura noticed that the carpet in the corridor ended about six inches short of one of the rooms. It was quickly decided they would lag to the end of the carpet, with the man farthest away paying for dinner. Kramer picked up the tab.

Gambling losses aside, Jack feels that his future prospects are bright if he can surmount two obstacles. First, he must mollify the wives of some of his leading players. The ladies have been objecting more strenuously than ever to long separations from their touring husbands. Largely for this reason Trabert and Hoad withdrew from foreign travel at the end of last year, and Sedgman recently followed suit. Trabert has resumed touring, but Hoad will remain in Australia for several months. Mrs. Pancho Segura was granted a divorce in Los Angeles last month on the grounds that her husband spent ten months or more each year away from home on the tennis tour.

"The wives start out anxious for their husbands to play and accumulate some cash," says Kramer. "Then they want to put on the brakes and keep their men home—until they need money again. In truth many of the men also dislike leaving their families. I, too, would prefer to stay home. But how can I run a tour every year with stay-at-homes?"

Jack encourages the players to bring their mates on tour, but the expense is a deterrent to the athletes. So is the fact that most of them have children. Two years ago, when the troupe played Europe, Kramer invited all the wives and their progeny to vacation in a large château he proposed to rent in the south of France. But the wives—including his own—politely rejected the offer. "They told me that a vacation with kids is no vacation," says Jack. "So the battle goes on."

Kramer's second serious problem is his major breadwinner, Gonzales. Periodically Pancho threatens (a) to quit playing abroad, or (b) to quit altogether or (c) to jump his contract and start a rival tour. Kramer books matches as much as a year in advance, but he is rarely certain until the last few days whether Gonzales will go.

"I honestly see a ray of hope for Pancho, though," says Jack. "For instance, he used to travel on tour in a sleek, souped-up car that could do a hundred and twenty-five miles an hour. I pleaded with him last year to get something safer. Finally he bought a passenger pickup truck.

"Next he told me that he was thinking about giving up fast cars altogether. I was delighted. Then he added, 'I bought a speedboat and I'm learning to water ski.'"

THE END

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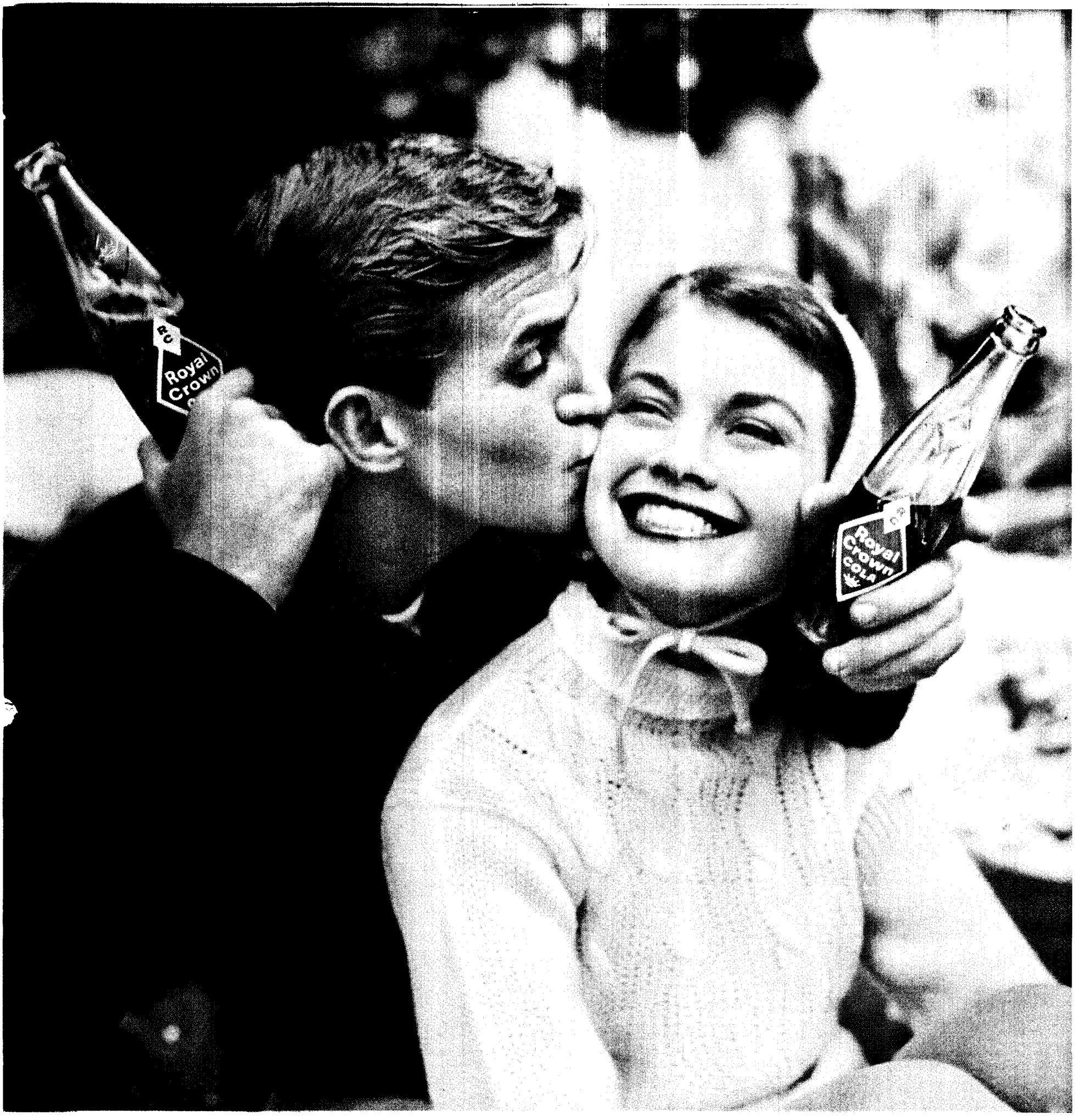

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Keeping Posted

Genesis of a Novel

Novelist **Alistair MacLean** (page 22) was living in his native Scotland when his *Guns of Navarone* ran in *The Post* in 1956 and then became a best-selling book; but for the past two years the MacLeans, including their five-year-old son Lachlan, have resided in a Swiss Alpine valley. The photo shows Mr. and Mrs. M. strolling behind their home overlooking the Lake of Sarnen. In Scotland the author used to sail an elderly fishing smack which his wife urged him to scuttle because it was so disreputable-looking. Now he says, "To her vast relief I had to leave it in the Clyde River. Here we have a rowing boat. In these deep valleys there is no wind for sailing, and I assume there are no fish because I don't catch any. But the views around us are breath-taking." This month MacLean's *Navarone* story is being filmed in Greece with Gregory Peck, David Niven and Anthony Quinn starring, but the author is taking no part in this evolution of his work.

At the time of the Newark Bay railroad disaster in 1958, when a train ran through an open drawbridge, MacLean noticed in a press account that a military courier, carrying what was described as a top-secret missile mechanism, had been on the train. This set the author's imagination humming at top speed. He switched to a plane

Home in the Alps: Alistair MacLean and his wife.

wreck up on the Greenland icecap and as his new story unfolds you' see the influence of that brief pa sage he read in the newspaper.

What Happened to the African Queen?

When the tanker *African Queen* split in half during a winter storm off Ocean City, Maryland, in 1958, that grim event seemed to mark the end of the ship's career. But a highly dramatic new chapter in the *Queen's* strange life was told by **Lloyd Deir** and associate editor **Clay Blair Jr.** in *The Post* last November twenty-first—how four amateur salvagers from Virginia, aided by some hired workers, floated the 428-foot stern section of the *Queen* and brought it safely to dock at Norfolk. The four salvors, who risked their lives and endured incredible hardships, were author Deir, the mechanical genius of the fantastic operation, A. E. Sadler, the chief financial backer, Paul Brady and Belden Little; and they confidently believed that the *Queen* could be sold for perhaps $2,000,000. Now

Stern section of broken tanker is towed to port.

there is more of their story to tell, a chapter about cruelly shattered dreams.

On November thirtieth, after no independent buyers could be found for the salvage prize, she was put u at auction by a court order, th compulsory opening bid being se at $250,000. The four owners wer stunned when not a single bid cam from the many people present. Th owners had already been dismaye by a welter of pending lawsuits to complicated to describe. Finally, o January eleventh, after a Federa judge ruled that the *Queen* belonge to the Virginians, not to anothe claimant, the half ship was sold at second auction for $134,000. Sinc the salvors had spent $112,000, thei profit is about $5500 apiece—well before deduction of court expenses and so on. One ray of hope: a pub lisher is interested in a book abou their adventures. As for the *Queen* she will resume her career after he buyers, Ocean Shipping and Trad ing Company, build a bow on her

The Wild Pacific

Olaf Ruhen in North Sydney, Australia.

Olaf Ruhen, the very good Australian storyteller, presents his first "period" story on page 38, and this is how it came about. One evening, seated before his TV set, he found himself marveling at the rich treasure American writers keep mining out of the era before the law came to their Wild West. And he reflected that, with a few exceptions, Pacific writers haven't given close enough attention to the equal treasure available in the before-the-law era of their part of the earth and sea. "In place of Billy the Kid and Wyatt Earp, we can give you chaps like Captain Bully Hayes, who wore his hair long to cover the lack of an ear, and had a scar on his hand where somebody pinned it to a gambling-house table with a knife." He cites refugee kings, savages, population and cattle movements, terrific scenery, gold mines, typhoons, pirates, warring nations—"And, oh yes, girls!"

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Deadbeats Are My Business"

People do weird things to avoid paying their bills. Eugene Barnes, a collecting-agency psychologist, tells how he makes them cough up.

Printed in U.S.A.

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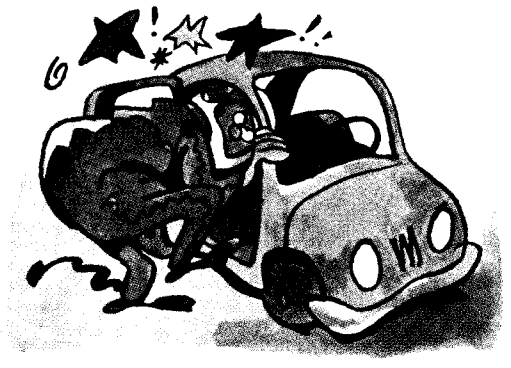
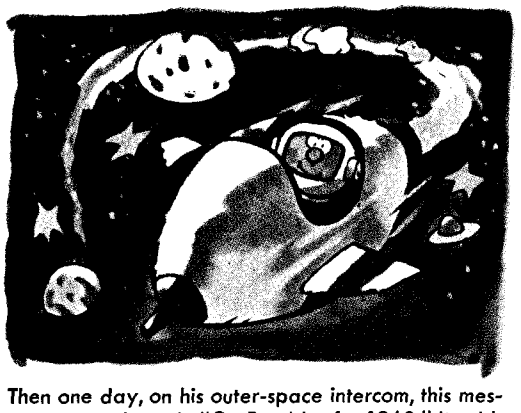
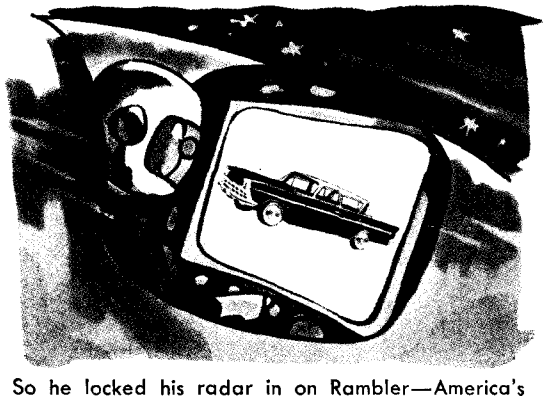
"Take that, you gas-burning space-waster!" cried the astronaut as he blasted his big old car. "I'm bringing my car costs down to earth with a modern, smaller car."



But when the high-flying spaceman tried to crawl in one of the new small, foreign-type U. S. cars, he found himself grounded by a low ceiling. "My stars," said he, "I'm not losing my head over a knee-high car."

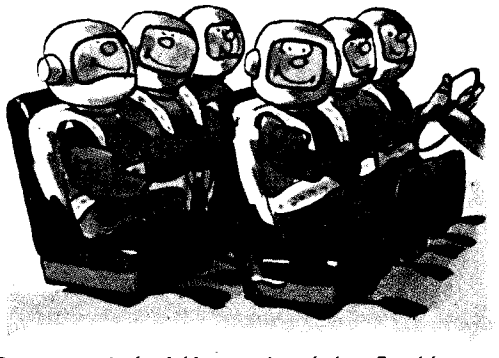


Then one day, on his outer-space intercom, this message came through: "Go Rambler for 1960," it said, "get the only car that gives you the best of both—big car room and comfort, small car economy and handling ease."

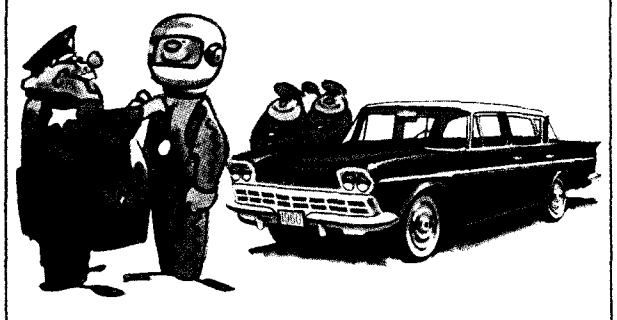


So he locked his radar in on Rambler—America's *smartest Compact* car—with a 20-year head start in* aircraft-type Single Unit Construction* and proved performance over 25 billion owner-driven miles.

**Trademark American Motors*



One test spin had him convinced that Rambler was tops in maneuverability, parkability, roadability . . . with headroom and legroom for six big space pilots with parachutes. He liked new Rambler styling, too, and Rambler's individually adjustable front seats.



And, of course, Rambler took top economy honors: on price, resale value, and gas mileage: topped all cars in miles per gallon in the Mobilgas Economy Run, recently set two new NASCAR coast-to-coast economy marks. See Rambler *now . . . and save!*

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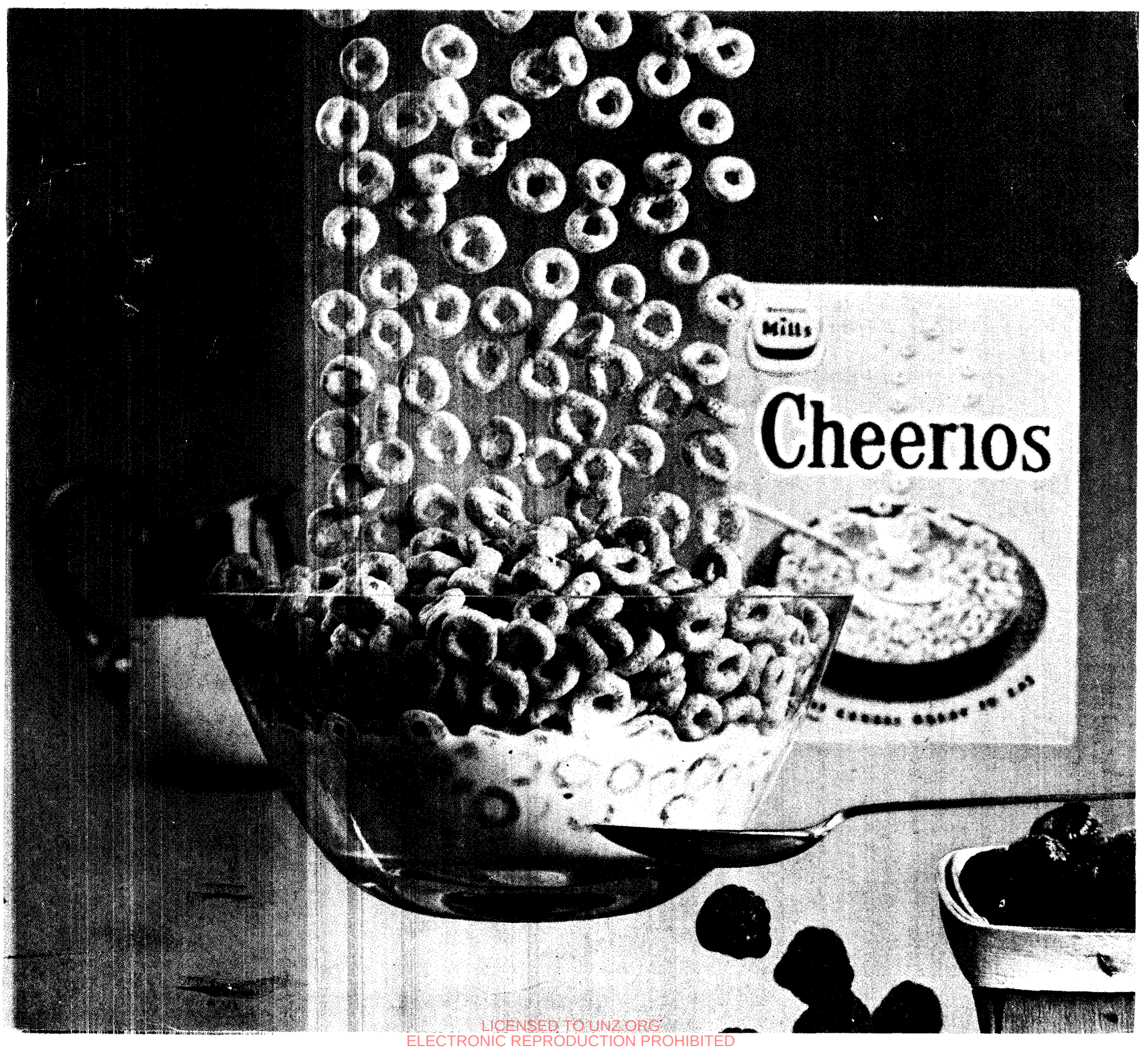

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